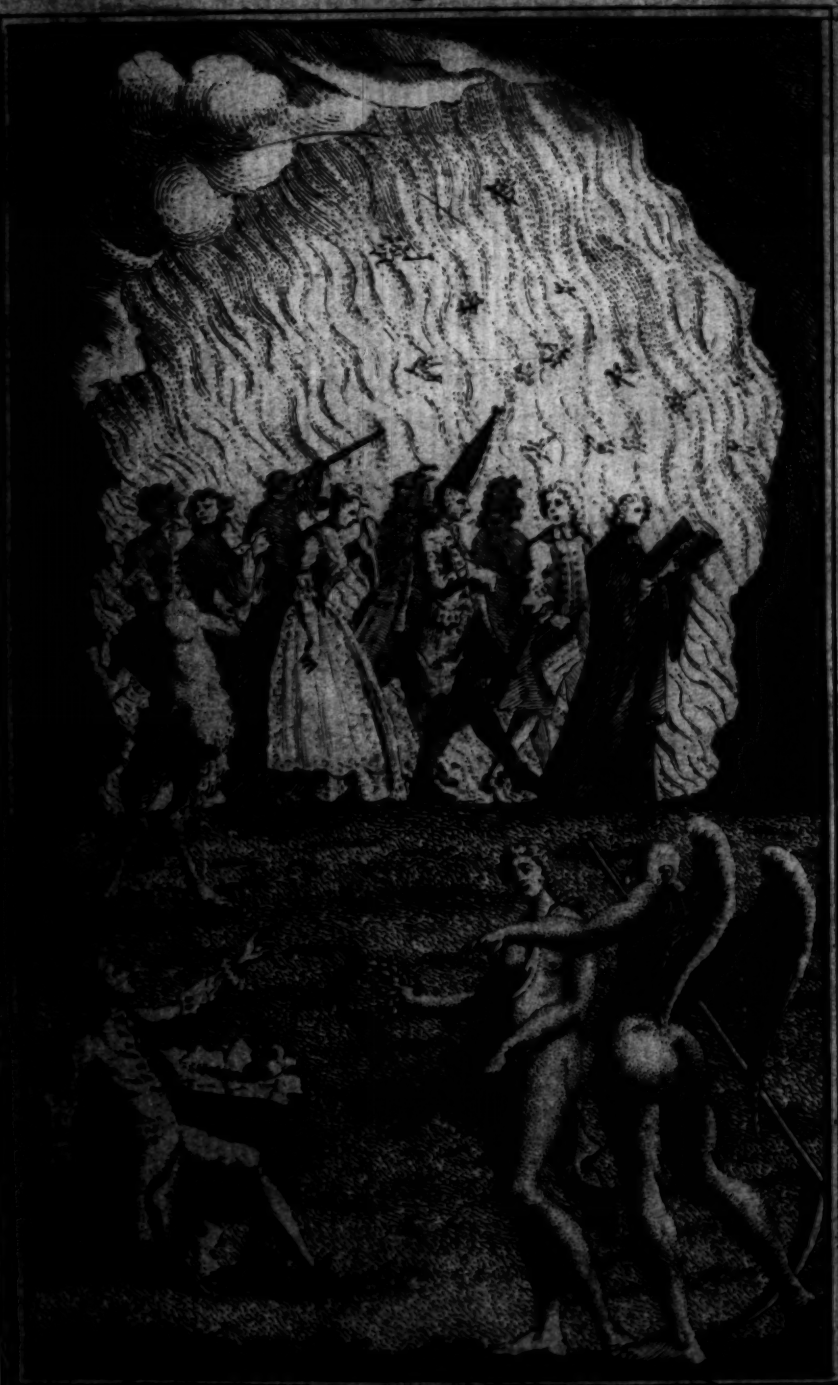
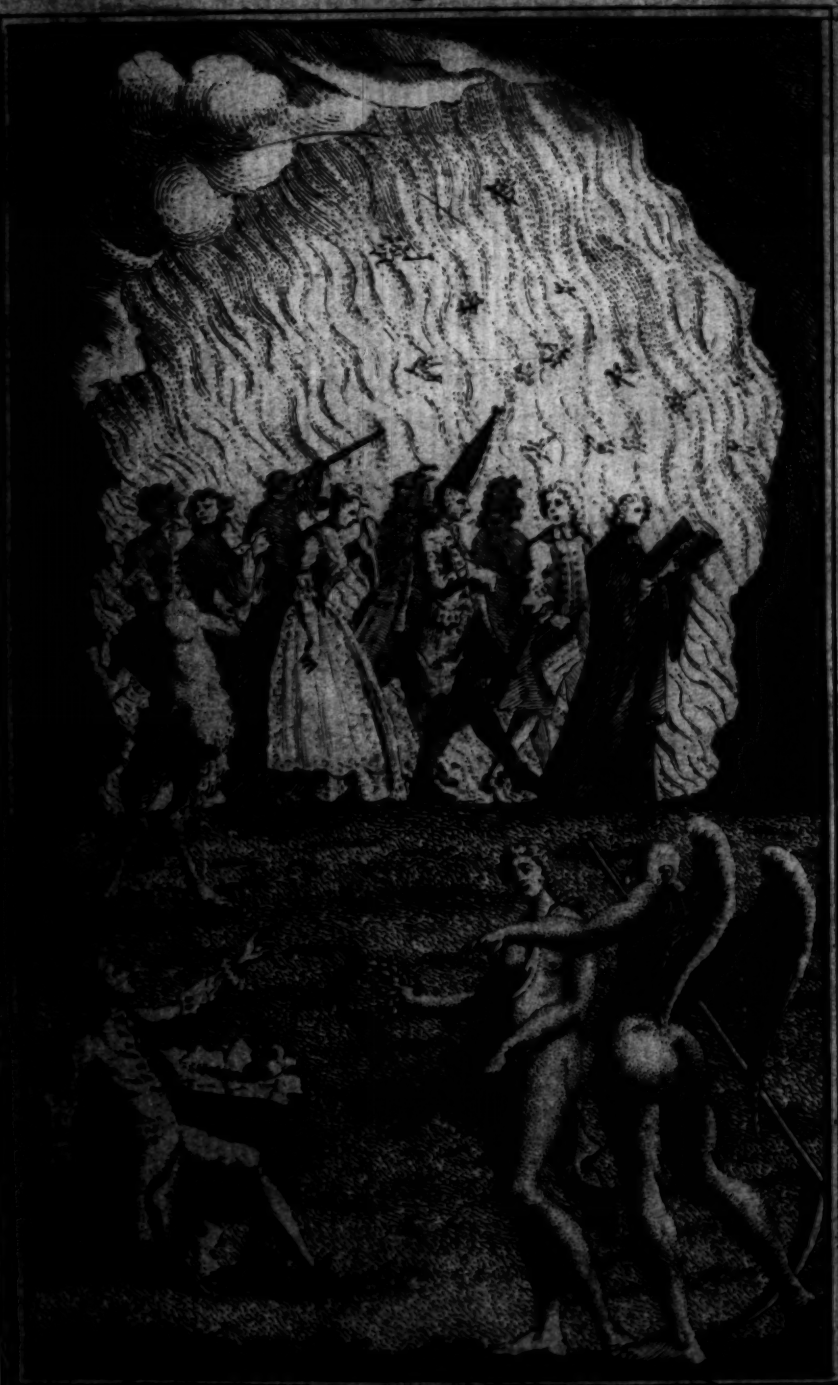


Frontispiece



*Guiding his Satire, see Quevedo fit,
While Time and Truth with Laurels crown his Wit.*

Frontispiece



*Guiding his Satire, see Quevedo fit,
While Time and Truth with Laurels crown his Wit.*

VISIONS:

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SATIRE

ON THE

CORRUPTIONS and VICES

Gomez de Sandoval Villegas (7.
OF ALL

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Degrees of Mankind

From the KING to the COBLER.

Instructive and Humorous.

Translated from the Original Spanish of
Don Francisco de Quevedo.

Adorned with curious Copper-Plate CUTS.

By Mr. NUNEZ.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. COLLYER, at *Shakespear's*
Head, in *Ludgate-Street*.

M DCC XLV.

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VISIONS:

BEING A

SATIRE

ON THE

CORRUPTIONS AND VICES

OF A NATION

Devoted to Blanketing



Brought from the King's Library

Illustrative and Humorous

Translated from the Original French of
Don Isidore de Lamoignon

Adorned with various Copper-Plate CUTS

BY MR. WUVER

LONDON

Printed for J. Goussier, at the
Maison in London Street

MILKING

*ingenious Spanish informs me
our Author is a great Person
that has many times been
to the French Court*

T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is almost needless to say any Thing in Praise of the following Piece, it being so universally approved, as to be translated into all the European Languages; and the Spaniards are so extravagantly fond of it, that upwards of Ten Thousand have been sold there. 'Tis an excellent Satire on the Vices and Follies of all Degrees of Mankind. An

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*ingenious Spaniard informs me,
our Author is in so great Esteem
there, that many think him equal
to the famous Cervantes.*

Middle-Temple,

June 24, 1745;



E. H. T.

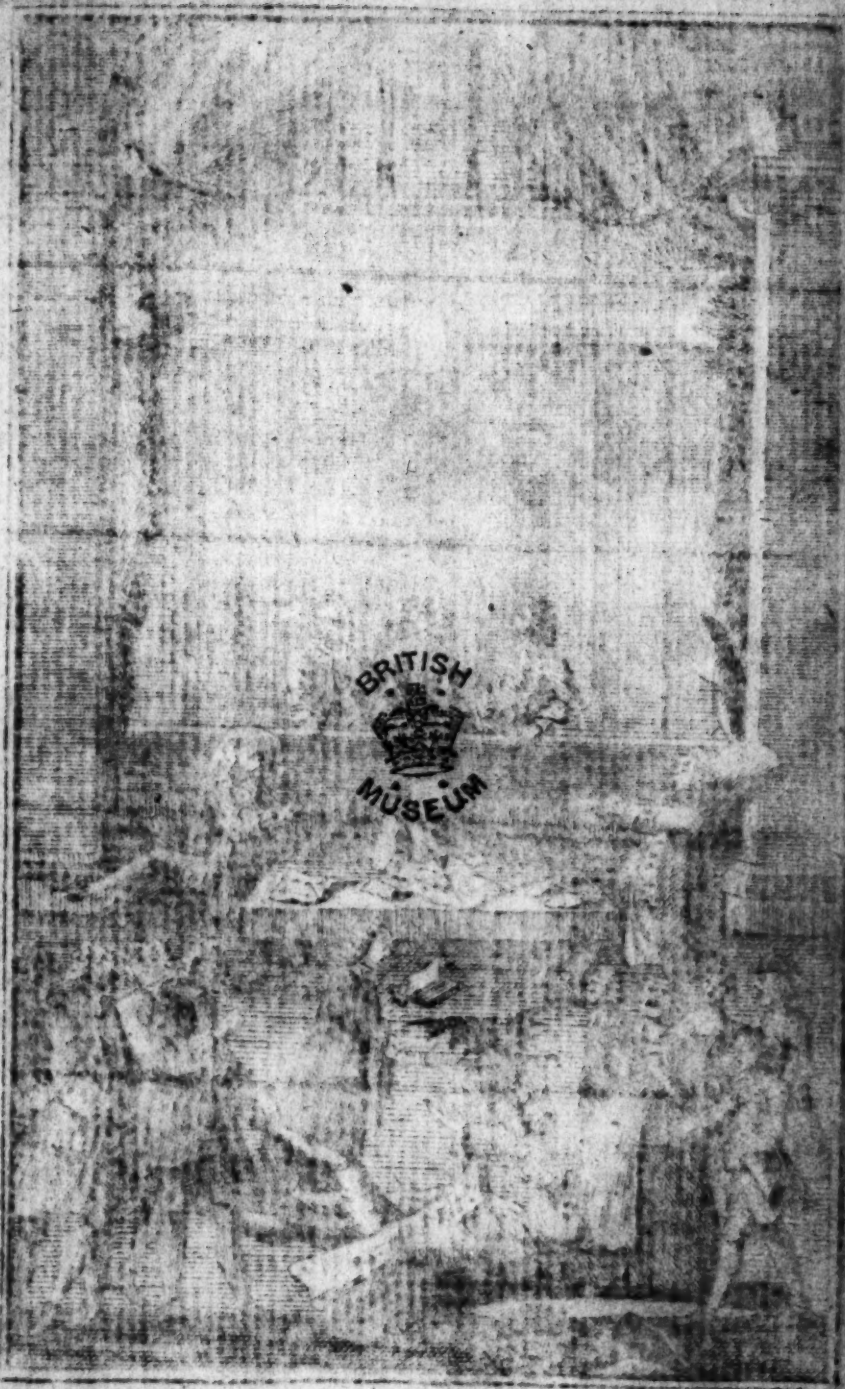
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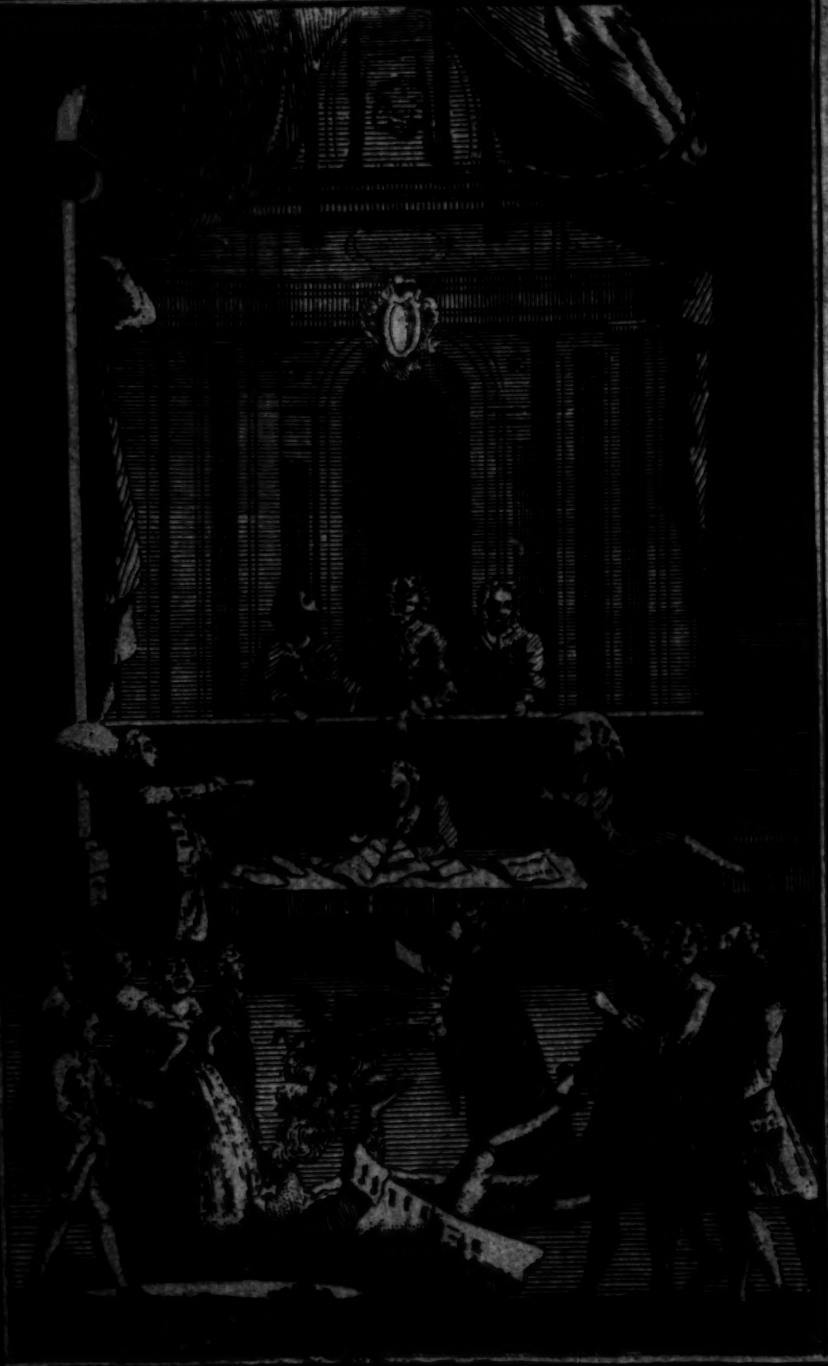
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From the 1st June 1840 to the 1st June 1841
Lithography of the British Museum



*Vision the 1st Don Queredo on the
Catchpole possess.*



[1]

THE
FIRST VISION,
OF THE
ALGUAZIL; OR, CATCHPOLE
POSSESS'D.



GOING t'other Day to hear Mass at a Convent in this Town, the Door it seems was shut, and a World of People pressing and begging to get in. Upon Enquiry *What the Matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac* to be *exorcis'd*; (or *dispossest*) which made me put in for one, to see the Ceremony, though to little Purpose; for when I had half smother'd myself in the Throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and bethink myself of my Lodging. Upon my Way homeward, at the Street's End, it was my Fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the same Convent, who told me as before. Taking notice of my Curiosi-

2 The First VISION,

ty, he bade me follow him; which I did, 'till with his *Passe-par-tout*, he brought me thro' a little Back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: Where we saw a wretched kind of a Dog-look'd Fellow, with a Tippet about his Neck, as ill-order'd as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in Tatters, his Hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous Manner. Bless me, quoth I, (crossing myself) what have we here? This, says the good Father who was to do the Feat, is a Man that's possess'd with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd Lye*, with respect of the Company, cry'd the Devil that tormented him, for this is not a *Man* possess'd with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possess'd with a *Man*; and therefore you should do well to have a Care what you say; for it is most evident, both by the Question and Answer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You must understand, that we *Devils*, never enter into the Body of a *Catchpole*, but by Force, and in Spight of our Hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, this is a *Devil catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*. And to give you your Due, you Men can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*; for *We flye from the Cross*; whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villainy.

But though we differ thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*; If we draw Men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an Increase of *Wickedness* in the World, so do they; nay and more zealously than we; for they make a *Livelihood* of it, and we do it only for *Company*. And in this, the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one

Of the *CATCHPOLE* possess'd.

3

another. For our Parts, we are *Angels* still, tho' *blackones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an Equality with our Maker: Whereas the Corruption of *Mankind* is the Generation of a *Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your Labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Alguazils*, or *Catchpoles*, and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your *Catchpole-Devils* wear Shoes and Stockings, and we go barefoot, after the Fashion of this reverend Father; and to deal plainly have a very hard Time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister; but all this notwithstanding, the holy Man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirit's Mouth, wash'd his Face with a little *Holy-Water*; which made the *Demoniac* ten Times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horribly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very Ground under us to tremble. And now, says he, you may, perchance, imagine this Extravagance to be the Effect of your *Holy-Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* itself would have done the same Thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in the World like *Water*; especially that of a *Gray's-Inn Pump*. But to conclude, they are so reprobated a Sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very Name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Alguazils*; the latter being of *Pagan Extraction*, and more suitable to their Manners.

Come, come, says the Father, there is no Ear, nor Credit to be given to this Villain; set but his Tongue at Liberty, and you shall have him fall

soul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice, for keeping the World in Order and suppressing Wickedness, because it spoils his Market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*; for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'll do a poor *Devil* a good Office, give me my Dispatch out of this accursed *Alguazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you must know of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and shall never be able to endure the Gibes and Affronts will be put upon me at my Return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal Company. All in good Time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy Discharge; that is to say, in Pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own Sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the World, quoth the *Devil*, but a Contest betwixt him and me, which was the greater *Devil* of the *Two*.

The *Conjurer* did not at all relish these wild and malicious Replies; but to me the Dialogue was extreme pleasant, especially being by this Time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which Confidence, my good *Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessor*, and the Confident of all the Secrets of my Soul; I have a great Mind with your Leave to ask the *Devil* a few Questions; and who knows but a Man may be the better for his Answers, tho' perchance contrary to his Intention? keep him only in the Interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my Request, and the *Spirit* went on with his Babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls.

And

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd. 5

And indeed the Poets do us many a good Turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us, looking upon me, you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the Honour of your Entertainment now in Hell. I ask'd him then, what Store of Poets they had? Whole Swarms, says the *Devil*; so many that we have been forc'd to make more Room for them; nor is there any Thing in Nature so pleasant as a Poet in the first Year of his *Probation*; he comes laden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiors, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Eacus*, *Minos*.

Well, said I, but what's their Punishment; for I began now to make the *Poets* Case my own. Their Punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other Mens Works, and this the Plague of the *Fiddlers* too. We have others that are in for a thousand Years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanza's they have made of Jealousy. Some again are beating their Foreheads with the Palms of their Hands, and even boring their very Noes with hot Irons, in Rage that they cannot come to a Resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether they shall say *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbet*. Others are biting their Nails to the Quick, and at their Wits end for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and dozing up and down in a brown Study, till they drop into some Hole at last, and give us Trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your *Comic Poets*, for

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who-

whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the Stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastinado to *Alexander* and *Julius Cæsar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known unto you, that we do not lodge these with other Poets, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attorneys*, as common Dealers in the Mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating. And now for the Discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*; insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd t'other Day, every Man is in his Quarter before you can say *what's this?*

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a poor Rogue that made Profession of *drawing the Long-Bow*; and him we were about to put among the *Armourers*, but one of the Company mov'd and carried it, that since he was so good at Draughts, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*; a Sort of People that will fit you with *Draughts* good and bad, of all Sorts and Sizes, and to all Purposes. Another call'd himself a *Cutler*: We ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither, said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuff*, *Anglice* a *Taylor*; and him we turn'd over to those that were in for Detraction and Calumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of other Mens Leather. There was a *blind* Fellow would fain have been among the *Poets*, but, for Likelihoods Sake, we quarter'd him among the *Lovers*. After him came a *Sexton*, or, as he stil'd himself, a *Burier of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conscience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd. 7

were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-Men*. A matter of half a Dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we dispos'd of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the Number, there was one notorious *Murderer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *broken Merchants* we kennell'd with *Judas*, for making ill Bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left Hand. The *Embroylers of Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers*, take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole Matter, the Polity of Hell is admirable, where every Man has his Place according to his Condition.

As I remember, said I, you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have ye many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am myself a little subject to the Itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love*, says the *Devil*, is like a great Spot of Oil, that diffuses itself every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stock'd with that Sort of Vermin. But let me tell you now, we have several Sorts of *Lovers*; some doat upon *Themselves*; others upon their *Pelf*: these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a Fellow that doats upon his own *Wife*; but this is very rare, for the *Jades* commonly bring their *Husbands* to Repentance, and then the *Devil* may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for Sport, if there can be any in Hell, commend me to those gawdy *Monsieurs*, who by the Variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear, *Favours*, as they call them, one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or Kind of *Inventory* of

all the *Gewgaws* that are to be had for Love or Money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharg'd with *Peruque*, that you'll hardly know th' Head of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block*. c. a *Tire-Woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their *Pacquets* and *Bundles* of *Love-Letters*; which being made combustible by the Fire and Flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the singeing of their own Tails, for the saving of better Fuel. But Oh! the pleasant Postures of the Maiden Lover, when he is upon the Practice of the *Gentle Lear*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a Kind of *Buffoon Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One Story lower is the Abode of *Contented Guckolds*; a nasty poisonous Place, and strew'd all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c. Now these are so well read in Woman, and know their Destiny so well beforehand, that they never so much as trouble their Heads for the Matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *Old Women*; and these are Wretches of so deprav'd an Appetite, that if they were not kept tied up, and in Chains, they'd horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For the Truth is, whatever you may think of a Devil, he passes with them for a very *Adonis* or *Narcissus*.

So much for your Curiosity, a Word now for your Instruction. If you would make an Interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguish Way ye have

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd 9

have got of abusing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures, and Emblems: One while forsooth we are painted with *Claws* or *Talons*, like *Eagles* or *Griffons*. Another while we are drest up with *Tails*, like so many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*; and now and then ye shall see a Devil with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny but some of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermits* and *Philosophers*. If you can help us in this Point, do; and we shall be ready to do you *one good Turn for another*. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his great Piece of the *Last Judgment*, with so many *Monkey Faces* and *Jack Pudding Postures*: His Answer was, that he follow'd his Paney, without any Malice in the World, for as then, he had never seen any Devils; nor, indeed, did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his Cost. There's another Thing too we take extremely ill, which is, that in your ordinary Discourses, ye are out with your Punts presently to every Rascal, and calling him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my Sute? How the *Devil* has made me wait? How that *Devil* has cozen'd me, &c. Which is very ill done, and no small Disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylor*s. A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brushwood; and they are fain beg hard to be admitted at all: Tho' I confess they have *Possession* on their Sides, and *Custom*, which is *another Law*. Being in Possession of *Theft*, and *Stolen Goods*; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *Stuffs* than your *Holidays*, grumbling and domineering at every Turn, if they have not the same Respect with the Children of the Family. Ye

have another Trick too, of giving every Thing to the Devil, that displeases ye; which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly Present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'll come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that Whelp of a *Lacquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will have none of your *Lacqueys*, he thanks you for your Love; a Pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils; and to say the Truth, they are good neither roast nor sodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third; thank you for nothing: For ye shall have an *Italian* will chouse the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel whereyer he has got Footing, that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Present to the *Grand Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil stopt, and in the same Instant, there happening a slight Scuffle, betwixt a Couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost: I turn'd to see the Matter, and cast my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine; and in some Sort to revenge myself of this *Ass* in a *Lion's Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that Sort of Blood-suckers among the rest, in their Dominions? an informing, projecting Generation of Men, and the very Bane of a Kingdom. You know little, says he, if you do not know these Vermin to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance: And yet we are now even upon the Point of discarding them; for they are so pragmatical,
and

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd. 11

and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *Highway to Hell*; and indeed Payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that 'tis much fear'd in the End, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next Bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong Side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them; for it leaves them no Retreat, being expell'd *Paradise* and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the Way to Heaven itself. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles, but they have had a Factor abroad these Half-score Years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his Sleeve, still, for Want of a Handkerchief. But these new Impositions, upon what, I pray ye, do they intend to levy them? For that, quoth the *Devil*, there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow, can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluck'd down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his Way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well, said the *Devil*, and laugh'd, my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this Point as himself. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *Bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is
ne-

The First VISION,

necessary and decent; upon your *Tour à la mode*, and *Spring-Garden Coaches*; Excess in *Apparel*, *Cellations*, rich *Furniture*, your *Cheating* and *Blasphemy*, gaming *Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead Lift; and stick to us, we may e'en put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what End serves it, but to corrupt good Manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all Sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and honourable in human Society, and chalk out in Effect the ready Way to the Devil?

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates; I hope, said I, there are no *Judges* in *Hell*. You may as well imagine, cried the Spirit, that there are no *Devils* there; for let me tell you, Friend of mine, your corrupt *Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supply our Lake; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attornies*, *Clerks*, *Barristers*, that come sailing to us every Day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges*? Nay, sometimes, in a lucky Year, for *Cheating*, *Forging*, and *Forswearing*, we can hardly find Cask to put them in.

From hence now, quoth I, would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the Face of the Earth. Very right, quoth the Devil, for *Astraea*, which is the same Thing, is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the Story? No, said I. Then quoth the Devil; mind me and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a Time *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the Earth, but the one being naked, and the other very severe
and

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd. 13

and plain dealing, they could not meet with any Body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long Time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that tho' her *Name* was much us'd for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she herself was in no Esteem, took up a Resolution of returning to Heaven: And in order to her Journey, she bad adieu in the first Place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country, where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her Entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution* found her out in the End; and she was banish'd thence too. She presented herself in many Places, and People ask'd her *what she was*? She answer'd them, *Justice*, for she would not lie for the Matter. *Justice!* cried they, *she is a Stranger to us: tell her, here's nothing for her, and shut the Door.* Upon these Repulses, she took Wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare Print of her Footsteps behind her. Her Name however is not yet forgotten, and she's pictur'd with a Sceptre in her Hand, and is still call'd *Justice*; but call her what you will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for Slight of Hand; puts down all the Jilts, Cheats, Picklocks and Trepanners in the World: To say the Truth, *Avarice* is grown to that Height, that Men employ all the Faculties of Soul and Body to rob, and deceive. The Letcher, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? though with her Consent; the Attorney picks your Pockets, and shews you a Law for't? The Comedian gets your Money and your Time, with reciting other
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Mens Labours; the *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; the *Eloquent* with his Tongue; the *Valiant* with his Arm; the *Musician* with his Voice and Fingers; the *Astrologer* with his Calculations; the *Apothecary* with Sicknefs and Health; the *Surgeon* with Blood, and the *Physician* with Death itself. And in some Sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole*, in the Name of *Justice*, abuses you with his *whole Man*; he watches you with his Eyes; follows you with his Feet; seizes with his Hands; accuses with his Tongue; and in fine, put it in your *Litany*, from *Catchpoles* as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos, Domine*.

But how comes it, said I, that you have not coupl'd the *Women* with the *Thieves*? For they are both of a Trade. Not a Word of *Women* as ye love me, quoth the Devil, for we are so tir'd out with their Importunities, so deafen'd with the eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very Thought of them. And to say the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter-Quarters*, if it were not so overstock'd with that Sort of Cattle. Since the Death of the Witch of *Endor*, it has been all their Business to improve themselves in Subtilty and Malice, and to set us together by the Ears among ourselves. Nay some of them have the Confidence to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this Comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to us, than they are to you; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stor'd then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most? said I, *handsome* or *ill-favour'd*? Oh, of the *ill-favour'd*, six for one, quoth

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd. 15

quoth the Devil; for your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the Sport, repent and escape. Whereas no Body will touch the *Ill-favour'd* without a Pair of Tongs; and for Want of Water to quench their Fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last Groans with a Curse upon the Younger that are to survive them. I carried away one t'other Day of Threescore and Ten, that I took just in the Nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove Obstructions: And when I came to band her; alas for the poor Woman! what a terrible Fit had she got of the *Tooth-Ach*! when upon Search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her Head, only she belied her Chops, to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me, said I, in all your Answers: But pray'e once again, what Store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *poor People*, I mean: *Poor*, quoth the Devil, who are they? Those, said I, that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, quoth he, that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World, when Men are only damn'd for cleaving to it! And briefly, I find none of their Names in our Books, which is no Wonder: For he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devill himself in Time of Need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, *false* Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons? than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your Life, to get your Fortune; that

that mourns over you in your Sickness. and wishes you already at the Devil? Now the *Poor* have none of this; they are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a Sort of People that live well, and die better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty itself. They are at Liberty to go and come at Pleasure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable, as if their Persons were sacred. Moreover they take no Thought for Tomorrow, but setting a just Value on their Hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past is as good as dead, and what's to come, *uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil preaches, the World is near an End*.

The Divine Hand is in this, said the holy Man that perform'd the *Exorcism*, thou art the Father of Lies, and yet deliverest Truths, able to mollify and convert a Heart of Stone. But do not you mistake yourself; quoth the Devil, to suppose that your Conversion is my Business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead Ignorance another Day, when you shall be call'd to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed Tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your Sins, that works upon you; for ye are all a Pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any Time you entertain those Reflections, your Trouble is, that your Body will not hold out; and then forsooth you pretend to pick a Quarrel with the *Sin* itself. Thou art an *Impostor*, said the Religious, for there are many
righte-

Of the CATCHPOLE possess'd. 17

righteous Souls, that draw their Sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a Mind to amuse us, and make us lose Time, and perchance your own Hour is not yet come to quit the Body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the Name of the most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy Peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father applying himself to us, My Masters, says he, tho' I am absolutely of Opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talk'd to us all this while through the Organs of this unhappy Wretch; yet he that well weighs what has been said, may reap some Benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; remember that *Saul*, altho' a wicked Prince, prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lion. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer, as 'tis my Hope, that this sad and prodigious Spectacle may lead you to a true Sight of your Errors, and in the End, to Amendment of Life.

The End of the FIRST VISION.



THE

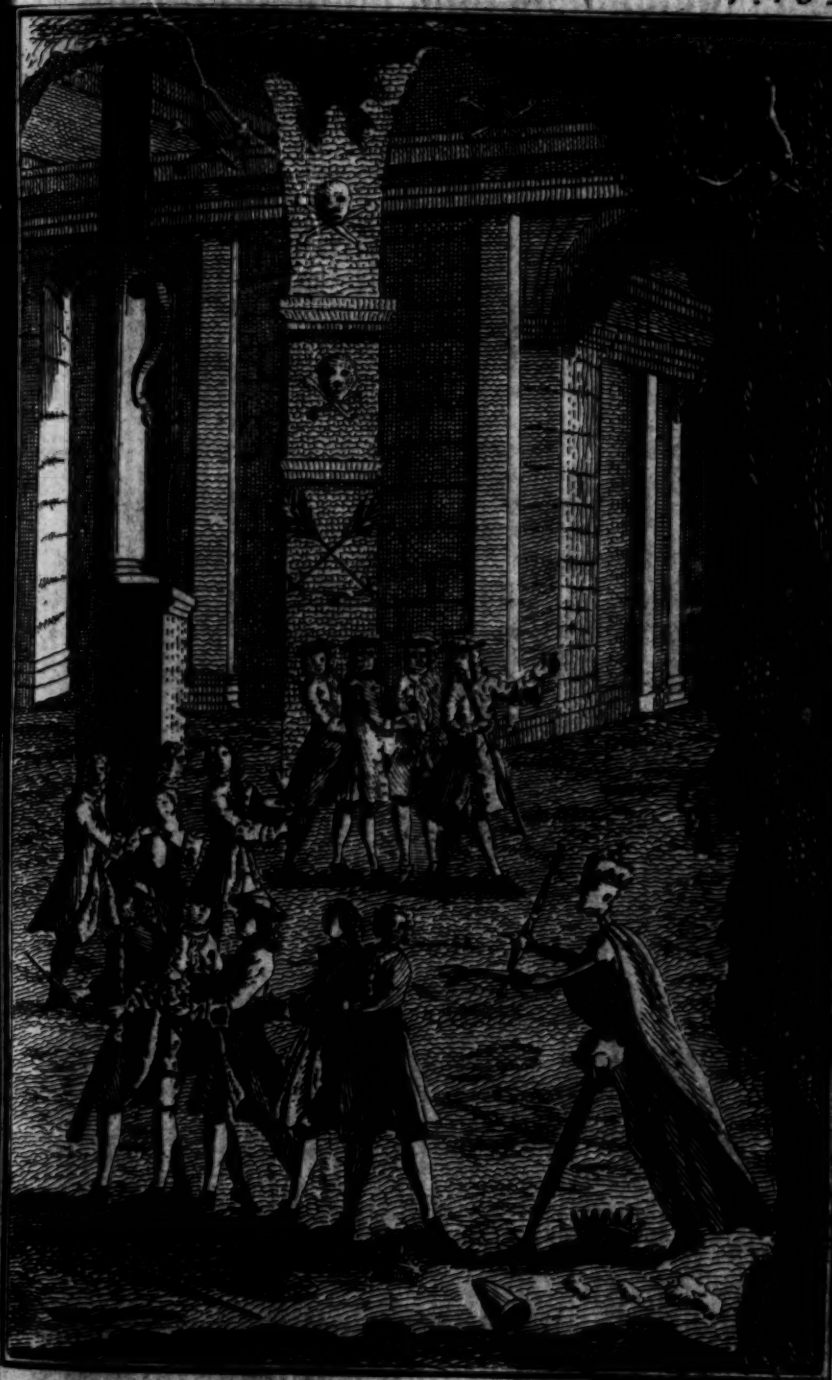


T H E
S E C O N D V I S I O N,
O F
D E A T H and her E M P I R E.

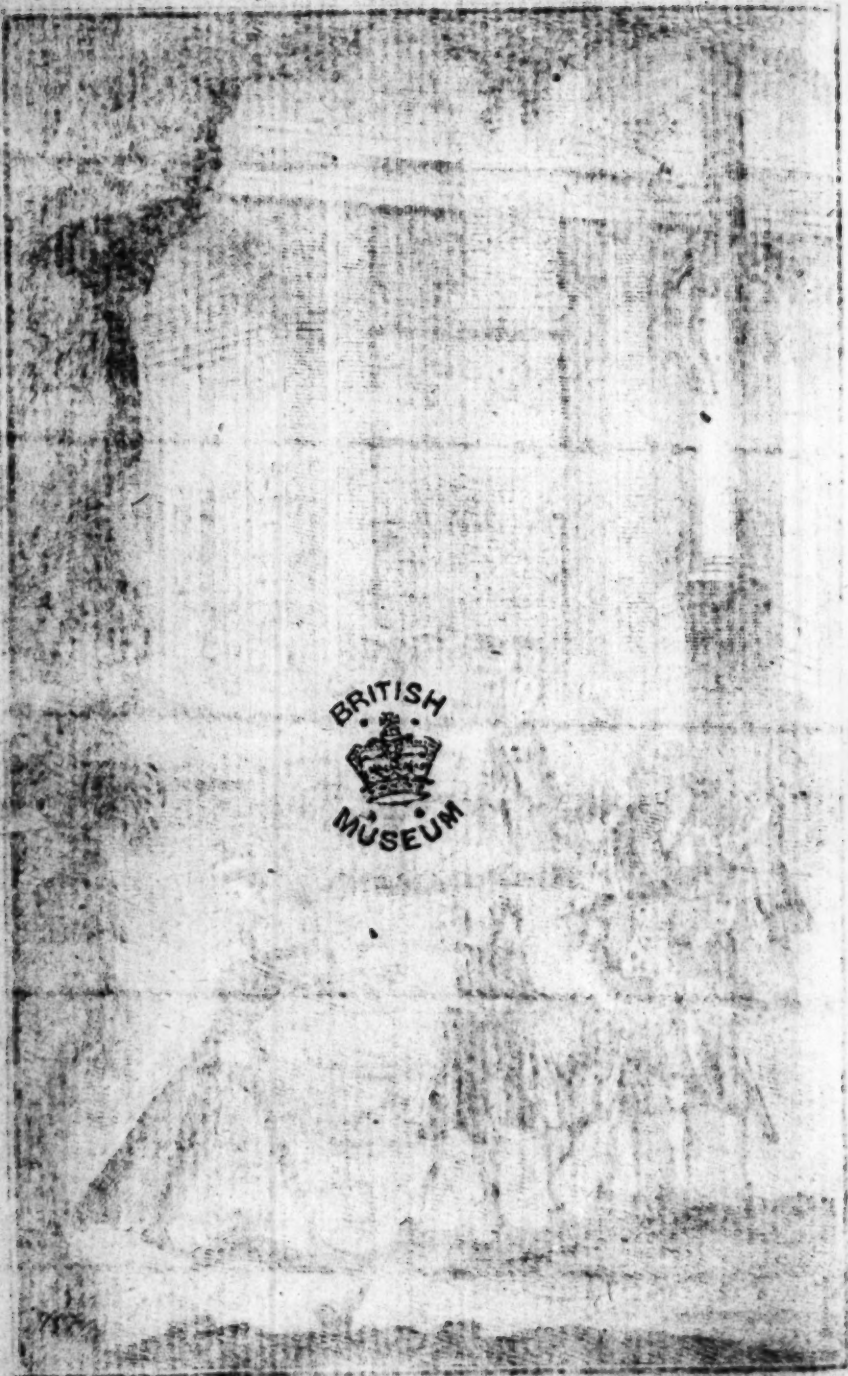


MEAN Souls do naturally breed
sad Thoughts, and in Solitude,
they gather together in Troops to
assault the Unfortunate; which is
the Trial, according to my Obser-
vation, wherein the Coward does
most betray himself; and yet cannot I for my
Life, when I am alone, avoid those Accidents and
Surprizes in myself, which I condemn in others.
I have sometime, upon reading the grave and se-
vere *Lucretius*, been seiz'd with a strange Damp;
whether from the Striking of his Counsels upon my
Passions, or some tacit Reflection of Shame upon
myself, I know not. However, to render this
Confession of my Weakness the more excusable,
I'll begin my Discourse with somewhat out of that
elegant and excellent Poet.

“ Put the Case, says he, that a Voice from Hea-
“ ven should speak to any of us after this Manner;
“ What do'st thou ail, O mortal Man, or to what
“ Purpose is it to spend thy Life in Groans and
“ Complaints, under the Apprehension of Death?
“ Where



*Vision th^d. Don Quevedo of Death
and her Empire.*



Specimen of the ... of the ...

Of DEATH and her EMPIRE. 19

“ *Where are thy past Years and Pleasures? Are*
 “ *they not vanish’d and lost in the Flux of Time, as*
 “ *if thou hadst put Water into a Sieve? Bethink*
 “ *thyself then of a Retreat, and leave the World*
 “ *with the same Content and Satisfaction, as thou*
 “ *wouldst do a plentiful Table, and a jolly Company*
 “ *upon a full Stomach. Poor Fool that thou art!*
 “ *thus to macerate and torment thyself, when thou*
 “ *may’st enjoy thy Heart at Ease, and possess thy*
 “ *Soul with Repose and Comfort, &c.”*

This Passage brought into my Mind the Words
 of *Job, Chap. 14.* and I was carried on from one
 Meditation to another, till at Length, I fell fast
 asleep over my Book, which I ascrib’d rather to a
 favourable Providence, than to my natural Dispo-
 sition. So soon as my Soul felt herself at Liberty,
 she gave me the Entertainment of this following
 Comedy, my Fancy supplying both the Stage and
 the Company.

In the first Scene enter’d a Troop of *Physicians*,
 upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; march-
 ing in no very good Order, sometime fast, some-
 time slow, and to say the Truth, most commonly
 in a Huddle. They were all wrinkled and with-
 er’d about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so ma-
 ny soure Looks upon the Piss-pots and Close-stools
 of their Patients; bearded like Goats, and their
 Faces so overgrown with Hair, that their Fingers
 could hardly find the Way to their Mouths: In the
 Left-hand they held the Reins, and their Gloves
 roul’d up together; and in the Right a Staff *a la*
mode, which they carried rather for Countenance
 than Correction; for they understood no other Me-
 nage than the Heel, and all along Head and Body
 went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers

of them I observ'd, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of so large a Size, that they could hardly feel a Patient's Pulse, without minding him of his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a World of puny Practicers at their Heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*. Well! said I to myself, if there goes no more than this to the making a *Physician*, it is no Marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of *Mountainbank Apothecaries*, laden with *Pestles* and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulas*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several titled *Boxes*, with *Remedies without* and *Poysons within*. Ye may observe, that when a Patient comes to die, the *Apothecary's Mortar* rings the passing Bell, as the Priest's *Requiem* finishes the Business. An *Apothecary's Shop* is, in effect, no other than the *Physician's Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and, to say the Truth, the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Soldier* are much of a Quality; what are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? Their *Syringes*, *Pistols*, and their *Pills* but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops* *Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons* *Hell*? Their *Patients* the *Damn'd*? And their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with *Recipe's*, struck thro' like wounded Hearts, and in the Form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which, as they tell us, signifies *Recipe, take Thou*, but we find it to stand for *Recipio, I take*. Next to this Figure they write
Ana,

Of DEATH and her EMPIRE. 21

Ana, *Ana*, which is as much as to say, *an Afs*, *an Afs*, and after this march'd the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying Man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter to put the *Soul* into the Highway to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphtalmus*, *Asaphylinas*, *Alectorophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anemospborus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the World but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turnips, Skirrets, Radish, and the like. But they have the old Proverb at their Finger's End; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every Thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Price of the Market. And were not the very Names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any Pain in Nature, think ye, have the Confidence to look the Physician in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease*? tho' disguis'd under the Name of *Mummy*, to take off the Horror and Disgust of it: Or to stay for a Dressing with Dr. *Whacum's* Plaister, that shall fetch up a Man's Leg to the Size of a Mill-post? When I saw these People herded with the *Physicians*, methought the old sluttish Proverb that says, *There is a great Distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a Difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Physician* skips in a Trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who sends all his Disciples to those unfavoury Oracles;
from

from whose Hands the Devil himself, if he were sick, would not receive so much as a Glister. Oh! these cursed and lawless Arbitrators and Disposers of Lives! that without either Conscience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd poysonous *Potions*, *Scarrifications*, *Incisions*, *excessive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the several Ways of executing their Tyranny and Injustice upon us.

In the Tail of these, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Catheters*, *Disquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Scissars*, *Saws*; and with them so horrid an Outcry of *cut*, *tear*, *open*, *saw*, *flay*, *burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another, for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I should have taken by their *Mien* for Devils disguis'd, if I had not spied their Chains of rotten Teeth, which put me in some hope they might be *Tooth-drawers*, and so they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdest Trades in the World; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our Time. Let a Man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound Tooth in your Head, but he had rather see it at his Girdle, than in the Place of it's Nativity; nay, rather than fail, he'll pick a Quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all Patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth*, as would have bought me a *new One*.

Certainly, said I to myself, we are now past the worst, unless the Devil himself come next: And in that Instant I heard the Brushing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Citterns*, raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of
Barbers,

Of DEATH and her EMPIRE. 23

Barbers, thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any Man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjuror, both by the Musick, and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a Part of a *Barber's Furniture*, as his *Comb-cases*, and *Washballs*. It was to me a pleasant Entertainment, to see them lathering of *Ass's Heads*, of all Sorts and Sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their Basons. Presently after these, appear'd a Confort of *loud* and *tedious Talkers*, that tir'd and deafen'd the Company with their *shrill* and *restless Gaggles*; but as one told me, these were of several Sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the Motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been paddling. Others they call'd *Apes*, and we *Humicks*, these were perpetually making of *Mops*, and *Mows*, and a thousand antick ridiculous Gestures, in Derision and Imitation of others. In the third Place were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still rolling their Eyes like a *Bartlemy Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head, and leering over their Shoulders, to surprize People at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather Matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyars* follow'd next, and these seem'd to be a jolly contented Sort of People, well fed, and well cloath'd, and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregations*.

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a pragmatical insolent Generation of Men, that will have

an

an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troubles of all Companies and Affairs: The most prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me, unask'd, that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venom in his Tail, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most poisonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought what might be the Meaning of this *Oglio* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which look'd as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person, of a thin and slender *Make*, laden with *Crowns*, *Garlands*, *Scepters*, *Scythes*, *Sheep-hooks*; *Pattins*, *Hob-nail'd-Shoes*, *Tiaras*, *Straw-Hats*, *Miters*, *Monmouth-Caps*, *Embroderies*, *Skins*, *Silk*, *Wool*, *Gold*, *Lead*, *Diamonds*, *Shells*, *Pearl*, and *Pebbles*: She was dress'd up in all the Colours of the Rain-bow; she had one Eye shut, the other open; Young on the one Side, and Old o'the other. I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me; and when I took her to be at my Chamber-door, she was at my Bed's-head. How to unriddle this Mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the Meaning of an Equipage so extravagant, and so fantastically put together. It gave me no Affright however, but on the contrary, I could not forbear laughing; for it came just into my Mind, that I had formerly

Of DEATH and her EMPIRE. 25

merly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the other World, was just thus accoutred, and never was any Thing more nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last, I ask'd what she was? She answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death*! the very Word brought my Heart into my Mouth; and I beseech you, Madam, quoth I, with great Humility and Respect, whither is your Honour a-going? No farther, said she, for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, alas! and must I die then, said I. No, no, quoth *Death*, but I'll take the Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*, it is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then, and come along, and never hang an Arse for the Matter: For what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of your Teeth. This put me in a cold Fit; but without more Delay, up I started, and desired Leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, said she, no Matter for Cloaths, no Body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll travel the better. So up I got, without a Word more, and follow'd her, in such a Terror and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict Account of my Passage; yet I remember, that upon the Way, I told her, Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have seen, than an *Apple's* like an *Oyster*: Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scyth* in her Hand, and a *Carcass* of Bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it. Yes, yes, said she, turning short upon me, I know that very well; but in the mean Time your Designers, and Painters,

are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the *Dead*, or otherwise the *miserable Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you yourselves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death*, is but the *Period of your Life*, as the *first Moment of your Birth*, is the *Beginning of your Death*: And effectually, ye die living, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the *Grave*. If this were rightly understood, every *Man* would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's-Head* in his own *Looking-Glass*, and consider every *House* with a *Family* in't, but as a *Sepulchre* fill'd with dead *Bodies*; a *Truth* which you little dream of, though within your daily *View and Experience*. Can you imagine a *Death* elsewhere, and not in yourselves? Believ't y'are in a shameful *Mistake*, for you yourselves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But *Madam*, under *Favour*, what may all these *People* be that keep your *Ladyship Company*? And since you are *Death*, as you say, how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are nearer your *Person*, and more in your good *Graces*, than the *Physicians*? Why, says she, there are more *People* talk'd to *Death*, and dispatch'd by *Bablers*, than by all the pestilential *Diseases* in the *World*. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers*, kill more than your *Physicians*, though (to give the *Gentlemen* of the *Faculty* their *Due*) they labour *Night and Day* for the *Enlargement* of our *Empire*: For you must understand, that though *distemper'd Humours* make a *Man sick*, 'tis the *Physician* kills him; and he looks to be well paid for't too; and 'tis fit that every *Man* should live by his *Trade*: So that when

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a Man is ask'd, what such and such an one dy'd of, he is not presently to make Answer, that he died of a *Fever*, *Pleurisy*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that He *died of the Doctor*. In one Point, however, I must needs acquit the *Physician*; ye know that the Stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriated only to Persons of eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our Days used by all Sorts of little People; nay, the very *barefoot Fryars*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Tailors*, *Masons*, and the like, must be all drest up forsooth in the *Right Worshipful*; whereas your *Physician* does not so much court *Honour* of *Appellation*, though if it should rain Dignities, he might be persuaded happily to venture the Wetting; but sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Monies*, without troubling himself about any other Sort of Reputation.

The Entertainment of these Lectures, and Discourses, made the Way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horror enough, if *Death* and I had not by this Time been very well acquainted. Upon one Side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures arm'd*, and of *Human Shape*, and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just opposite, on the other Side, a hideous *Monster*, and these *three to one*, and *one to three*, in a fierce and obstinate *Combat*. Here *Death* made a Stop, and facing about, ask'd me, if I knew these People. Alas! no, quoth I, Heaven be prais'd I do not, and I shall put it in my *Litany*, that I never

may. Now to see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; these are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. *Those three*, are, the *World*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*; the capital Enemies of thy Soul: And they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that effectually, whoever has one, has all. The proud and ambitious Man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Leacher* and the *Epicure*, persuade themselves, that they have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other Kinds of Extravagants. But what's he here, said I, that appears in so many several Shapes, and fights against the other three? That, quoth *Death*, is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains, that *he himself alone*, is equivalent to them *three*, and that whenever *he* comes, there's no Need of *Them*. Against the *World* he argues from their own Confession, and Experience: For it passes for an Oracle, that *there's no World but Money*; *he that's out of Money, is out of the World*. Take away a Man's Money, and take away his Life. Money answers all Things. Against the *second* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too; witness the *Girls* and *Ganimedes* it procures and maintains. And against the *third*, he urges, that there's Nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love does much, but Money does all: And Money will make the Pot boil, though the Devil piss in the Fire*. So that for ought I see, quoth I, *The Devil of Money has the better End of the Staff*.

After this, advancing a little farther, I saw on one Hand *Judgment*, and *Hell* on the other, for so *Death* called them. Upon the Sight of *Hell*, making a Stop, to take a stricter Survey of it;

Death

Of DEATH and her EMPIRE. 29

Death ask'd me what it was I look'd at ; I told her, it was *Hell* ; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where ? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of wicked *Magistrates* ; in the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandees* ; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous* ; in the lewd *Designs* of *Ruin* and *Revenge* ; in the *Souls* of *Oppressors* ; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and entire, in one Subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who is a kind of a religious *Broker*, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. the very *Sacraments*, and *Ten Commandments*.

I am very glad too, said I, that I have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in its Purity ; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer Mockery : If it were like this, Men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude ; if it be expected that our *Judges* should govern themselves and us by this *Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case, for there's but little of it there. And to deal plainly, as Matters are, I have no great Maw to go home again ; for 'tis better being with the *dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *living*, where there's none.

Our next Step was into a fair and spacious Plain, encompass'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here, quoth *Death*, for we are now come to my *Judgment-seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The Walls were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts* and *Surprise*, *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar* ; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort* ; and serv'd as *Vermin*, to gnaw the Hearts

of *Emperors* and *Princes*, feeding upon the insolent and ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Veil*, and the very Picture of the *Governante* of one of your *Noblemens Houses*. She kept a continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, preying only upon herself, and could not but be a very slender *Gentlewoman*, upon so spare a *Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth*, good or bad, which made the whole Set of them yellow and rotten; and the Reason was, that though she bit, and set her *Mark* upon the good, and the sound, she could never swallow it. Under her, sat *Discord*; the legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with married People; but finding no Need of her there, away she went to *Colleges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: And then she betook herself to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and officiated there, as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to her was *Ingratitude*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of new *Devils*. I was extream glad of this Discovery, being of Opinion, till now, that the *ungrateful* had been the *Devils themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell, were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place eccho'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. What a Devil have we here to do? said I, does it rain *Curses* in this Country? With that, a Devil at my Elbow asked me, what a Devil could I expect else, in a Place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys* and common *BarreTERS*, who are a Pack of the most accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any Thing more common in the World, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*?

Oh!

Of DEATH and her EMPIRE. 31

Oh! that damn'd Devil of a Pander: A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us together. The Pillory and Ten thousand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-pocket Attorney that advised me to this Law-suit, he's ruin'd me for ever. But pray'e, said I, what do all these Match-makers and Attorneys here together? Do they come for Audience? Death was here a little quick upon me, and called me Fool for so impertinent a Question. If there were no Match-makers, said she, we should not have the tenth Part of these Skeletons and Desperado's. "Am not I here, the fifth Husband of
 "a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes
 "to send twice as many more after me, and drink
 "Maudlin at the fifteenth's Funeral?" You say well, said I, as to the Business of Match-makers; but why so many Petty-foggers, I pray'e; Nay, then I perceive, quoth Death, now you have a Mind to seize me; for that rascally Sort of Caterpillars have been my undoing. Had not a Man better die by the Common Hangman, than by the Hand of an Attorney, to be killed by Falsities, Quirks, Cavils, Delays, Exceptions, Cheats, Circumventions? Yes, yes, and it must not be denied, that these Makers of Matches, and Splitters of Causes are the principal Support of this Imperial Throne.

At these Words I rais'd my Eyes, and saw Death seated in her Chair of State, with Abundance of little Deaths crowding about her; as the Death of Love, of Cold, Hunger, Fear, and Laughter; all, with their several Ensigns and Devices. The Death of Love, I perceived, had very little Brain, and to keep herself in Countenance, she kept Company with *Pyramus* 226 *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*,

and some *Amadis's*, and *Palmerin's d'Oliva*; all embalm'd, steep'd in good Vinegar, and well dried. I saw a great many other Sorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appéarance, to their last Agonies; but by the singular Miracle of Self-interest recover'd to the Tune of,

*Will, if looking Well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?*

The Death of Cold, was attended by many Prelates, Bishops, Abbots, and other Ecclesiasticks; who had neither Wives nor Children, nor indeed any Body else that cared for them, farther than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of Sicknefs, are pillag'd, even to their Sheets and Bedding, before ye can say a *Pater-Noster*. Nay, many Times they are strip'd, e'er they are laid, and destroy'd for want of Cloaths to keep them warm.

The Death of Hunger was encompassed with a Multitude of avaritious Misers, that were cording up of Trunks; bolting of Doors and Windows; locking up of Cellars and Garrets; and nailing down of Trap-doors; burying of Pots of Money, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their Eyes were ready to drop out of their Heads for want of Sleep, their Mouths and Bellies complaining of their Hands; and their Souls turn'd into Gold and Silver; the Idols they ador'd.

The Death of Fear had the most magnificent Train and Attendance of all the rest, being accompanied with a great Number of Usurpers and Tyrants, who commonly do Justice upon themselves, for the Injuries they have done to others:

Their

Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and avenging their public Crimes by their private Sufferings, for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The Death of Laughter was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of People, hasty to believe, and slow to repent; living without *Hope* of *Mercy*. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them give every Man his Due, and return what he has either borrowed, or wrongfully taken, and his Answer is, You'd make a Man die with Laughing. Tell him, "My Friend, you are now in Years, your
 " dancing Days are done, and your Body is worn
 " out; what should such a *Scare-crow* as you are,
 " do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your bawdy
 " Haunts for Shame, and don't make a Glory of
 " a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and
 " yourself upon all Accounts contemptible into the
 " Bargain." This Fellow, says he, would make a Man break his Heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink yourself of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high Time to fit yourself for the other World. Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing. I tell thee, I am as sound as a Roach, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that, let a Man advise them upon their Death-beds, and even at their last Gasps, to send for a Divine, or to make some handsome Settlement of their Estates. Alas, alas! they cry, I have been as bad as this many a Time before, (and with *Falstaff's* Hostess) I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet. These Men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand
 C 5 their

their Danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, said I, since so it is, that Man has but one Life allotted him, and so many Deaths; but one Way into the World, and so many Millions out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to live with a good Conscience, that I may die with Comfort.

The last Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the *Cryer* of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, the Dead; Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to move, and gently opening itself, to make Way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies* of *Men* and *Women* that came out, half muffled in their *Night-Caps*, and ranged themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound Silence. Now, says *Death*, let every one speak in his Turn; and in the Instant, up comes one of the *Dead* to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. *These Devils of the World*, quoth he, *what would they be at? My Masters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? But ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with Things that upon my Soul, he's as innocent of, as the Child that's unborn. What hurt has he done any of you, ye Scoundrels you, to be thus abused?* And I beseech you, Sir, said I, under your favourable Correction, who may you be? For I confess I have not the Honour either to know or understand ye. *I am,* quoth he, *the unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Year, and yet your wise Werships forsooth, have not Wit enough*

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to make y^r selves and your Company merry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourjs. When any Man plays the Fool, or the Extravagant, presently he's a Tony. Who drew this or that ridiculous Piece? Tony, Such or such a one was never well taught: No, he had a Tony to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict Account of your Words and Actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of Tonies: And in effect, the greater Impertinents. As for instance, Did I ever make ridiculous Wills, as you do, to oblige others to pray for a Man in his Grave, that never pray'd for himself in his Life? Did I ever rebel against my Superiors? Or, was I ever so errant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine I could reform Nature, and make myself young again? Can ye say that I ever put an Oath to a Lie; or broke a solemn Promise, as you do every Day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave myself to Money? Or, on the other Side make Ducks and Drakes with it? And squander it away in Gaming, Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all to be revenged of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a Fool as to believe any Man would be true to me, who had betrayed his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court Life, that sells and spends all for a Glance: What Pleasure did I ever take in the lewd Discourses of Hereticks and Libertines? Or did I ever list myself in the Party, to get the Name of a Gifted Brother? Who ever saw me insolent to my Inferiors, or basely servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoscopes upon any Occasion of Loss or Death?

Death? Now if you yourselves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech you where's the Tony? So that you see Tony is not the Tony you take him for. But, to crown his other Virtues, he is also endued with so large a Stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking; unless it were such as came to borrow Money; or in Cases of Women that claim'd Marriage of him; or *Laqueys* that would be making Sport of his Bauble, and to these he was as resolute as *John Florio*.

Whilst we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a *Spanish* Pace and Gravity; and giving me a Touch of the Elbow; Look in my Face, quoth he with a stern Countenance, and know, Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony. I beseech your Lordship, said I, saving your Reverence, let me know your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all People here had been, *Hail Fellow well met*. I am call'd, quoth he, by Mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I am sure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content yourselves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a high crown'd Hat, a threadbare Cloak, a Basket-hilt Sword, or a dudgeon Dagger; nay, not so much as a reverend Matron, well stricken in Years, but presently ye cry, this or that's the Mode or Date of *Queen Dick*. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were golden Days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easy Matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? " Child, says she, " you

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“ you know that Modesty is the great Ornament of
 “ your Sex ; wherefore be sure, when ye come in
 “ Company, that you don’t stand staring the Men in
 “ the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes ;
 “ but rather look a little downwards as a Fashion of
 “ Behaviour, more suitable to the Obligations of
 “ your Sex.” Downward ! says the Girl, I be-
 seech you, Madam, excuse me : This was well
 enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor
 Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look
 downward towards the Clay of which they were
 made ; but Man was our Original, and it will be-
 come us to keep our Eyes upon the Matter from
 whence we came. If a Father gives his Son in
 charge, *to worship his Creator ; to say his Prayers*
Morning and Evening ; to give Thanks before and
after Meat ; to have a Care of Gaming and Swear-
ing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, That
 ’tis true, this was practis’d in the Time of *Queen*
Dick, but it is now quite out of Mode : And in
 plain *English*, Men are better known now a-days
 by their Atheism and Blasphemy than by their
 Beards.

Hereupon *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then ap-
 pear’d a large Glass Bottle, wherein was luted up,
 as I heard, a famous Necromancer, hack’d and
 minc’d according to his own Order, to render him
 immortal. It was boiling upon a quick Fire, and
 the Flesh by little and little began to piece again,
 and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a
 Leg, and at last there was an entire Body that
 rais’d itself upright in the Bottle. Bless me,
 thought I, what’s here ? a Man made of Pottage,
 and brought into the World out of the Belly of a
 Bottle. This Vision affrighted me to the very
 Heart ; and while I was yet panting and trembling,

a Voice was heard out of the Glafs. *In what Year of our Lord are we?* 1636, quoth I, *and welcome,* said he, *for it is the happy Year I have long'd for so many a Day.* Who is it, I pray'e, quoth I, that I now see and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am, said he, the great Necromancer of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in general, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child, quoth I, but all those Stories I took only for old Wives Fables. You are the Man then it seems: I must confess that at first, at a Distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I then did imagine it might be some Philosopher, by the Fire; or some Apothecary doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy Step to come hither; and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The Necromancer call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle; and as I was breaking the Clay to open it, hold, hold, a little he cry'd; and I prithee tell me first, how goes *Squares in Spain*? What Money, Force, Credit? The Plate Fleets go and come, said I, reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their Snips, have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child, quoth he, that Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has an Enemy that's potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'll tell you this is no Injustice at all; but on the contrary, a new Way of quitting old Scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Paymaster. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Account of their Vices and
En-

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Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn myself into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if it were into a Powder, though I ended my Days in a Tobacco Box. Good Sir, said I, comfort yourself, for these People are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are Cavaliers and Signors already, and now, forsooth, they have an Itch upon them to be Princes: A Vanity that gnaws them like a Cancer; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a Worm in their Traffic, so that you'll find little but Debt and Extravagance at the Foot of the Account. And then the Devil's in them for a Wench, insomuch, that 'tis well if they bring both Ends together; for what's gotten upon the Change, is spent in the Stews.

This is well, quoth the Necromancer, and I'm glad to hear it. Pray tell me now, what Price bears Honour and Honesty in the World? There's much to be said, quoth I, upon that Point; but in Brief, there was never more of it in Talk, nor less in Effect. Upon my Honesty cries the Tradesman; upon my Honour, says his Lordship: And in a Word, every Man has it, and every Thing is it, in some Disguise or other: But duly consider'd, there is no such Thing upon the Face of the Earth. The Thief says it is more honourable to take than beg. He that asks an Alms, pleads, that it is honestest to beg than steal. Nay, the false Witnesses and Murderers themselves, stand upon their Points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a Man of Honour will rather be buried alive, than submit, tho' they will not always do as they say. Upon the whole Matter, every Man sets up a Court of Honour within himself; pronounces every Thing honourable that serves his Purpose, and laughs at
them

them that think otherwise. To say the Truth, all Things are now topsy-turvy. A good Faculty in Lying is a fair Step to Preferment; and to pack a Game at Cards, or help the frail Die, is become the Mark and Glory of a Cavalier. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very brave and well-govern'd People: But they have evil Tongues among them now a-days, that they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn Sobriety and Virtue. For they are not really sober, but at their own Tables, which indeed, is rather Avarice than Moderation; for when they eat or drink at another Man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World, and for fuddling, they shall make the best Pot-companion in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The Necromancer went on with his Discourse, and ask'd me what Store of Lawyers and Attorneys in *Spain* at present? I told him, that the whole World swarm'd with them, and that there were of several Sorts; some by Profession, others by Intrusion, and Presumption, and some again by Study; but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every Kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian* Locusts and Caterpillars, in exchange for that Vermin. Why then, quoth the Necromancer, if there be such Plagues abroad, I think I had best ev'n keep where I am. It is with Justice, said I, as with sick Men; in Times past, when we had fewer Doctors, as well of Law, as of Physick, we had more Right, and more Health: But we are now destroy'd by Multitudes and Consultations, which serve to no other End than to enflame both the Distemper and the Reckoning. Justice as well as Truth went naked, in the Days of old; one single Book of Laws and Ordinances was enough for the
best

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best order'd Government in the World. But the Justice of our Age is trick'd up with Bills, Parchments, Writs, and Labels, and furnish'd with Millions of Codes, Digests, Pandects, Pleadings, and Reports; and what's their Use, but to make Wrangling a Science? And to embroil us in Seditions, Suits, and endless Trouble and Confusion? We have had more Books publish'd this last twenty Years, than in a thousand before; and there hardly passes a Term without a new Author in four or five Volumes at least, under the Titles of Glosses, Commentaries, Cases, Judgments, &c. And the great Strife is, who writes most, not best; so that the whole Bulk is but a Body without a Soul, and fitter for a Church Yard than a Study. To say the Truth, these Lawyers and Solicitors, are but so many Smoak Merchants, Sellers of Wind, and Troublers of the publick Peace. If there were no Attornies, there would be no Suits; if no Suits, no Cheats, no Serjeants, no Catchpoles, no Prisons; if no Prisons, no Judges; no Judges, no Passion; no Passion, no Bribery or Subornation. See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched Petty-Fogger draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he hears your Story, reads your Case, and tells you very gravely: Sir, this is a nice Point, and would be well handled; we'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Finger, a Matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat, that claws in her Play betwixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Case is very good, says he, by what I see already; and if you'll come again in the Evening
or

or To-morrow Morning, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the Business of the Fens, it cannot be till Monday next, and then I'm for you. When ye are to part, and that you are to come to the Greasing of his Fist; the best Thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory; Good Lord, Sir, says he, what do you mean? I beseech you, Sir, nay pray, Sir; and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the Gold, and good Morrow Countryman. Say'st thou me so? quoth the good Fellow in the Glass, stop me up close again as thou lov'st me then, for the very Air of these Rascals will poison me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean Time take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law, must see his Enemy's Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? In the World, do ye say? Yes, marry is it, said I, and stands just where it did. Why then, quoth he, I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'll say it is like to be long liv'd; for if every Man had his own, it would not be left worth a Groat. To speak freely, 'tis an odd Kind of Commonwealth: 'Tis the very Arse-gut, the Drain and Sink of Monarchies, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to gall the *Turk*, and maintains itself to torment both. The Inhabitants are neither *Moors*, nor *Christians*, as appears by a *Venetian* Captain, in a Combat against a *Christian*

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Span Enemy: Stand to it, my Masters, says he, ye were *Venetians* before ye were *Christians*.

Enough, enough of this, cried the Necromancer, and tell me how stand the People affected? What Malecontents and Mutineers? Mutiny, said I, is so universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is but in effect a great Hospital, or rather a *Bedlam*, for all Men are mad, to entertain the Disaffected. There's no stirring for me then, quoth the Necromancer, but pray commend me however to those busy Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's Vanity and Ambition in the Pad. Kings and Princes, have in their Nature much of Quick-silver. They are in perpetual Agitation, and without any Repose. Press them too hard, that is to say beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reason, and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your Gilders, and great Dealers in Quick-silver, are generally troubled with the Palsy; and so should all Subjects tremble, that have to do with Majesty, and better to do it at first, out of Respect, than afterward, upon Force and Necessity.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now, for better so than worse, I beseech ye, one Word more, and it shall be my last: Who's King of *Spain* now? You know, said I, that *Philip* the Third is dead: Right, quoth he, a Prince of incomparable Piety and Virtue, or my Stars deceive me. After him, said I, came *Philip* the Fourth. If it be so, quoth he, break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under in the Reign of that glorious Prince. And with that Word, he dash'd the Glass to Pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Case, and away he

44 *The Second VISION,*

he ran. I had a good Mind to have kept him Company ; but as I was just about to start, Let him go; let him go, cry'd one of the Dead ; and laid hold of my Arm, he has devilish Heels, and you'll never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next but a wondrous old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his Head, and the Hair on his Face might very well have stuffed a Couple of Cushions : Take him together, and you'll find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently ; and he taking Notice of it, came to me, and told me ; Friend, says he, my Spirit tells me, that you are now in Pain to know who I am ; understand that my Name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then, said I, of that *Gallimaufry* of *Prophecies*, that's published in your Name ? *Gallimaufry*, say'st thou ? Impudent and barbarous Rascal that thou art, to despise Mysteries that are above thy Reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Destinies ; Who is so brutal as to doubt the Meaning of these Lines ?

*From second Causes, this I gather,
Nought shall befall us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the great Disposer will.*

Reprobate and besotted Villains that ye are ; What greater Blessing could betide the World, than the Accomplishment of this Prophecy ? Would it not establish Justice and Holiness, and suppress all the vile Suggestions and Motions of the Devil ? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts
upon

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upon Avarice, Cozening, and Extortion, and make Money their God; that Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering Whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philosophers*, and *Prophets*, which are the very Oracles of the Heavens, such as *Nostradamus*, to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our Prophecies, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

*When the marry'd shall marry,
Then the jealous will be sorry;
And tho' Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No Man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.*

This gave me such a Fit of laughing, that it made me cast my Nose up into the Air, like a Stone-horse that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all Patience. Buffoon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are, quoth he, there's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every Thing. Will your Teeth serve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecy? Hear then in the Devil's Name, and be mannerly: Hear, and learn, I say, and let's have no more of that grinning, unless you have a Mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do ye imagine that all that are married, marry? No, not the one half of them. When you are married, the Priest has done his Part; but after that, to marry, is to do the Duty of a Husband. Alack, how many married Men live as if they were single! and how many *Batchelors* on the other Side, as if they

they were marry'd! after the Mode of the Times. And Wedlock to divers Couples, is no other than a most sociable State of Virginity. Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already; now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your Elbows before or behind. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because every Body knows it. A pleasant Shift: As if Truth were the worse for being plain. The Things indeed that you deliver for Truths, are for the most part meer Foolleries and Mistakes; and it were a hard Matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument? Not a Syllable, I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said? for there's no Rule without an Exception. Does not the Physician carry his Elbow before him, when he puts back his Hand to take his Patient's Money? And away he's gone in a Trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye.

*Many Women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.*

What say ye to this now? Are there not many Husbands do ye think, if the Truth were known, that Father more Children than their own? Believe me, Friend, a Man had need have good Security upon a Woman's Belly; for Children are commonly got in the Dark, and 'tis no easy Matter to know the Workman, especially having Nothing but the Woman's bare Word for't. This

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is meant of the Court of Assistance; and whoever interprets my Prophecies, to the Prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a World of our gay Folks in their Coaches and six, with their Lacqueys at their Heels, by the Dozens, will be found at the last Day, to be only the Bastards of some Pages, Gentlemen-ushers, or Valets de Chambre of the Family; nay, perchance the Physician may have his Hand in the wrong Box, and in case of a Necessity, good Use has been made of a lussy Coachman. Little do you think, I say, how many noble Families upon that grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd, said I to the Mathematician, of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive, since you have been pleas'd to be your own Interpreter, that they have more Weight in them than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more, quoth he, and I have done.

*This Year, if I've any Skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.*

I dare say that your Wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of Rooks and Jack-daws; but I say, no; I speak of Lawyers, Attorneys, Clerks, Scriveners, and their Fellows, that with the Dash of a Pen can defeat their Clients of their Estates, and fly away with them when they have done.

Upon these Words, *Nostradamus* vanish'd, and some Body plucking me behind, I turn'd my Face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For Pity's Sake,

Sake, says he, and as you are a good Christian do but deliver me from the Persecution of these Impertinents and Bablers that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever, casting himself at my Feet in the same Moment, and crying like a Child. And what art thou, quoth I, for a miserable Creature? I am, says he, an ancient and an honest Man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproaches and Slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Somebody*; and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me, as *Somebody* says, cries one, that has Nothing to say for himself; and yet till this Instant, I never so much as open'd my Mouth. The *Latins* call me *Quidam*, and make good Use of me to fill up Lines and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the Favour to own that ye have seen me, and to justify me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write any Thing, whatever some tatling Ideots may pretend. When they bring me into Quarrels and Brawls, I am call'd forsooth, *a certain Person*: In their Intrigues, *I know not who*: And in the Pulpit, *a certain Author*, and all this, to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do. And so this Vision withdrew to make Place for another.

And that was the most frightful Piece of Antiquity that ever Eye beheld, in the Shape of an old Woman. She came nodding towards me, and in a hollow ratling Tone, for she spoke more with her Chops than her Tongue: Pray'e, says she, Is there not some Body come lately here from the other World? This Apparition thought I, is undoubtedly one of the Devil's Scare-crows. Her
Eyes

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Eyes were so sunk in their Sockets, that they look'd like a Pair of Dice in the Bottom of a Couple of red Boxes. Her Cheeks and the Soles of her Feet, were of the same Complexion. Her Mouth was pale and open too, the better to receive the Distillations of her Nose. Her Chin was cover'd with a Kind of Goose-down, as toothless as a Lampray; and the Flaps of her Cheeks were like an Ape's Bags. Her Head danc'd, and her Voice at every Word kept Time to't. Her Body was veil'd, or rather wrap'd up in a Shroud of Crape. She had a Crutch in one Hand, which serv'd her for a Supporter; and a Rosary in t'other, of such a Length, that as she was stooping over it, a Man would have thought she had been fishing for Death's Heads. When I had done gaping upon this Epitome of past Ages; Hola! Grannum, quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf, what's your Pleasure with me? With that she gave a Grunt, and being much in Wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a Pair of Spectacles upon her Nose, and pinking through them, I am, quoth she, neither deaf nor *Grannum*, but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours; giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called old, even in their very Graves. As she spoke, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the Smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her Pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep myself within the Bounds of Respect. I am call'd, says she, *Douegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that, quoth I, in a great Amazement? Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country? Let the In-

D

habitants

habitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my Mistake now, I thought the Women had not died when they came to be Gouvernantes, and that for the Punishment of a wicked World, the Gouvernantes had been immortal. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much Talk of. For with us, who but Madam the Gouvernante at every Turn? Do you see that mumping Hag, cries one? Come here, ye damn'd Jade, cries another. That old Bawd, says a third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a Whore: And now see if we do not remember ye. You do so, and I'm in your Debt for your Remembrance, the great Devil be your Pay-master, ye Son of a Whore, you: Are there no more Gouvernantes than myself? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice without affronting me. Well, well, said I, have a little Patience, and at my Return I'll try if I can put Things in better Order. But in the mean time, what Business have you here? Her Reverence upon this was a little qualified, and told me, that she had now been eight hundred Years in Hell, upon a Design to erect an Order of the Gouvernantes; but the Right Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For, say they, if your Gouvernantes should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks* out of Office. And besides, we should be perpetually at Daggers-drawing about the Brands and Candle-Ends, which they would still be filching, and laying out of the Way; and for us to have our Fuel to seek, would be very inconvenient.

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nient. I have been in Purgatory too, said she, upon the same Project; but there so soon as ever they set Eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for Heaven, that's no Place for Quarrels, Slanders, Disquiets, Heart-burnings, and consequently none for me. The Dead are none of my Friends neither, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone, as they do me, and be gone into the World again if I please, and there, they tell me, I may play the Gouvernante in *Sæcula sæculorum*. But truly I had rather be here at my Ease, than spend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a Thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a Brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the Care of the Gouvernantes. And yet 'tis she, good Woman, bears all the Blame in Case of any Miscarriage: The Gouvernante was presently of the Plot, she had a Feeling in the Cause, a Finger in the Pye: And 'tis she, in fine, that must answer all. Let but a Sock, an old Handkerchief, the greasy Lining of a Mask, or any such frippery Piece of Business be missing; ask the Gouvernante for this, or for that. And in short, they take us certainly for so many Storks and Ducks, to gather up all the Filth about the House. The Servants look upon us as Spies and Tell-tales: My Cousin, forsooth, and r'other's Aunt dare not come to the House for Fear of the Gouvernante. And indeed I have made many of them cross themselves that took me for a Ghost. Our Masters they curse us too, for embroiling the Family. So that I have rather chosen to take up here betwixt the Dead and the Living, than to

return again to my Charge of a *Douegna*, the very Sound of the Name being more terrible than a Gibbet; as appears by one that was lately travelling from *Madrid* to *Vailadolid*, and asking where he might lodge that Night? Answer was made, at a small Village call'd *Douegnas*. But is there no other Place, quoth he, within some reasonable Distance, either short, or beyond it? They told him, no, unless it were at a Gallows. That shall be my Quarter then, quoth he, for a Thousand Gibbets are not so bad to me as one *Douegna*. Now you see how we are abus'd, quoth the Gouvernante, I hope you'll do us some Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talk'd me to Death, if I had not given her the Slip upon removing of her Spectacles; but I could not 'scape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home again, I was arrested by one of the Dead; a good proper Fellow, only he had a Pair of Ram's Horns on his Head; and I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: But when I saw him plant himself just before me, with his best Leg forward, stretching out his Arms, clutching his Fists, and looking as foure as if he would have eaten me without Mustard; Doubtless, said I, the Devil is dead, and this is he. No, no, cry'd a By-stander, this is a Man: Why then, said I, he's drunk, I perceive, and quarrellsome in his Ale, for here's no body has touch'd him. With that, as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all Points a-like, only he had the Odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, says he, have at ye, Slave that you are, to make a Trade of defaming Persons of Honour. By the Death that commands
here,

here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and turn your Skin over your Ears. This insolent Language stirr'd my Choler, I confefs, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah; a little nearer yet, and if ye have a Mind to be twice kill'd, I'll do your Business: Who the Devil brought this Cornuto hither to trouble me?* The Word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his Head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular Kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were staving and tayling, you might have had more Manners, cry'd one, than to give such Language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno* Cuckold. And is this that *Diego Moreno*, then, said, I? Rascal that he is, to charge me with abusing Persons of Honour. A Scoundrel, said I, that 'tis a Shame for Death to be seen in's Company, and was never fit for any Thing in his whole Life, but to furnish Matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, quoth *Don Diego*, for which with your Leave, he shall give me Satisfaction. I do not stand upon the Matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave Fellow lives in Cuckold's-Row. But why does he not name others as well as me? As if the Horn grew upon no Body's Head but mine: I'm sure, there are others that a thousand Times better deserve it? I hope he cannot say that ever I gor'd any of my Superiors, or that my being cornuted has rais'd the Price of Post-horns, Lanthorns, or Pocket-Inkhorns. Are not Shoeing-horns and *Knife-handles*, as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the Stage then more than my Neighbours?

Beyond question, there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the Face of the Earth, all Things consider'd, than Myself. Never was Man freer from Jealousy, or more careful to step aside at the Time of Visit: For I was ever against the spoiling of Sport, when I could make none myself. I confess, I was not so charitable to the Poor, as I might have been; the Truth of it is, I watch'd them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-snorted the seven Sleepers, when any of the better Sort came to have a Word in private with my Wife. The short on't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did whatever she would have me; and she would say a thousand and a thousand Times, *Long live my poor Diego, the best condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his Mouth good or bad.* But by her Leave, that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many and many a Time have I said, this is well, and that is ill. When there came any Poets to our House, Fiddlers or Morrice-Dancers, I would say, This is not well. But when the rich Merchants came, Oh! very good, would I say, this is as well as well can be. Sometimes we had the Hap to be visited by some Pennyless Courtier, or Low-Country Officer perchance; then would I take her aside, and rattle her to some Tune: *Sweet-heart, would I say, Pray'e, What ha' we to do with these frippery Fellows, and damm-ye Boys? Shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a Warning.* But when any came that had to do with the Mint or the Exchequer, and spent freely, for lightly come, lightly go, *Ay, marry,*
my

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my Dear, quoth I, *there's nothing to be lost by keeping such Company.* And where's the Hurt of all this now? Nay, on the contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd herself happily under the Protection of my Shadow, and being a *Feme Coverte*, not an Officer durst come near her. Why should this Buffoon of a Poetaster now make me still the ridiculous Entertainment of all his Interludes and Farces, and the Fool in the Play? By your Favour, quoth I, we are not yet upon even Terms; and before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a Poet. If thou wert but now alive, I'd write thee to Death, as *Archilocus* did *Lycambes*. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a Satyr, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of the *Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*. It shall go hard, quoth he, but I'll prevent that, and so we fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found myself as weary as if it had been a real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to consider what Advantage I might draw from it; for the Dead are past fooling, and *those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.*

The End of the SECOND VISION.

THE



THE
THIRD VISION,
OF
The LAST JUDGMENT.

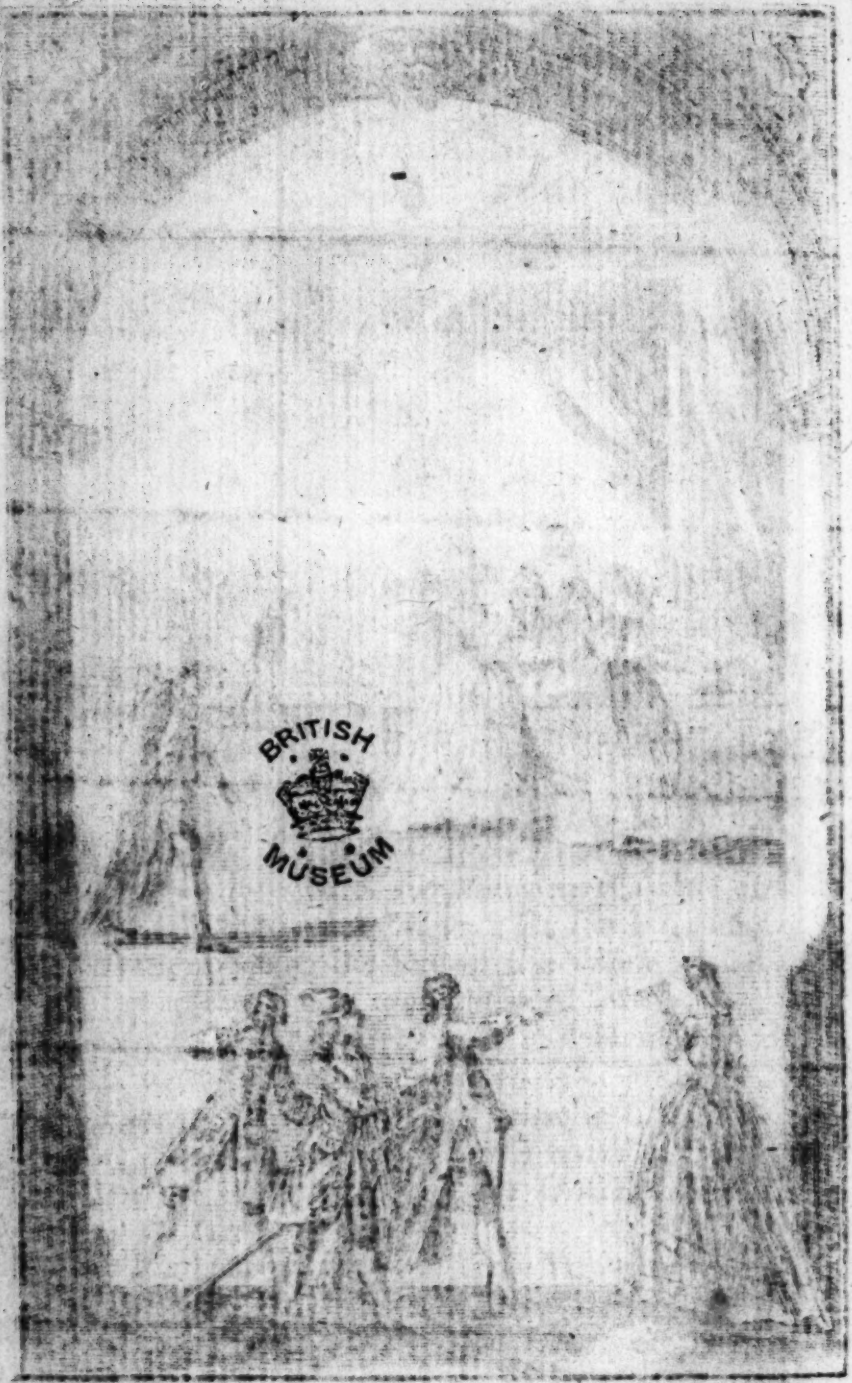


OMER makes *Jupiter* the Author or Inspirer of Dreams, especially the Dreams of Princes and Governors, if the Matter of them be pious and important: And it is likewise the Judgment of the learned *Propertius*, That good Dreams come from above, have their Weight, and ought not to be slighted. And truly I am much of his Mind in the Case of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the End of the World, I fell asleep over the Book, and dreamed of the last Judgment. A Thing which in the House of a Poet is scarce admitted, so much as in a Dream. This Fancy minded me of a Passage in *Claudian*; That all Creatures dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: As the Hound dreams of hunting the Hare.

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth towering in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath, did indeed take off much
of



*Vision the third Don Luevedo on
the last Judgement.*



View of the Bird Room painted on
the last Judgment.

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of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same Moment the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The first that appear'd were Sword-Men; as Generals of Armies, Captains, Lieutenants, Common-Soldiers; who supposing that it had sounded a Charge, came out of their Graves, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault, or a Combat. The Misers put their Heads out, all pale and trembling, for fear of a Plunder. The Cavaliers and Good-Fellows believed they had been going to a Horse-Race, or a Hunting-Match. And in fine, though they all heard the Trumpet, there was not any Creature knew the Meaning of it, for I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Gestures. After this there appeared a great many Souls; whereof some came up to their Bodies; with much Difficulty and Horror: Others stood wondering at a Distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, that an Eye, t'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the Prospect of so strange a Variety of Figures; yet was it not without just Matter of Admiration at the All-powerful Providence, to see Order drawn out of Confusion, and every Part restored to the right Owner. I dream'd myself then in a Church-yard; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear were changing of Heads; and an Attorney would have demurr'd, upon Pretence, that he had got a Soul was none of his own, and that his Body and Soul were not Fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand that This was the Day of Judgment,

it was worth the while, to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the Wicked. The Epicure and Whoremaster would not own their Eyes, nor the Slanderer his Tongue, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The Pick-pockets run away as hard as they could drive from their own Fingers. There was one that had been embalm'd in *Egypt*, and staying for his Tripes, an old Usurer ask'd him, if the Bags were to rise with the Bodies? I could have laugh'd at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a Crowd of Cut-purses, running full Speed from their own Ears, that were offered them again, for Fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a convenient Standing; and in the Instant, there was an Outcry at my Feet, Withdraw, withdraw. The Word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many handsome Ladies put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality. Now you must know, that the Women stand upon their Pantouffles, even in Hell itself. They seem'd at first very gay and frolicsome; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be seen naked, for they were clean skin'd and well made. But when they came to understand that this was the Great Day of Account, their Consciences took Check, and all their Jollity was dash'd in a Moment: Whereupon they took to a Valley, miserably listless, and out of Humour. There was one among the rest, that had had Seven Husbands, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any Thing else she was sure: This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what Answer she

she should make to that Point. Another that had been as common as *Ratcliffe-High-way*, would neither lead nor drive, and stood humming and hawing a good while, pretending she had forgot her Night-Gear, and such Fooleries; but spite of her Heart, she was brought at last within Sight of the Throne; where she found a World of her old Acquaintance that she had carried Part of their Way to Hell; who had no sooner set Sight on her, but they fell a pointing or hooting, so that she took up her Heels, and herded herself in a Troop of Serjeants. After this I saw many People driving a Physician along the Bank of a River, and these were only such as he had unnecessarily dispatch'd before their Time. They follow'd him with Cries of, Justice, Justice, and forc'd him on toward the Judgment-Seat, where they arriv'd in the End with much a-do. While this pass'd I heard, methought, upon my Left-hand, a paddling in the Water, as if one had been swimming: And what should this be, but a Judge in the Middle of a River, washing and rinsing his Hands over and over. I ask'd him the Meaning of it; and he told me, That *in his Lifetime he had been often dawb'd in the Fist, to make the Business slip the better, and he would willingly get out the Grease before he came to hold up his Hand at the Bar.* There follow'd next a Multitude of Vintners and Taylors, under the Guard of a Legion of Devils, arm'd with Rods, Whips, Cudgels, and other Instruments of Correction: And these counterfeited themselves deaf, and were very loath to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse Lodging. As they were passing on, up started a little *Lawyer*, and ask'd, whither they were going? They made Answer,

Answer, that they were going to give an Account of their Works. With that the Lawyer threw himself flat upon his Belly in his Hole again. If I am to go downward at last, says he, I am thus much on-ward on my Way. The Vintner sweated as he walk'd, till one Drop follow'd another; That's well done cry'd a Devil at his Elbow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a Taylor wrapt up in Sarcenets, Crook-finger'd, and Baker-legg'd, spake not a Word all the Way he went, but Alas! alas! how can any Man be a Thief that dies for Want of Bread? But his Companions gave him a Rebuke for discrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a Band of Highway-men, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousy of Thieves among themselves. These were fetch'd up by a Party of Devils in the Turning of a Hand, and lodg'd with the Taylors: For, said one of the Company, your Highway-man is but a wild Taylor. They were a little quarrelsome at first, but in the Conclusion, they went down into the Valley and kennel'd quietly together. After these came *Folly* with her Gang of Poets, Fiddlers, Lovers and Fencers; The People of all the World that dream the least of a Day of Reckoning: These were disposed of among the Hangmen, Jews, Scribes and Philosophers. There were also a great many Solicitors, wondring among themselves, that they should have so much Conscience when they were dead, and none at all Living. In fine, the Word was given, Silence.

The Throne being erected, and the great Day come: A Day of Comfort to the Good, and of Terror to the Wicked. The Sun and the Stars waited

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waited at the Foot-stool; the Wind was still; the Water quiet; the Earth in Suspence and Anguish for fear of her Children: And in Brief, the whole Creation was in Anxiety and Disorder. The Righteous they were employed in Prayers and Thanksgivings; and the Ungodly in framing Shifts and Evasions to extenuate their Crimes. The Guardian Angels were at Hand, on the one Side, to acquit themselves of their Duties and Commissions: And on the other Side, were the Devils hunting for more Matters of Aggravation and Charge against Offenders. The ten Commandments had the Guard of a narrow Gate, which was so strait, that the most mortified Body could not pass it, without leaving a good Part of his Skin behind him.

On one Hand there were in Multitudes, Disgraces, Misfortunes, Plagues, Grievs, and Troubles, all in a Clamour against the Physicians. The *Plague* confess'd indeed, that she had struck many; but it was the *Doctor* did their Business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like, and Misfortunes of all Sorts made open Protestation, that they never brought any Man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a Doctor. So that the Gentlemen of the Faculty were call'd to Account for those they had killed. They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and still as the Dead were call'd, some or other of them answer'd to the Name, and declar'd the Year and Day, when such a Patient passed thro' his Hand.

They began the Enquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely handled about an Apple. Alas! cry'd *Judas*, that was by, if that were such a Fault;

Fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the Patriarchs, and then the Apostles, who took their Places by *St. Peter*. It was worth the noting, that at this Day there was no Diffinction between Kings and Beggars, before the Judgment Seat. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with them. My Judgment is just, quoth *Pilate*. Alack! cry'd *Herod*, what have I to trust to; Heaven is no Place for me, and in Limbo I should fall among the Innocents I have murder'd; so that without more ado, I must e'en take up my Lodging in Hell, the common Receptacle of notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a Kind of a soure rough-hewn Fellow; look ye, says he, stretching out his Arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his Humour, and ask'd the Porter, what he was? Which he himself overhearing, I am, quoth he, a Master of the noble Science of Defence; and plucking out several seal'd Parchments, these, said he, are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which Word, all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipp'd them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Trial; but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which Time an Angel offer'd to lend him his Hand to help him in; but he, for Fear of an Attack, leap'd a Step backward, and with great Agility, alonging withal. Now, says he, if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my Skill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was pass'd upon him; That since by his Rules of Art, he had occasion'd so many Duels and Murders, he
should

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should himself go to the Devil by a perpendicular Line. He pleaded for himself, that he was no Mathematician, and knew no such Line; but while the Word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a Turn and a Half, and down he tumbld.

After him, came the Treasurers, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing, that some said the *Thieves* were coming; others said no, and the Company was divided upon it. They were much troubled at the Word *Thieves*, and desir'd the Benefit of Council to plead their Cause. And very good Reason, said one of the Devils, here's a discarded Apostle that has executed both Offices, let them take him; where's *Judas*? When the Treasurers heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a huge Roll of Accusations ready drawn into a formal Charge against them. With that, one of the boldest amongst them: Away, away, cry'd he, with these Informations; we'll rather come to a Fine and compound, tho' it were for ten or twenty thousand Years in Purgatory. Ha! Ha! quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge, if ye are upon those Terms ye are hard put to it. Whereupon the Treasurers, being brought to a forc'd Put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky Pastry Man; they ask'd him if he would be tried. That's even as it hits, said he. At that Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his Charge and laid it home to him, that he had put off Cats for Hares; and fill'd his Pies with Bones instead of Flesh; and not only so, but that he had sold Horse-flesh, Dogs and Foxes,
for

for Beef and Mutton. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many Animals in his Ark, as this poor Fellow had put in his Pies, for we read of no Rats and Mice there, so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his Oven was hot. Next came the Philosophers with their Syllogisms, and it was no ill Entertainment to hear them chop Logick, and put all their Expostulations in Mood and Figure. But the pleasantest People in the World were the Poets, who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of worshipping false Gods, their Answer was, that through them they worshipp'd the true One, and were rather mistaken in the Name than the Worship. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ*; but *Orpheus* interrupted him, who being the Father of the Poets, desir'd to be heard for them all. What he, cry'd one of the Devils, yes; for teaching that Boys were better Bedfellows than Wenches; but the Women had comb'd his Coxcomb for him, if they could have catch'd him. Away with him to Hell once again, then they cry'd, and let him get out now if he can. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their Guide, because he had been there once before. So soon as the Poets were gone, there knock'd at the Gate a rich penurious Chuff; but 'twas told him, that the ten Commandments kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible, quoth he, under Favour, to prove that ever I broke any one of them. And so he went to justify himself from Point to Point: He had done this and that; and had never done that nor the other; but in the End, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then

then came on a Company of House-breakers, and Robbers: So dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very Ladder. The Scriveners and Attornies, observing that; ah! thought they, if we could but pass for Thieves now! And yet they set a good Face enough upon the Business too: Which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themselves; for, said they, if any of these Fellows come off, there's no Fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Resolution to take their Trial; which set the Devils all a laughing. The Guardian Angels of the Scriveners and Attornies, mov'd that the Evangelists might be of their Council, which the Devils oppos'd; for, said they, we shall insist only upon the Matter of Fact, and leave them without any Possibility of Reply, or Excuse. We might indeed content ourselves with the bare Proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are Scriveners and Attornies. With that the Scriveners denied their Trade, alledging that they were Secretaries, and the Attornies call'd themselves Solicitors. All was said in Effect, that the Case would bear; but the best Part of their Plea was Church-member-ship. And in fine, after several Replications and Rejoinders, they were all sent to old *Nick*; save only two or three that found Mercy. Well, cry'd one of the Scriveners, thus it is to keep lewd Company! The Devils call'd out then to clear the Ear, and said they should have Occasion for the Scriveners themselves, to enter Protestations in the Quality of publick Notaries, against lawless and disorderly People; but the poor Wretches it seems, could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the Christians were much more troublesome than the Pagans, which

which the Devils took exceeding ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were christened when they were Children, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their Parents must answer for it. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the Seriveners and Attorneies fav'd, that they were just upon the Point of challenging their Clergy; but they were prevented by the Doctor I told you of, who was set first to the Bar, in Company with an Apothecary and a Barber, when a certain Devil, with a great Bundle of Evidences in his Hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest Part of the Dead there present, were sent thither by the Doctor then at the Bar, in Confederacy with his Apothecary, and Barber, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that Assembly. An Angel then interposing for the Defendant, recommended the Apothecary for a charitable Person, and one that physick'd the Poor for nothing: No matter for that, cry'd the Devil, for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has kill'd more People with two little Boxes, than the King of *Spain* has done with two thousand Barrels of Powder, in the Low Country Wars. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly unpeopled a Couple of his Neighbour Villages, in a matter of three Weeks Time. The Doctor he let fly upon the Apothecary too, and said he would maintain against the whole College, that his Prescriptions were according to the Dispensatory: And if an Apothecary would play the Knave, or Fool, and put in this for that, he could not help it. So that without any more Words, the Apothecary was put to the

Sum-

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Summer-Salt, and the Doctor and Barber were brought off, at the Intercession of *St. Cosmus* and *St. Damian*.

After these, came a dapper Lawyer, with his Tongue steep'd in Oil, and a great Master of his Words and Actions; a most exquisite Flatterer, and no Man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; or more ready at bolting a lucky Precedent at a dead Lift; or at making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all the Shifts and Starting-holes in the Law at his Finger's Ends: But all this would not serve; for the Verdict went against him, and he was order'd to pay Costs. In that Instant, there was a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and look'd like a Spy: They ask'd him, what he was? He made Answer, an Empirick: What, said a Devil, my old Friend *Pontius*: Alas! Alas! Thou hadst ten thousand Times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my Word thou'rt have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Ointment for a Burn, or so; and so *Pontius* went his Way. The next that appear'd were a Company of Vintners, who were accus'd for adulterating, and mingling Water with their Wines. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnish'd the Hospitals with Communion-wine that was right, upon Free-cost; but this Excuse signified as little, as that of the Taylors there present, who suggested that they had cloth'd so many *Friars* *Grat*is; and so they were dispatch'd away together. After these, followed a Number of Bankers, that had turn'd Bankrupt, to cozen their Creditors; who finding there, several of their old Correspondents, that they had reduc'd to a Morsel of Bread, began

began to treat of Composition: But one of the Devils presently cry'd out, all the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but those People are to reckon for other Mens Scores, as well as their own. And hereupon they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at that Time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish* Cavalier, as upright as Justice itself. He was a Matter of a Quarter of an Hour in his Legs, and Reverences to the Company. We could see no Head he had, for his prodigious starch'd Ruff that stood staring up like a Turkey-Cock's Tail, and cover'd it. In fine, it was so fantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it a good while, and ask'd, if it were a Man or no? It is a Man, quoth the *Spaniard*, upon the Honour of a Cavalier, and his Name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadofo*, &c. He was so long a telling his Name and Titles, that one of the Devils burst out a laughing in the Middle of his Pedigree, and demanded what he would be at? Glory, quoth he, which they taking in the worse Sense, for Pride, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon his Guides, for disordering his Mustachoes, but they help'd him presently to a Pair of Beard-Irons, and all was well again.

In the next Place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing; but my Masters, says he, my Cause is never the worse for my crying; for if I would stand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company, and had as much to do with the Saints as any other Body. What have we here, cry'd one, *Dioclesian* or *Nero*? For they had
enough

Of the LAST JUDGMENT. 69

enough to do with the Saints, though 'twere but to persecute them. But upon the Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small Officer, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge was for stealing the Oyl out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the Dark; pretending that the Owls and Jack-daws had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of clothing himself out of the Church-Habits, which he got new-dy'd; and of crumming his Porridge with consecrated Bread, that he stole every *Sunday*. What he said for himself I know not; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand Way at Parting.

With that a Voice was heard, *Make way there, clear the Passage*: And this was for a Bevy of handsome, buxom, *Bona Roba*'s in their Caps and Feathers, that came dancing, laughing, and singing of Ballads and Lampoons, and as merry as the Day was long. But they quickly chang'd their Note; for so soon as ever they saw the hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into violent Fits of the Mother; beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair with all the Horror and Fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their Favour, that they had been great Frequenters of our *Lady's* Chapel: Yes, yes, cry'd a Devil, less of her Chapel, and more of her Virtue, would have done well. There was a notable Whipster among the rest, that confess'd the Devil had Reason. And then her Trial came on, for making a Cloak of a Sacrament; and only marrying, that she might play the Whore with Privilege, and never want a Father for her Bastards. It was her Fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along: Well! she cry'd, if I had

I had thought 'twould have come to this; I should ne'er have troubled myself with so many Masses.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and ask'd which of the three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a Couple of lying Rascals, says *Judas* himself, for I am the Man, only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis true, I sold my Master once, and the World has been ever since the better for't: But these Villains sell him and themselves too, every Hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all three pack'd away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the Serjeants and Remembrancers were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: But the Court was not much troubled with them; for they confess'd Guilty at the first Word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an Astrologer, loaden with Almanacks, Globes, Astrolabes, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross Mistake in the Reckoning; for *Saturn* had not finish'd his Course, and the World could not be yet at an End. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and look'd upon him as his own already: A provident Slave, quoth he, I warrant him, to bring his Firing along with him. But this I must needs tell ye, says he, to the Mathematician, 'Tis a strange Thing, ye should create so many Heavens in your Life, and go to the Devil for want of one after your Death.

Nay

Of the LAST JUDGMENT. 71

Nay for going, cryed the Astrologer, ye shall excuse me; but if you'll carry me, well and good, and immediately Order was given to carry him away, and pay the Porter.

Hereupon, methought, the Court rose; the Throne vanish'd; the Shadows and Darknes withdrew; the Air sweetned; the Earth was covered with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I waked; not a little satisfied to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made of my Dream was this: I betook myself presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the Coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The End of the THIRD VISION.



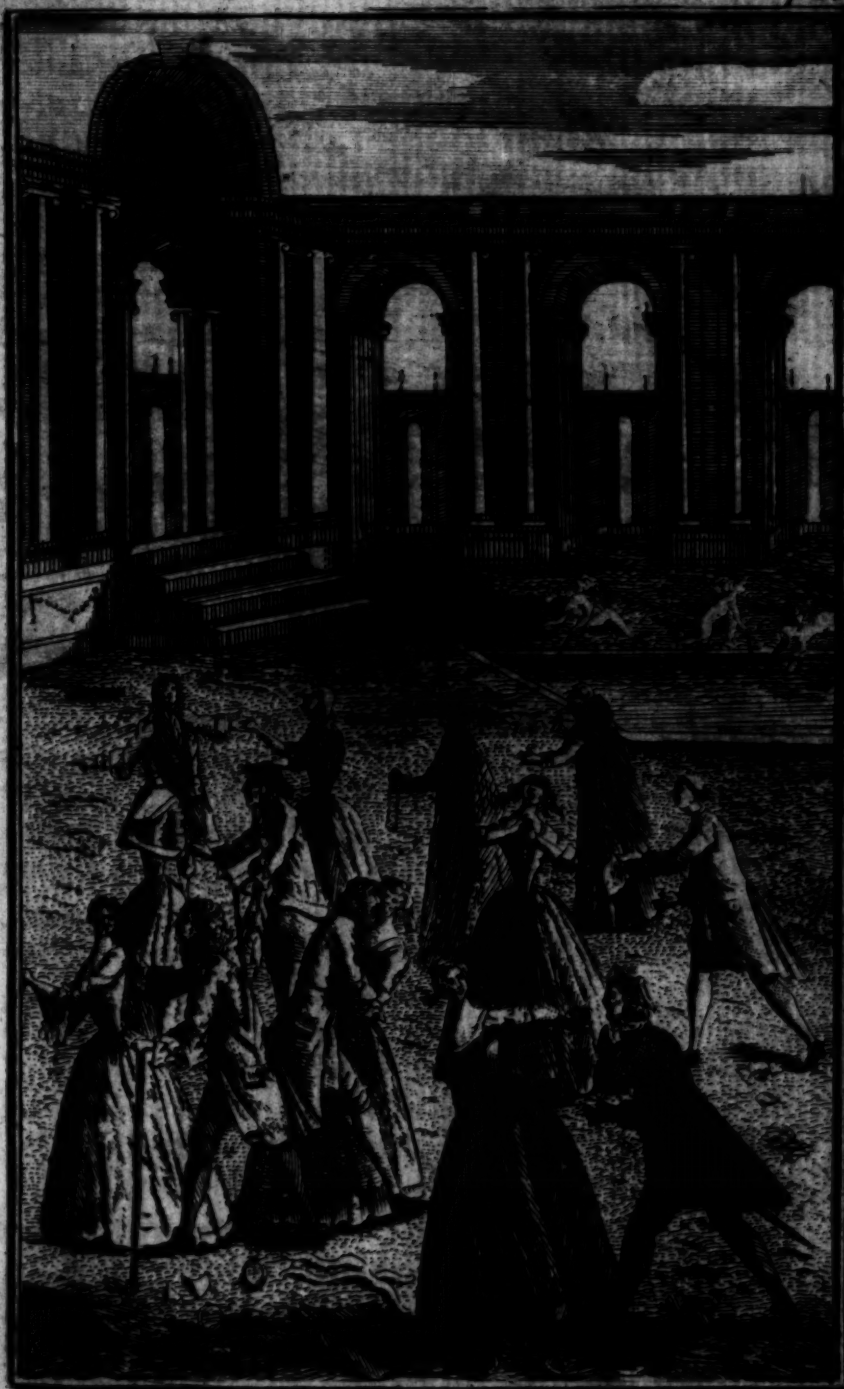
THE



THE
FOURTH VISION,
OF
LOVING FOOLS.

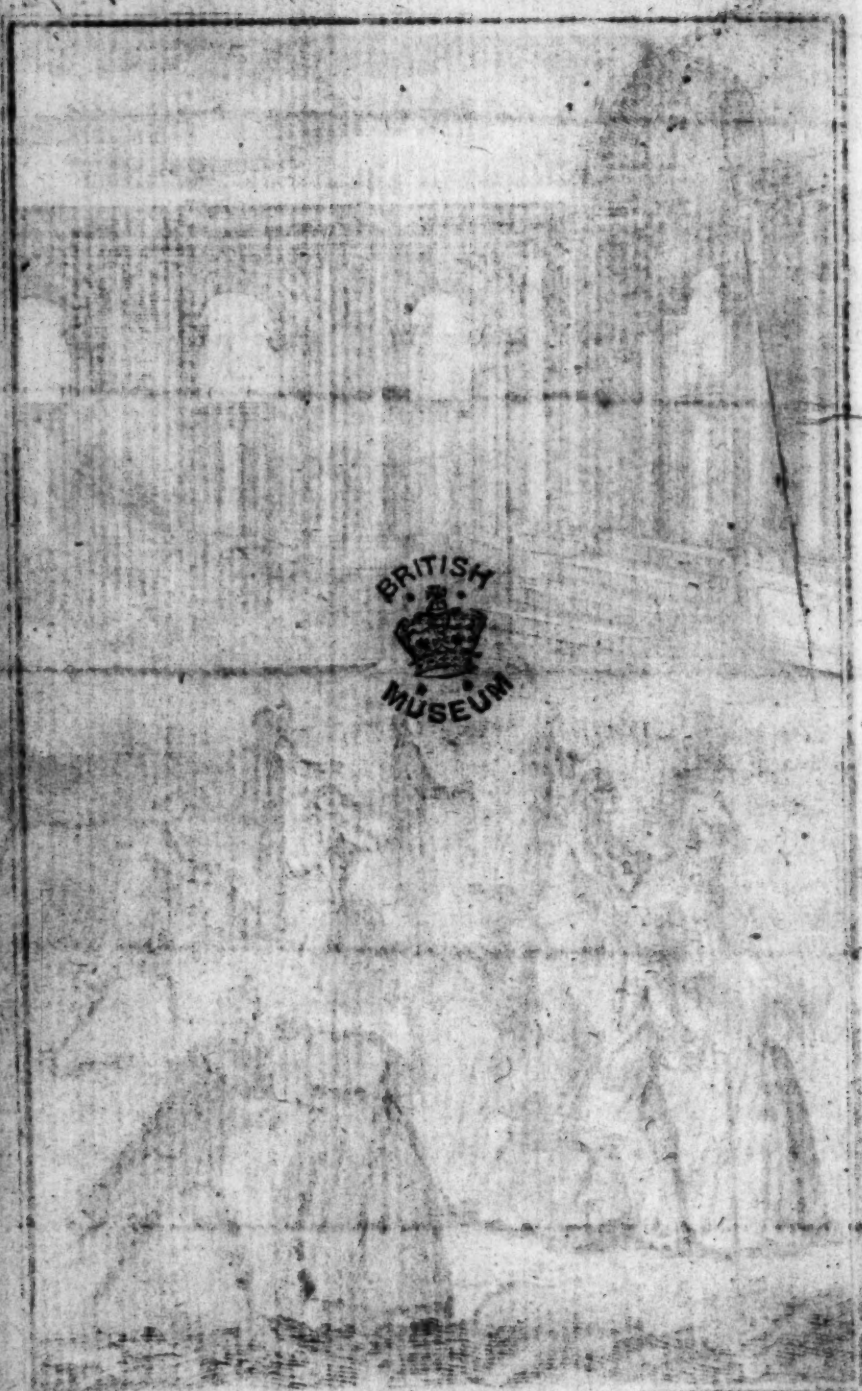


ABOUT Four o'Clock in a cold frosty Morning, when it was better-being in a warm Bed, with a good Bedfellow, than upon a Bier in a Church Yard; as I lay advising with my Pillow, tumbling and tossing, a thousand Love-toys in my Head, I pass'd from one Fancy to another, till at last I fell into a Slumber; and there appear'd the Genius of *Disabuse*; laying before me all the Follies and Vanities of Love; and supporting her Opinions with great Authorities and Reasons. I was carried then, methought I knew not how, into a fair Meadow: A Meadow, pleasant and agreeable, infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets, with all their far-fetch'd Gilding and Enamellings; for a Paper of Verses is worth nothing with them, unless they force Nature for it, and



*Vision the 4th. Don Quixote on
Loving Fools.*

35.9



Library of the British Museum
London, E.C.4

and rife both the *Indies*. This delicious Field was water'd with two Rivulets; the one bitter, the other sweet; and yet they mingled their Streams with a pretty Kind of Murmur, equal perhaps to the best Musick in the World. The Use of these Waters was, as I observ'd, to temper the Darts of Love; for while I was upon the Prospect of the Place, I saw several of *Cupid's* little Officers, and Subjects, dipping of Arrows there, for their Entertainment and Ease. Upon this, I fancy'd myself in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very Hive, where the Bee liv'd, that stung my young Master, and occasion'd that excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next Thing I cast my Eye upon, was a Palace, in the Midst of the Meadow; a rare Piece, as well for the Structure as Design. The Porches were of the *Doric* Order, excellently wrought; and the Pedestals, Bases, Columns, Cornishes, Capitals, Architraves, Freezes, and in short the whole Front of the Fabrick, was beautified with imaginary Trophies, and Triumphs of Love, in half Relieve, which as they were intermix'd with other fantastick Works and Conceits, carry'd the Face of several little Histories, and a great Ornament to the Building. Over the Porch, there was in golden Letters, upon black Marble this Inscription:

*This is call'd Fool's Paradise,
From the Loving Fools that dwell in't:
Where the Great Fools rule the Lefs,
The Rest obey, and all do well in't.*

The Finishing, and Materials were pleasant to Admiration. The Portal spacious; the Doors al-
E way

ways open, and the House free to all Comers, which were very many; the Porter's Place was supply'd by a Woman; exquisitely handsome, both for Face and Person; tall, delicately shap'd, and set off with great Advantages of Dress and Jewels. She was made up in fine, of Charms, and her Name, as I understood, was *Beauty*. She would let a Man in to see the House for a Look; and that was all I paid for my Passage. In the first Court I found many of both Sexes, but so alter'd in Habit and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were sad, and pensive, and their Complexions tainted with a yellow Paleness, which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*. There was no Talk of being true to Friends, loyal to Superiors, and dutiful to Parents: But Kindred did the Office of Procurers, and Procurers were call'd Cousins. Wives lov'd their Husbands, and Husbands did as much for them, in loving their Gallants.

While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encouragers of Affection, there appear'd a strange extravagant Figure, but in the Likeness of a human Creature. It was neither perfectly Man, nor perfectly Woman, but had indeed a Resemblance of both. This Person I perceiv'd was ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the craftiest, distrustful Looks, methought, that ever I saw, and withal, as I observ'd, no small Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's Name and Office. My Name, quoth she, for now it prov'd to be a Woman, is *Jealousy*, and methinks you and I should be better acquainted; for how came you here else; however for your

Satisfaction, you are to understand that the greatest Part of the distemper'd People you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their Physician, but their Tormentor; and serve only to aggravate and imbitter their Misfortunes. If you would know any thing farther of the House never ask me, for 'tis forty to one I shall tell you a Lie; I have not told you half the Truth even of Myself, and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of Inventions, Artifice, and Imposture: But the good old Man that walks there is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow Way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*: And desir'd him to let me look into the several Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some Fools of my Acquaintance I'd fain visit: He told me that he was at present so busy about making of Caudles, Cockbroths, and Jellies for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I enquir'd for, and gave me the Freedom of the House to walk at Pleasure.

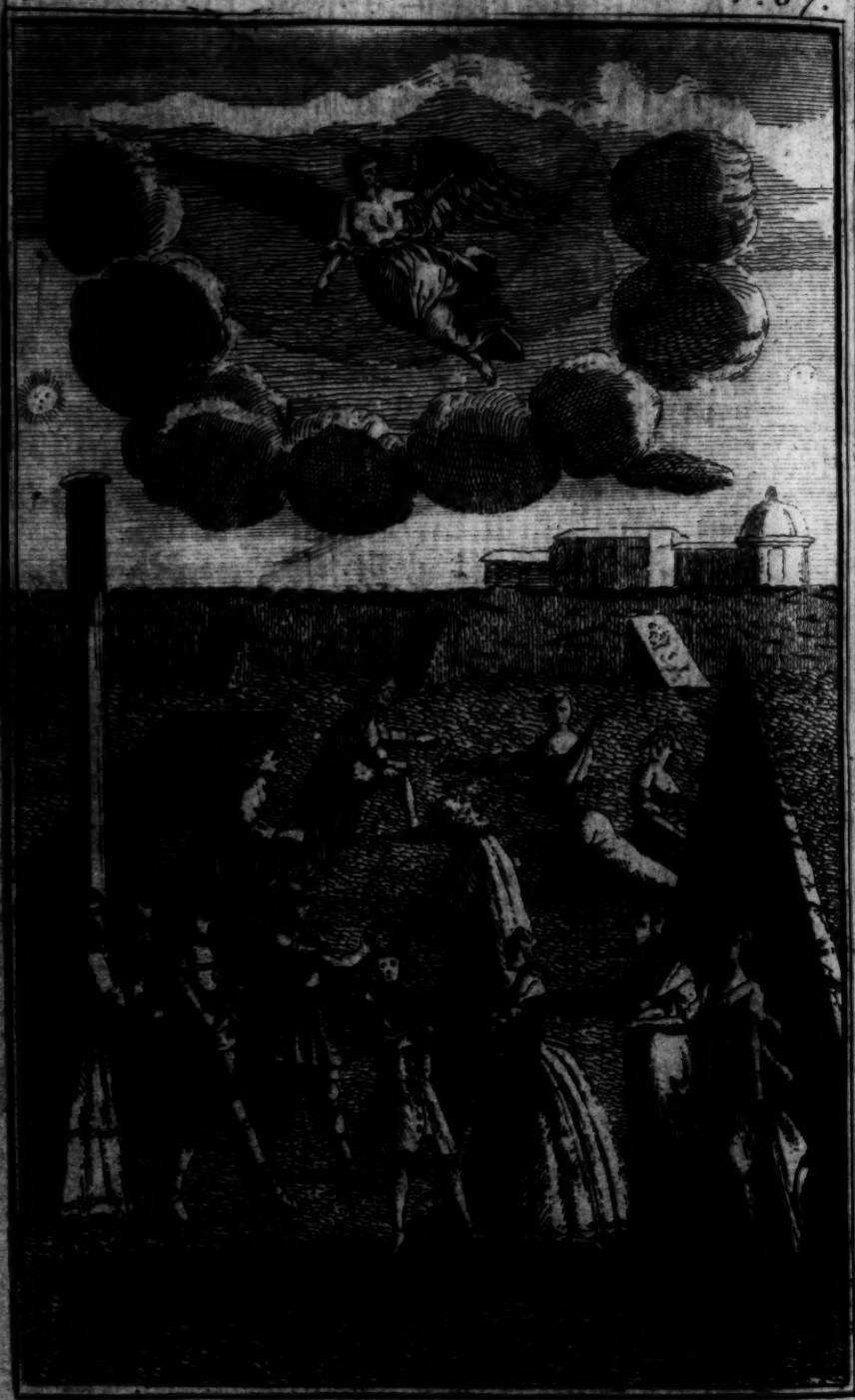
I pass'd out of the first Court, into the Maids Quarter, which was the very strongest Part of the whole Building; and so it had need; for divers of the young Wenches were so extravagant and furious, that no other Place would have held them. The Wives and Widows were in another Room apart. Here ye shall have one sobbing and raging with Jealousy of a Rival. There another stark mad for a Husband, and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A third was writing of Letters all Riddle and Mystery, mending and marring, till at last the Paper had more Blots than whole Words in it. Some were practising in the

Glass the gracious Smile, the Roll of the Eye, the Velvet Lip, &c. Others again were in a Diet of Oatmeal, Clay, Chalk, Coal, hard Wax, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a Ball or Serenade, that the whole Town might ring of the Address. Yes, yes, they cry'd, you can go to the Park with this Lady, and to a Play with that Lady, and to *Banstead* with t'other Lady, and to spend whole Nights at *Beste* or *Ombre* with my Lady *Pen-tweezel*; but by my Troth, I think you are asham'd to be seen in my Company. Some I saw upon the very Point of sealing and delivering. I am thine, cries one, and thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be sure you be constant. If I be not, says he, let my Soul, &c. and the-silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye should have them praying for Husbands, that they might the better love at Random: In another, nothing would please them but to be married Mens Wives, and this Disease was look'd upon as a little desperate. Some again stood ready furnish'd with Love Letters and Tickets to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were look'd upon not only as Fools but Beasts.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd; for I had learn'd of old, that *he that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratch'd Face*; but if he misses a Mistress, he gets a Wife, and stands condemn'd to a Repentance during Life, without Redemption, unless one of the two dies. For Women in the Case are worse than Pirates; a Galley Slave may compound for his Freedom, but there's no Thought of Ransom in Case of Wedlock. I had a good Mind to have a little Chat with some of them,



Presented to the
British Museum



*Vision the 5.th Don Quevedo of the
Worlds.*

them, but, thought I, they'll fancy I'm in Love with them. And so I e'en march'd off into the married Quarter.

Where there was such Ranting, Damning, and Tearing, as if Hell had been broke loose. And what was all this? but a Number of Women that had been lock'd up and shackled by their Husbands, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their Prisons, and their Chains, and were grown ten Times madder than before. Some I saw caressing and coaking their Husbands, in the very Moment they design'd to betray them. Others were picking their Husbands Pockets to pay now and then for a By-blow. Some again were upon a religious Point, and all upon the Humour, forsooth, of Pilgrimages and Lectures; when alas! they had no other Business with the Altars and Churches, than a Sacrifice to *Venus* or a Love-meeting. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but bathing was the least Part of the Errand; others to Confession, that mistook their Martyr for their Confessor: Some to be reveng'd of jealous Husbands, were resolving to do the Thing they fear'd, and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making sure afore-hand by Way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they say, that's as sweet as *Muscadine* and *Eggs*. One was melancholy for a Delay, another for a Defeat; a third is preparing to make her Market at a Play. There was one among the rest, was never out of her Coach; and asking her the Reason, she told me, she lov'd to be jolted. In this Crowd of Women, you must know that there were no Wives of Ambassadors, Soldiers, or Merchants that were abroad upon Commission; for such were consider'd

in Effect as single Women, and not allow'd as Members of this Commonwealth.

The next Quarter was that of the grave and wise ; the Right Reverend Widows ; Women in Appearance of marvellous Severity and Reserve, and yet every one of them had her weak Side, and ye might read her Folly and Distemper thro' her Disguise. One of them I saw crying with one Eye for the Loss of one Husband, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another with the *Ephesian* Matron, was solacing herself with her Gallant, before her Husband was thorough cold in the Mouth ; considering, that he that dy'd half an Hour ago, is as dead as *William* the Conqueror. There were several others passing to and again quite out of their Mourning, that look'd so demurely, I warrant ye, as if Butter would not have melted in their Mouths, and yet apostate Widows, as I was told, and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish* Inquisition. Some were laying Wagers whose Mourning was most *A-la-mode*, and best made ; or whose Peak or Veil became her best : And setting themselves off with a Thousand Tricks of Ornament and Dress. The Widows I observ'd that were marching off, with the Mark out of their Mouths, were hugely concern'd to be thought young, and still talking of Masques, Balls, Fiddles, Treats ; Chanting and Jigging to every Tune they heard, and all upon the Hoyty-Toyty, like mad Wenches of Fifteen. The younger on the other Side, made use of their Time, and took Pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were two of the religious Strain ; a People much at their Heads, and in private ; and these were there in the Quality of Love-Hereticks, or Platonicks,
and

and under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh they lov'd best, which is the most mortifying Lent of all other. Some that had Skill in Perspective, were before the Glass with their Boxes of Paint about them; shadowing, drawing out, refreshing, and in short, covering and palliating all the Imperfections of Feature and Complexion, every one after her own Humour. Now these Women were absolutely insufferable; for they were most of them old and head-strong, having got the better of their Husbands, so that they would be taking upon them to domineer here, as they had done at Home; and indeed, they found the Master of the College enough to do.

When I had tir'd myself with this Variety of Folly and Madness, I went to the Devotees; where I found a great many Women and Girls that had cloystered up themselves from the Conversation of the World; and yet were not a Jot soberer than their Fellows. These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in despite of either Counsel or Physick. The Room where they were was barricado'd with strong Bars of Iron; and yet when the Toy took them, they'd make now and then a Sally: For when the Fit was upon them, they'd own no Superior but Love, come what would on't in the Event. The greater Part of these good People, were writing of Tickets and Dispatches, which had still the Sign of the Cross at the Top, and Satan at the Bottom, concluding with this, or some such Postscript; I commend this Paper to your Discretion. The Fools of this Province would be twatling Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talk'd herself

a-weary, which was very rare, she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the rest, and read a Lecture of Silence to the Company. There were some that for Want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were look'd upon as a Sort of Fops and Ninnies, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another Mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was Idleness, which, according to *Petrarch's* Observation, never fails to make Way for Wantonness. There was one among the rest, that had more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable Desires, than a whole Regiment of Bankers. Some of them were sick of their old Visitor, and call'd for a Fresh-man. Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their Wits about them, and contented themselves discreetly with the Physician of the House. In short, it e'en pity'd my Heart to see so many poor People in so sad a Condition, and without any Hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in Care: For they were still pudgering and rolling their Bodies; and if they got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again, as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence I went to the single Women, such as made Profession never to marry, which were the least outrageous, and discompos'd of all; for they had a thousand Ways to lay the Devil as well as to raise him. Some of them liv'd like common Highway-men, by robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*; and stripping honest Men to cloath Rascals, which is, under Favour, but a lewd Kind of Charity. Others
there

there were, that were absolutely out of their seven Senses, and as mad as March-Hares for this Wit, and t'other Poet, that never fail'd to pay them again in Rhimes and Madrigals, with ruby Lips, pearly Teeth: So that to read their Verses, a Man would swear the whole Women to be directly petrify'd.

*Of Saphir, fair, or Christal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.*

I saw one in Consultation with a cunning Man to know her Fortune: Another dealing with a Conjuror for a Philtre or Drink, to make her belov'd. A third was daubing and patching up an old ruin'd Face, to make it fresh and young again: But she might have as well have been washing of a *Blackmore* to make him white. In fine, a World there were, that with their borrow'd Hair, Teeth, Eyes, Eye-brows, look'd like fine Folks at a Distance, but would have been left as ridiculous as *Æsop's* Crow, if every Bird had fetch'd away his own Feather. Deliver me thought I, smiling and shaking my Head, if this be *Woman*.

And so I stept into the Mens Quarter, which was but next Door, and only a thick Wall between. Their great Misery was, that they were dead to good Advice, obstinately hating and despising both Physick, and Physician: For if they would have either quitted or changed, they might have been cured. But they chose rather to die; and though they saw their Error, would not mend it. Which minded me of the old Rhime:

Where Love's in the Case,

The Doctor's an Ass.

These Fools-male were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their Humour and Distemper in their Looks and Gestures. Oh! how many a gay Lad did I see there, in his Point Band, and embroider'd Vest, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many Huffs and High-boys that had nothing else in their Mouths, but the Lives and Fortunes they'd spend in their sweet Ladies Service: That would yet have run five Miles on your Errand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary! How many a poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Flesh! Some there were, that spent much Time in setting their Perukes, ordering the Mustache, and dressing up the very Face of *Lucifer* himself for a Beauty: The Woman's Privilege, and in Truth an Encroachment to their Prejudice. There were others, that made it their Glory to pass for *Hectors*; Sons of *Priam*; Brothers of the *Blade*; and talk'd of nothing but Attacks, Combats, Reverses, Stramazons, Strocadoes: Not considering that a naked Weapon is present Death to a timorous Woman. Some were taking the Rounds of their Ladies Lodgings, at Midnight, and went to Bed again as wise as they rose. Others fell in Love by Contagion, and meerly conversing with the infected. Some again went Post from Church to Chapel, every Holy-day to hunt for a Mistress; and so turn'd a Day of Rest into a Day of Labour. Ye might see others, skipping continually from House to

House,

House, like the Knight upon a Chess-board, without ever catching the (Queen or) Dame. Some like crafty Beggars, made their Case worse than 'twas: And others, though 'twere never so bad, durst not so much as open their Mouths. Really it griev'd me for the poor Mutes, and I wish'd with all my Heart their Mistresses had been Witches, that they might have known their Meaning by their Mumping: but they were lost to all Counsel, so that there was no advising them. There was another Sort of elevated and conceited Lovers: And these, forsooth, were not to be satisfied without the *Seven liberal Sciences*, and the *Four Cardinal Virtues*, in the Shape of a Woman; and their Case was desperate. The next I observ'd, were a Generation of modest Fools, that past under the Notion of People diffident of themselves. They were generally Men of good Understanding, but for the most Part, younger Brothers, of low Fortunes, and such as for Want of wherewithal to go to the Price of higher Amours, were fain to take up with ordinary Stuff, that brought them nothing in the End, but Beggary and Repentance. The Husbands, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in Manacles and Shackles. Some of them left their own Wives, and fell upon their Neighbours. Others to keep the good Women in Awe and Obedience, would be taking upon them, and playing the Tyrants; but upon the Uphot they found their Mistake; and that though they came on as fierce as Lions, they went of as tame as Muttons. Some were making Friendships with their Wives She-Cousins, and agreeing upon a Cross-Gossiping, whoever should have the first Child.

The

The Widowers that had bit of the Bridle, pass'd from Place to Place, where they staid more or less, according to their Entertainment, and so were in Effect, as good as married, for as long, or as little while as themselves pleas'd. These liv'd single, and spent their Time in Visiting, first one Friend, then another. Here they fell in Love, there they kindled a Jealousy, which they contracted themselves in one Place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew, and confess'd themselves a Company of mad Fools, and yet continued so. Those that had Skill in Musick, and could either sing or fiddle, made Use of their Gifts, to put the silly Wenches that were but half mop'd before, directly out of their Wits. They that were poetical, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of Cruelty and Disappointment. One tells his good Fortune to another, that requites him with the Story of his Mishap. They that had set their Hearts upon Girls, were beating the Streets all Day, to find the Avenues to a Lady's Lodging's at Night. Some were tampering and caressing the Chambermaid, as the ready Way to the Mistress. Others chose rather to put it to the Push, and attempt the Lady herself. Some were examining their Pockets, and taking a View of their Furniture; which consisted much in Love-letters, delicately seal'd up with perfum'd Wax, upon raw Silk; and a thousand pretty Devices within all wrapt up in Riddle and Cypher. Abundance of Hair-bracelets, Locketts, Pomanders, Knots of Ribband, and the like. There were others, that were call'd the Husband's Friends, who were ready upon all Occasions to do this, and to do that Kindness for the Husband. Their Purse,

Purse, Credit, Coach and Horses, were all at his Service: And in the mean Time, who but they to gallant the Wife? To the Park, the Garden, a Treat or a Comedy: Where forty to one, by the greatest good Luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend Goer-between, that's a Well-wisher to the Mathematicks; she takes the Hint, performs the good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two Sorts of Fools for the Widows; the one was belov'd, and the other not; the latter were content to be a Kind of voluntary Slaves, for the compassing their Ends: But the other were the happier: For they were at perfect Liberty to do their Pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, in the mischievous Nick, and then in Case of a little Colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled Handkerchief, 'twas but turning the Scene, and struggling for a Paper of Verses, or some such Business, to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Assaults both with Love and Money, and they seldom failed; for they came doubly arm'd, and your *Spanish* Pistols are a Sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen; and as I was walking, in that Meditation, toward another Lodging, I found myself, e'er I was aware, in the first Court again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of Mad-fools increas'd every Moment; although Time, I perceiv'd, did all that was possible to recover them. There was *jealousy* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rub-

rubbing of old Sores. There was *Understanding* lock'd up in a dark Cellar: And *Reason* with both her Eyes out. I made a little Pause, the better to observe these Varieties and Disguises. And when I had look'd myself a-weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door; but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet strait as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had set at Liberty; and made a Shift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of returning, I made what Haste I could to be one of the first at the Door, and in that Instant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone, Whereupon I waked, and recollecting myself, found all was but a Dream. The very Fancy, however, of having spent so much Time in the Company of Fools and Madmen, gave me some Disorder, but with this Comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *Passionate Love* to be nothing else but a meer *Frenzy* and *Folly*.

The End of the FOURTH VISION.



THE



THE FIFTH VISION,

OF

THE WORLD.



IT is utterly impossible for any Thing in this World to fix our Appetites and Desires, but they are still fleeting and restless like Pilgrims; delighted and nourish'd with Variety: Which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the Things we covet. And hence it is; that what we pursue with the greatest Delight and Passion imaginable, yields us nothing but Satiety and Repentance in the Possession: Yet such is the Power of these Appetites of ours, that when they call and command, we follow and obey; though we find in the End, that what we took for a Beauty upon the Chase, proves but a Carcass in the Quarry, and we are sick on it as soon as we have it. Now the World that knows our Palate and Inclination, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter, and entertain

entertain us with all Sorts of Change and Novelty, as the most certain Means of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that these Considerations, might have put sober Thoughts and Resolutions in my Head, but it was my Fate to be taken off in the very Middle of my Morality and Speculations; and carry'd away from myself by Vanity and Weakness, into the wide World, wherè I was for a while after, not much unsatisfied with my Condition. As I pass'd from one Place to another, several that saw me, I perceiv'd, did but make Sport with me: For the farther I went, the more I was at a Loss in that Labyrinth of Delusions. One while, I was in with the Sword-men and Bravoes; up to the Ears in Challenges and Quarrels, and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit, I was never well but either at the *Fleece Tavern*, or *Bear at Bridge-Foot*, stuffing my Guts with Food and Tipple, till the Hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that I found, every Jot as extravagant as these, which to my great Trouble and Admiration, left me not so much as one Moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet and pensive Moods, some Body call'd after me, and pluck'd me by the Cloak; which prov'd to be a Person of a venerable Age, his Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd, and his Face just as if it had been trampled upon in the Streets, which did not yet hinder, but that he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect. Good Father, said I to him, why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray let me alone, and don't trouble your-
self

self with me or my Doings. You're past the Pleasure of Life yourself, and can't endure to see other People merry that have the World before them. Consider of it; you are now upon the Point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into it. But it is the Trick of all old Men to be carping at the Actions of their Juniors. Son, said the old Man, smiling, I shall neither hinder nor envy thy Delights, but in pure Pity I would fain reclaim thee. Dost thou know the Price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute? Didst thou ever examine the Value of Time? If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. What's become of thy past Hours? Have they made thee a Promise to come back again at a Call, when thou hast Need of them? Or canst thou shew me which Way they went: No, no; they are gone without Recovery, and in their Flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his Head, and laugh over his Shoulder in Derision of those that made no better Use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the Minutes of our Life, are but as so many Links of a Chain that has Death at the End on it? and every Moment brings thee nearer thy expected End; which perchance, while the Word is speaking, may be at thy very Door: And doubtless at thy Rate of Living, it will be upon thee before thou art aware. *How stupid is he that dies while he lives, for fear of dying: How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never die, and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* which is too late for Comfort, either to Body or Soul: And he is certainly none of the wisest that spends all his Days in

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Lewdness and Debauchery, without considering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been his last.

My good Father, said I, I am beholden to you for your excellent Discourses; for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a thousand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken Possession of me. But who are you, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? "My Poverty and these
" Rags, quoth he, are enough to tell ye that I
" am an honest Man; a Friend to Truth, and
" one that will not be Mealy-mouth'd, when he
" may speak it to the Purpose." Some call me the *Plain Dealer*; others, the *Undeceiver General*. You see me all in Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruises. And what is all this, but the Requital the World gives me for my good Counsel, and kind Visits? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me; they call themselves my Friends: Though they curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd, than spend one Quarter of an Hour in my Company. If thou hast a Mind to see the World I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a Place, where thou shalt have a full Prospect of it; and without any Inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't, and look it through and through. What's the Name of this Place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, the *Hypocrites Walk*, and it crosses the World from one Pole to the other. It is large and populous; for I believe there is not any Man alive, but has either an House or a Chamber in it. Some live in it for altogether; others take it only in Passage. For there are Hypocrites of all Sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less,

less, a Tang of the Leaven. That Fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other Day from the Plough-tail, and would now fain be a Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts and walk alone, than break his Promises to keep a Lacquey? There's another Rascal that would fain be a Lord; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the Title, but that he's better at building Castles in the Air, than upon the Water. In the mean Time he puts on a Nobleman's Face and Garb; he swears and drinks like a Lord, and keeps his Hounds and Whores, which 'tis fear'd in the End, will devour their Master. Mark now that Piece of Gravity and Form; he walks ye see, as if he mov'd by Clock-work; his Words are few and low; he makes all his Answers by a Shrug or a Nod. This is the Hypocrite of a Minister of State; who with all his Counterfeit of Wisdom, is one of the veriest Noddies in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those decrepid-Sots there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a Threshold, and yet they must be dying their Hair, colouring their Beards, and playing the young Fools again, with a thousand Hobby-horse Tricks, and antick Dresses. On the other Side, ye have a Company of silly Boys taking upon them to govern the World under a Vizor of Wisdom and Experience. What Lord is that, said I, in the rich Cloaths there, and the fine Laces? That Lord, quoth he, is a Taylor, in his Holiday Cloaths; and if he were now upon his Shop-board, his own Scissars and Needles would hardly know him. And you must understand, that Hypocrisy is so epidemical a Disease, that it has laid hold of the Trades themselves, as well as the Masters. The Cobler must

must be saluted, Mr. Translator; the Groom names himself Gentleman of the Horse; the Fellow that carries Guts to the Bears, writes, one of his Majesty's Officers. The Hangman calls himself a Minister of Justice; the Mountebank, an able Man; a common Whore passes for a Courtesan. The Bawd acts the Puritan; Gaming Ordinaries are call'd Academies, and Bawdy Houses, Places of Entertainment. The Page styles himself the Child of Honour; and the Foot-boy calls himself, my Lady's Page; and every Pickthank, names himself a Courtier. The Cuckold Maker passes for a fine Gentleman; and the Cuckold himself, for the best natur'd Husband in the World; and a very Ass commences Master-Doctor. Hocus Pocus Tricks, are call'd Slight of Hand; Lust, Friendship; Usury, Thrift; Cheating is but Gallantry; Lying wears the Name of Invention; Malice goes for Quickness of Apprehension; Cowardice, Meekness of Nature; and Rashness carries the Countenance of Valour. In fine, this is all but Hypocrisy and Knavery in a Disguise; for nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain general Appellations taken up, which by long Usage, are almost grown into Prescription. Every little Whore takes upon her to be a great Lady; every Gownman to be a Counsellor; every Huff to be a Soldat; every gay Thing to be a Cavalier; every Parish Clerk to be a Doctor; and every Writing-clerk in the Office must be call'd Mr. Secretary.

So that the whole World, take it where you will, is but a meer Juggle; and you will find that Wrath, Gluttony, Pride, Avarice, Luxury, Murder, and a thousand other heinous Sins, have
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all of them Hypocrisify for their Source, and thither they'll return again. It would be well, said I, if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see, how so great a Diversity of Waters should proceed from one and the same Fountain. I do not wonder, quoth he, at your Distrust, for you are mistaken in very good Company, to fancy Contrariety in many Things, which are in Effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon both by Philosophers and Divines, that all Sins are evil; and you must allow, that *the Will embraces or pursues no Evil, but under the Resemblance of Good*: Nor does the Sin lie in the Representation, or Knowledge of what is Evil, but in the Consent to it. Which Consent itself is sinful, altho' without any subsequent Act: It's true, the Execution serves afterward for an Aggravation, and ought to be consider'd under many Differences and Distinctions. But in fine, evident it is, that the Will entertains no Ill, but under the Shape of some Good. What do ye think now of the *Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat in his Arms, and murders you, under Pretence of Kindness? What is the Hope of an Hypocrite?* says Job. He neither has nor can have any: For he is wicked as he is an Hypocrite; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be: So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only against God; but the Hypocrite sins with him, as well as against him, making Use of his holy Name as a Cloak and Countenance for his Wickedness. For which Reason, our blessed Saviour, after many affirmative Precepts deliver'd to his Disciples, for their Instruction, gave only this Negative, *Be not sad as the Hypocrites*: Which
lays

lays them open in few Words : And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye shall not be wicked.*

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my Expectation, and took the higher Ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what pass'd. The first remarkable Thing I saw was a long funeral Train of Kindred and Guests, following the Corps of a deceas'd Lady, in Company with the disconsolate Widower ; who march'd with his Chin upon his Breast ; a sad and a heavy Pace ; muffled up in a mourning Hood, enough to have stifled him, with at least ten Yards of Cloath upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack ! alack ! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a Spectacle ! Oh blessed Woman ! How did this Husband love thee in thy Life-time, that follows thee with this infinite Faith and Affection even to thy Grave ? And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife that deserved this Kindness ! And in so many tender Friends and Relations, to take Part with him in his Sorrows. My good Father, let me intreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that, shaking his Head and smiling, My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all this is nothing in the World but Vanity, Imposture, and Constraint ; and I will shew Thee the Difference between Things themselves, and their Appearances. To see this Abundance of Torches, with the Magnificence of the Ceremony and Attendance, one would think there should be some mighty Matter in the Business : But let me assure thee, that all this Pudding comes to no more, than *much ado about Nothing.* The Woman was Nothing, effectually,

effectually, even while she liv'd : The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is somewhat less than *Nothing* : And the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her come to just *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it seems must have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-days*, as well as the *Dying*. Alas ! What's a *Carcass* ? but the most odious Sort of *Putrefaction* : A corrupted Earth, fit neither for *Fruit* nor *Tillage*. And then for the sad Looks of the *Mourners* ; they are only troubled at the *Invitation* ; and would not care a *Pin*, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discourses* ; for when they should have been praying for the *Dead*, they were prating of her *Pedigree*, and her last *Will* and *Testament*. I'm not so near a kin, says one, but I might have been spar'd ; and I had twenty other Things to do. Another should have met Company at a *Tavern* : A third at a *Play* : A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality* : Another cries out, A *Pox* o' your Meetings where there is nothing stirring but *Worms-meat*. Let me tell ye farther, that the *Widower* himself is not so griev'd as you imagine for the dead *Wife* ; but for the damn'd *Expence* in *Blacks*, and *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners* ; and that she was not fairly laid to Rest, without all this ado : For he persuades himself, that she might have found her Way to her *Grave* without a *Candle*. And since she was to die, 'tis his Opinion, that she should have made quicker Work on't : For a good *Wife*, is, like a good *Christian*, to put her *Conscience* in Order betimes, and get her gone, without lingering in the Hands of *Doctors*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons* to murder her *Husband* too. Or, to
save

have Charges, she might have had the Discretion to have died of the Plague, which would have stav'd off Company. This is the second Wife, he has already turn'd over, and, to give the Man his Due, he has had the Wit to secure himself of a third, while this lay on her Death-bed. So that his Case is no more than chopping of a cold Wife for a warm one, and he'll recover this Affliction I warrant ye.

The good Man, methought, spoke Wonders; and being thoroughly convinc'd of the Danger of trusting to *Appearances*, I took up a Resolution, never to conclude upon any Thing, though never so plausible, without due Examination and Enquiry. With that, the *Funeral* vanish'd, leaving us behind; and for a Farewell, This Sentence. *I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean Time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done Me; and as I, when Time was, have attended many others, with as little Care and Devotion as your selves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noise we heard in a House behind us; where we had no sooner set Foot over the Threshold, but we were entertained with a Consort of six Voices, that were set and tun'd to the Sighs and Groans of a Woman newly become a Widow. The Passion was acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon clapping and wringing of their Hands; groaning and sighing as if their Hearts would break. The Hangings, Pictures, and Furniture, were all taken down and remov'd; the Rooms hung with Black, and in one of them lay the poor Disconsolate, upon a Couch with her con-

doling Friends about her. It was as dark as Pitch, and so much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the horrid Faces, and Strains they made, to fetch up their artificial Tears and Lamentations. Madam, says one, *Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to see your Ladyship in this Condition, has made me as lost a Woman to all Thought of Comfort as yourself.* I beseech you Madam, *cheer up,* cries another, with almost as many Sighs as Words, *your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable World. He was a good Man, and now he finds the Sweet on't.* *Patience, Patience, dear Madam,* cries a Third, *'tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending.* Do'tt talk of *Patience,* says she, *and no contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear Man! Oh that dear Husband of mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day!* And then she fell to blubbering, sobbing, and raving a thousand Times worse than before. *Alas! alas! who will trouble himself with a poor Widow! I have never a Friend left to look after me; what shall become of me!*

At this Pause came in the Chorus, with their Nose-Instruments; and there was such blowing, sobbing, snivelling, and throwing Snot about, that there was no enduring the House; and all this you must know, serv'd them to a double Purpose; that is to say, for *Physick* and *Complement*: For it pass'd for the *Condoling Office*, and purg'd their *Heads* of ill *Humours* all under one. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widow*; a Creature forsaken of all the *World*; and I told my Guide as much; and that a *Charity*, as I thought, would be well bestow'd upon her. The *Holy Writ*, calls them *Mutes*; according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*, in regard

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that they have no Body to speak for them. And if at any Time they take Heart to speak for themselves, they had e'en as good hold their Tongues, for no Body minds them. Is there any Thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *protect the Fatherless, and defend the Cause of the Widow*? As the highest and most necessary Point of *Christian Charity*, in Regard that they have neither Power nor Right to defend themselves. Does not *Job* in the Depth of his Misery, and Disgraces, make Choice to clear himself toward the Widow, in his Expostulations with the Almighty? *If I have caused the Eyes of the Widow to fail; or, consum'd the Eyes of the Widow; after the Hebrew*: So that it seems to me, beside the general Duty of Charity, we are also bound by the Laws of Honour and Generosity to assist them: For the poor Souls are fain to plead with their Eyes, and beg with their Eyes, for Want of either Hands or Tongues to help themselves. Indeed you must pardon me, my good Father, said I, if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a Part in this mournful Consort, upon this sad Occasion. And is this, quoth the old Man, the Fruit of your boasted Divinity? To sink into Weakness and Tears, when you have the greatest Need of your Resolution and Prudence! Have but a little Patience, and I'll unfold you this Mystery; though let me tell you, 'tis one of the hardest Things in Nature, to make any Man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already. If this Accident of the Widow had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine Things that have been started upon't: For 'tis Occasion that awakens both our Virtue and Philosophy; and 'tis

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not enough to know the Mine where the Treasure lies, unless a Man has the Skill of drawing it out, and making the best of what he has in his Possession. What are you the better, for all the Advantages of Wit and Learning, without the Faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Application.

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this Widow that looks as if she had Nothing in her Mouth, but the Service of the Dead, and only Hallelujahs in her Soul; that this mortify'd Piece of Formality, has green Thoughts under her black Veil; and brisk Imaginations about her in Despite of her Calamity and Misfortune. The Chamber you see is dark; and their Faces are muffled up in their Funeral Dresses. And what of all this? When the whole Course of their Mourning is but a Thorough-cheat. Their Weeping signifies Nothing more, than crying at so much an Hour; for their Tears are hackney'd out; and when they have weep'd out their Stage, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to themselves; and as soon as your Back is turn'd, you shall have them singing and dancing, and as merry as Griggs: For take away the Spectators their Hypocrisy is at an End, and the Play is done: And now the Confident's Game begins. Come, come, Madam, Faith we must be merry, cries one, we are to live by the living, and not by the dead. For a bonny young Widow as you are, to lie whimpering away your Opportunity, and lose so many brave Matches: There's you know who, I dare swear, has a Month's Mind to you: By my Troth I would you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find one warm Bed-fellow worth twenty cold ones.

Really, Madam, cries a Second, she gives you good Counsel, and if I were in your Place I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but one lost, and ten found. Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold, *What's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great deal of Wit; and methinks, he's a very handsome proper Gentleman. Well! If that Man has not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes again for his Sake; and in good Faith, if all Parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the Night before To-morrow. Were it not a burning Shame to let such a Beauty lie fallow?* This sets the Widow a pinking and simpering like a Furmety-kettle; at Length she makes up the pretty little Mouth, and says, 'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of these Affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your friendly Advice. You have here the very Bottom of her Sorrow: She has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave. I should have told you, that *your right Widow eats and drinks more the first Day of her Widowhood, than in any other of her whole Life:* For there appears not a Visitant, but presently out comes the groaning Cake; a cold bak'd Meat, or some restorative Morfel or other to comfort the Afflicted; and the cordial Bottle must not be forgotten, neither, for Sorrow's dry. So to't they fall, and at every Bit or Gulp, the Lady-relict fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to chew false, and makes Protestation that for her Part she can taste Nothing; she has quite lost her Digestion, and has such an Oppression in her Stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of overcharging Nature. And in Truth,

Truth, says she, how can it be otherwise, since, unhappy Creature that I am! he is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments? But there is no recalling him from the Grave, and so no Remedy but Patience. By this Time, you see, quoth the old Man, whether your Exclamations were reasonable or no.

The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when hearing an Uproar in the Street among the Rabble, we look'd out to see what was the Matter. And there we saw a Catchpole, without either Hat or Band, out of Breath, and his Face all bloody, crying out, *Help, help, in the King's Name, stop Thief, stop Thief*: And all the while running as hard as he could drive, after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an Attorney, *all dirty; a World of Papers in his Hand; an Inkborn at his Girdle, and a Crowd of nasty People about him*; and down he sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his Knee. Bless me, thought I, how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these Fellows; for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These Catchpoles, said I, had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our Lives and Fortunes; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is torn, bruis'd, and batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the old Man; I think thou wouldst never leave talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth sometimes. You must know, that *he that made the Escape, and the Catchpole, are a Couple of antient Friends, and Pot-companions*. Now the Catchpole quarrels the Thief, for not giving

him a Snip in the last Booty, and the Thief, after a great Struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a Shift to save himself. You'll say the Rogue had need of good Heels to out-run this Gallows-beagle; for *there's hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bailiff that runs upon the View of a Quarry.* So there's not the least Thought of a publick Good in the Catchpole's Action; but meerly a Prosecution of his own Profit, and a Spite to see himself chous'd. Now if the Catchpole, I confess, without any private Interest, had made this Attempt upon the Thief, being his Friend, to bring him to Justice, it had been well, yet take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Serjeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Greyhound at a Hare.* The Whip, the Pillory, the Axe, and the Halter make up the best Part of the Catchpole's Revenue. These People are of all Sorts the most odious to the World; and if Men in Revenge would resolve to be virtuous, though but for a Year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and Catchpoles as well as the Devils themselves have the Wages of Tormentors.

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the Attornies shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt of it, said the old Man, for your Attornies and your Catchpoles always hunt in Couples. The Attorney draws the Information, and has all his Forms ready, so that 'tis no more than, but to fill up the Blanks, and away to the Goal with the Delinquent: If there be any Thing to be gotten 'tis not a Halfpenny Matter, whether the Party be guilty or innocent: Give but an Attorney Pen, Ink, and Paper, and let him alone for Wit-nesses. In Case of an Examination, he has the
Grace

Grace not to insist too much upon plain and naked Truth; but to set down only what makes for his Purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in the Deponent's Sense, for his Memory is good, what he has written in his own: And by this Means, the Cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent this Villany, *it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to speak it.* And yet there are some honest Men of all Sorts but among the Attornies: The very Calling, does by the honest Catchpoles, Marshal's Men, and their Fellows, as the Sea by the Dead: It may entertain them for a while, but while a Body may say what's this? it spews them up again.

The good Man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the ratling of a gilt Coach, and a Courtier in it, that was blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could make him. He sat stiff and upright, as if he had swallowed a Stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that Posture: It would have hurt his Eyes to have exchanged a Glance with any Thing that was vulgar, and therefore he was very sparing of his Looks. He had a deep lac'd Ruff on, that was right *Spanish*, which he wore erect, and stiff starch'd, that a Man would have thought he had carried his Head in a Paper Lanthorn. He was a great Studier of set Faces; and much affected with looking politick and big; but for his Arms and Body, he had utterly lost, or forgotten the Use of them: For he could neither bow, nor move his Hat to any Man that saluted him; no, nor so much as turn from one Side to the other, but sat as if he had been box'd up, like a *Bartholomew* Baby. After this magni-

ficent Statue, followed a Swarm of gaudy Butterfly Lacquies; and his Lordship's Company in the Coach, was a Buffoon and a Parasite. *O blessed Prince!* said I, *to live at this Rate of Ease and Splendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a glorious Train is that! Beyond all Doubt, there never was a great Fortune better bestow'd. With that, the old Man took me up, and told me, that the Judgment I had made upon this Occasion, from one End to the other, was all Dotage and Mistake, save only, when I said he had the World at Will; And in that, says he, you have Reason; for what is the World, but Labour, Vanity, and Folly; which is likewise the Composition and Entertainment of this Cavalier.

As for the Train that follows him, let it be examin'd, and my Life for your's you shall find more Creditors in it than Servants: These are Bankers, Jewellers, Scriveners, Brokers, Mercers, Drapers, Taylors, Vintners; and these are properly the Stays and Supporters of this animated Machine. The Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages, all comes out of their Pockets; they have his Honour for their Security; and must content themselves with Promises and fair Words, for full Satisfaction, unless they had rather have a Footman with a Cudgel for their Paymaster. And after all this, if this Gallant were taken to shrift, or that a Man could enter into the Secrets of his Conscience, I dare undertake, it would appear that *he that digs a Mine for his Bread, lives ten thousand Times more at Ease than the other; with beating of his Brains, Night and Day for new Shifts, Tricks, and Projects, to keep himself above Water.*

Observe

Observe his Companions now, his Fool, and his Flatterer. They are too hard for him ye see, and eat, drink, and make merry at his Expence. *What greater Misery or Shame in the World, than for a Man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time and Estate, in so brutal and insipid a Society!* It costs him more, beside his Credit, to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Conversation of a Brace of grave and learned Philosophers. But will ye now see the Bottom of this scandalous and dishonourable Kindness; *My Lord, says the Buffoon, you were most infallibly wrapt up in your Mother's Smock; for let me be ——— if you have not set all the Ladies about the Court agog. The very Truth is, cries the Parasite, all the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-cutters to ye; and indeed, wherever you come, you have still the Eyes of the whole Company upon you. Go to, go to, Gentlemen, says my Lord, you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesy than my Desert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindness. After this Manner, these Asses knab and curry one another, and play the Fool by Turns.*

The old Man had his Words yet between his Teeth, when there pass'd just by us a Lady of Pleasure, of so excellent a Shape and Garb, that it was impossible to see her, without a Passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon any Thing else so long as she was to be seen. They that had seen her once, were to see her no more; for she turn'd her Face still to New-comers. Her Motion was graceful and free; one while she'd stare ye full in the Eyes, under Colour of opening her Hood, to set it in better Order. By and by, she'd

steal a Look at ye with one Eye, and a side Face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like a Witch that's afraid to be known when she comes from a Catter-wall; and then out comes the delicate Hand, and discovers the most delicious Neck, and Breasts, to adjust the Handkerchief, or the Scarf; or to remove some other Grievance that made her Ladyship uneasy. Her Hair was most artificially dispos'd into careless Rings, and the best Red and White in Nature was in her Cheeks; if that of her Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a Word, all she look'd upon were her own; and this was the Vision for my Money, from all the rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my old Man laid a Block in the Way, and stopp'd me at the very starting, which was an Affront to a Man that was both in Love and in Haste, that might very well stir his Choler. My officious Friend, said I, *he that does not love a Woman suck'd a Sow*; and questionless, he must be either blind or barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A handsome Woman! why, *what was she made for, but to be lov'd?* And he that has her, has all that's lovely or desirable in Nature. For my own Part, I would renounce the World for the Fellow of her, and never desire any Thing either beyond her or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms and Chains in her Looks and Motions, for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any Thing so clear as her Forehead? Or so black as her Eye-brows? One would swear that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion.

lion and Milk; and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she's the Master-piece of the Creation, worthy of infinite Praise, and equal to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the old Man cut me short, and bade me make an End of my Discourse; for thou art, said he, a Man of much Wonder, and small Experience, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of Folly and Blindness: Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brains enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to use them. Understand then that the Office of the Eye, is to see; but 'tis the Privilege of the Soul, to distinguish and chuse; whereas you either do the contrary, or else nothing, which is worse. *He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a thousand Torments and Confusions:* He shall take Clouds for Mountains, strait for crooked, one Colour for another, by Reason of an undue Distance, or an indispos'd Medium. We are not able sometimes to say which Way a River runs, till we throw in a Twig, or Straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now if this prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as gross a Cheat and Impostor as any of the rest? She went to Bed last Night as ugly as a Witch, and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion, as glorious as an Angel. The Truth of it is, she hires all by the Day; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to Pieces, you would find her little else but Paint and Plaister. To begin her Anatomy at the Head. You must know that the Hair she wears is borrow'd of a Tire-woman, for her own was blown off by an unlucky Wind from the Coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she

she keeps it private, as a Memorial of her Antiquity. She is beholding to the Pencil for her Eyebrows and Complexion. And upon the whole Matter, she is but an old Picture refresh'd. But the Wonder is, to see a Picture with Life and Motion; unless perchance she has got the Necromancer's Receipt, that made himself young again in his Glass Bottle. For all that you see of her that's good, comes from distill'd Waters, Essences, Powders, and the like; and to see the Washing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in Pomanders, Sweet-waters, *Spanish* Pockets, perfum'd Drawers; and all little enough to qualify the poisonous Whiffs she sends from her Toes and Arm-pits, which would otherwise out-stink ten thousand Pole-cats. She cannot chuse but kiss well, for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in Oil and Grease; and he that embraces her, shall find the better Half of her the Taylors, and only a *Stuffing of Cotton and Canvas to supply the Defects of her Body*. When she goes to Bed, *She puts off one Half of her Person with her Shoes*. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? Or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well, confess your Error and mend it: And know that, without more Descant upon this Woman, 'tis the Design and Glory of most of the Sex to lead silly Men captive. Nay, *take the best of them, and what with the Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the Foot of the Account*. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope will be sufficient.

The End of the FIFTH VISION.

THE



Exhibited at the British Museum



*Vision the 6. Dono Queredo of
Hell.*



THE
SIXTH VISION,
OF
H E L L.



BEING one *Autumn*, at a Friend's House in the Country, which was indeed a most delicious Retreat, I took a Walk one Moon-light Night into the Park, where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go farther into the Wood: What Impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power; but so it was, that in half a Quarter of an Hour, I found myself a great Way from Home, and in a Place where 'twas no longer Night; with the pleasantest Prospect round about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was calm and temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both

both innocent and silent. On the one Hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of crystal Rivulets; on the other, with the whispering of the Trees; the Birds singing all the While either in Emulation, or Requital of the other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquillity itself, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very Instant, to my great Wonder, I discover'd two Paths issuing from one, and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not one another's Company. That on the Right-hand was narrow almost beyond Imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so over-grown with Thorns and Brambles, and so stony withal, that a Man had all the Trouble in the World to get into it. One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rub'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left Pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the Way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them Pale-fac'd, lean, thin, and miserably mortified. There was no passing for Horsemen; and I was told that St. *Paul* himself, left his Horse when he went into't. And indeed, there was not the Footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse nor Mule, nor the Track of any Coach or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had pass'd that Way in the Memory of Man. While I was bethinking myself of what I had seen, I spy'd at length a Beggar, that was resting him a little to take.

take Breath ; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodging they had upon that Road ? His Answer was, that there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this, said he, is the Way to Paradise ; and what should they do with Inns or Taverns, where there are so few Passengers ? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to die, is to be born ; to live is to travel ; and the World is but a great Inn, after which it is but one Stage, either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these Words he march'd forward, and bade me *God b'w'ye* ; telling me withal, that it was Time lost to linger in the Way of *Virtue*, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues as tend rather to Curiosity than Instruction. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his Flesh, and sighing, and groaning at every Step ; and weeping, as if he thought to soften the Stones with his Tears. This is no Way for me, thought I to myself, and no Company neither : For they are a Sort of beggarly morose People, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back, and struck off into the Left-hand Way.

And there I found Company enough, and Room for more. What a World of brave Cavaliers ! gilt Coaches, rich Liveries, and handsome, lively Lasses, as glorious as the Sun ! Some were singing, and laughing ; others tickling one another, and toying ; some again, at their Cheese-cakes and China-oranges ; or appointing a Set at Cards : So that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of an old Saying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners* ? And to save the Credit of my Education, I put myself into the noble Mode, and jogg'd on.

And

And there was I at the first Dash up to the Ears in Balls, Plays, Masquerades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other Road, where Folks went Barefoot, and naked, for Want of Shoe-makers and Taylors: For here were enow, and to spare; besides Mercers, Drapers, Jewellers, Bodice-makers, Peruke-makers, Milliners, and a French Ordinary at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my new Acquaintance; and yet there was now and then some Juffling and Disorder upon the Way: Chiefly between the Physicians upon their Mules, and the Infantry of the Lawyers, that march'd in great Bodies before the Judges, and contested for Place. But the Physicians carried it, in Favour of their Charter, which gives them Privilege to study, practise, and teach the Art of Poisoning, and to read Lectures of it in the Universities. While this Point of Honour was in Dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one Way to the other, and changing Parties. Some of them stumbled, and recover'd; others fell downright. But the pleasantest Gambol of all, was that of the Vintners. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another; but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the Right-hand Way, which was the Way to *Paradise* or *Virtue*, advanc'd very heavily and made us excellent Sport. *Prithee look what a Friday-face that Fellow makes!* cries one; *Hang him, prick-ear'd Cur,* says another; *Dam'me,* cries a third, *if the Rogue be not drunk with Holy-water; if the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found such a Pack of ill-look'd Rascals,*

*cal*s, says another. Some of them stop'd their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a third Sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a By-path, with as much Contrition and Devotion in their Looks and Gestures, as ever I saw in Men: They walk'd *shaking their Heads, and lifting up their Hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them large Ears, and to my thinking Geneva Bibles. These thought I, are a People of singular Integrity, and Strictness of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be Hypocrites; and that though they'd none of our Company upon the Road, they would not fail to meet us at our Journey's End. Fasting, Repentance, Prayer, Mortification, and other holy Duties, which are the Exercise of good Christians, in Order to their Salvation, are but a Kind of Probation to these Men, to fit them for the Devil. They were followed by a Number of Devotees, and holy Sisters, that kiss'd the Skirts of their Garments all the Way they went; but whether out of Zeal, Spiritual or Natural, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, some Womens Kisses are worse than Judas's. For though his Kiss was treacherous in the Intention, it was right yet in the Application: But this was one Judas kissing another; which makes me think there was more of the Flesh, than of the Spirit in the Case. Some would be drawing a Thread now and then out of the holy Man's Garment, to make a Relick of: Others would cut out large Snips, as if they had a Mind to see them naked. Some again desir'd they

they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a third Person. Some pray'd for good Matches for their Daughters; others, begg'd Children for themselves: And sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children Abroad, will be so civil as to take them Home, when they are given him. In fine, these Hypocrites may for a While perchance impose upon the World, and delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Disguise, is Proof against the All-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are, I must confess, many religious and godly Men, for whose Persons and Prayers, I have a great Esteem. But these are not of the Hypocrite's Humour, to build their Hopes and Ambition upon popular Applause, and with a counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their Weakness, and Unworthiness; their Failings; yea, and their Transgressions in the Market-place; all which, indeed, is but a true Jest; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went a-part, and were look'd upon to be *neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-herring*. They wore the Name of Christians; but they had neither the Wit, nor the Honesty of *Pagans*. For they content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better: But the Hypocrite that's instructed both in Life Temporal, and Eternal, lives without any Comfort in the one, or Hope in the other; and takes more Pains to be damned, than a good Christian does to compass his Salvation. In short, we went on our Way in Discourse. The Rich follow'd their Wealth, and the Poor the Rich; begging there, what Providence had deny'd

ny'd them. The stubborn and obstinate went away by themselves; for they would hear no Body that was wiser than themselves, but run huddling on, and prest still to be foremost. The Magistrates drew after them, all the Sollicitors, and Attornies. Corrupt Judges were carried away by Passion and Avarice: And vain, and ambitious Princes, trail'd along with them, Principalities and Commonwealths. There were a World of Clergy upon this Road too. And I saw one full Regiment of Soldiers there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at praying and fighting, as they were at swearing. Their whole Discourse was of their Adventures. How narrowly they came off at such an Assault; what Wounds they receiv'd upon the other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a Time of Mutton and Poultry. But all they said came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other. *Don't you remember, Sirrah, says one, how we claw'd it away at such a Place! Yes, ye damn'd Rogue you, cries t'other, when you were so drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd. These, and such as these, were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.*

While they were upon these glorious Rhodomontades, certain generous Spirits from the Right-hand Way, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of Pass-ports, Testimonials, and Recommendations they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attack: "Fall on, fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour; and if you were not Poltroons, you would not quit it for Fear of a hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Com"

“ Comrades, and be assur’d, that this Combat
 “ well fought, makes all your Fortunes, and
 “ crowns you for ever. Here ye shall be sure both
 “ of Pay and Reward, without casting the Issue
 “ of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the empty
 “ Promises of Princes. How long will ye pursue
 “ this Trade of Blood and Rapine? and accustom
 “ your Ears and Tongues to the tragical Out-cries
 “ of burn, no Quarter, kill, or die. It is not
 “ Pay, or Pillage, but Virtue that’s a brave Man’s
 “ Recompence. Trust to her, and she’ll not
 “ deceive ye. If it be War ye love, come to us;
 “ bear Arms on the right Side, and we’ll find you
 “ Work. Do not you know that Man’s Life is
 “ a Warfare? That the World, the Flesh, and
 “ the Devil, are three vigilant Enemies? And that
 “ it is as much as his Soul is worth to put himself,
 “ but for one Minute, out of his Guard? Princes
 “ tell ye, that your Bloods and your Lives are
 “ theirs; and that to shed the one, and lose the
 “ other, in their Service, is no Obligation but a
 “ Duty. You are still however to look to the
 “ Cause, wherefore turn Head, and come along
 “ with us, and be happy.” The Soldiers heard
 all this with exceeding Patience and Attention;
 but the Brand of Cowardice had such an Effect
 upon them, that *without any more ado, like Men of
 Honour, they presently quitted the Road, drew, and
 as bold as Lions, charg’d headlong into a Tavern.*

After this, we saw a great Troop of Women
 upon the Highway to Hell, with their Bags, and
 their Fellows at their Heels, ever and anon hunch-
 ing and jostling one another. On the other Side,
 a Number of good People, that were almost at
 the End of their Journey, came over into the
 wrong

wrong Road; for the Right-hand Way growing easier and wider towards the End, and that on the Left-hand on the contrary, narrower, they thought they had been out of the Way, and so came in to us, as many of ours went over to them, upon the same Mistake. Among the rest, I saw a great Lady, without either Coach, Sedan, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the Way to Hell? which was to me so great a Wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently look'd for a publick Notary, to make an Entry of it. The Woman was in a most miserable Pickle; and I did not know what Design she might drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a Notary, or Register at hand, though I mis'd my particular Aim, yet I was well enough pleas'd with it; for I took it then for granted, that I was in my ready Way to Heaven. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the Crosses, Afflictions, and Mortifications, that lie in the Way to *Paradise*; and to consider, that there was nothing of that upon this Road; but on the contrary, laughing, singing, frolicking, and all Manner of Jollity: This, I must confess, gave me a Qualm, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of married Men, that we overtook with their Wives in their Hands, in Evidence of their Mortifications: *My Wife's my Witness*, cries one, *that every Day since I married her has been a Fasting-day to me, to pamper her with Cock-broths and Fellies. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body by Nakedness; for I have hardly allow'd myself a Rag to my Back-side, or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her* in

in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petticoats, and Jewels:
 So that upon the Matter, I perceive an unlucky
Hit with a Wife, gives a Man as much Right to the
Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his Days
at the Stake.

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made
 me think myself in the right again; 'till I heard a
 Cry behind me, *Make Way there, make Way for*
the 'Pothecaries. Bless me, thought I, if they be
 here, we are certainly going to the Devil. And
 so it prov'd; for we were just then come to a little
 Door, that was made like a Mouse-trap, where it
 was easy to get in, but there was no getting out a-
 gain.

It was a strange Thing, that scarce any Body so
 much as dreamt of Hell, all the Way we went;
 and yet every Body knew where they were, as
 soon as they came there, and cry'd out with one
 Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are damn'd, we*
are damn'd. That Word made my Heart ake:
 And is it come to that, said I! Then did I begin
 with Tears in my Eyes, to reflect upon what I had
 left in the World: As my Relations, Friends,
 Ladies, Mistresses, and in fine, all my old Ac-
 quaintance: When with a heavy Sigh, looking be-
 hind me, I saw the greater Part of them posting af-
 ter me. It gave me, methought, some Comfort,
 that I should have so good Company, vainly ima-
 gining, that even Hell itself might be capable of
 some Relief.

Going farther on, I was gotten into a Crowd of
 Taylors, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for
 Fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were
 seven Devils taking the Names of those that came
 in, and they ask'd me mine, and my Quality, and
 so

so they let me pass. But examining the Taylors, *These Fellows*, cried one of the Devils, *come in such Shoals, as if Hell was only made for Taylors; how many are they?* said another: Answer was made, *about a hundred; there must be more than a hundred,* says t'other, *if they be Taylors; for they never come under a thousand or twelve hundred strong:* And we have so many of them here already, I know not where we shall 'stow them. Say the Word, my Masters, shall us let them in or no? The poor Prick-lice were damnedly startled at that, for Fear they should not get in; but in the End, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menace for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them: Thereupon, a huge, overgrown, club-footed crump-shoulder'd Devil, threw them into a deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask'd him, how he came to be so deform'd? and he told me, he had spoil'd his Back with carrying of Taylors: For, said he, I have been made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they save me that Labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devil's Work to dispose of them. While the Word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make Way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me, they made the best Fewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little dark Alley, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado, I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in Smoke and Flame. Alas! Sir, says he, *have you forgot your old Bookfeller in Pope's-head Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, good Live-
well,

well, quoth I, what! *Art thou here? Yes, yes, Sir,* says he, *'tis e'en too true.* I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him; but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a Word, his Shop was the very Mint of Heresy, Schism, and Sedition. I put on a Face of Compassion however, to give him a little Ease, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir,* says he, *I would my Father had made me a Hangman when he made me a Stationer;* for we are call'd to Account for other Mens Works, as well as for our own. And one Thing that's cast in our Dish, is the selling of Translations so Dog-cheap, that every Sot knows now as much, as would formerly have made a passable Doctor; and every nasty Groom, and roguish Lacquey is grown as familiar with *Homer, Virgil, Ovid,* as if 'twere *Robin the Devil; the Seven Champions; or a Piece of George Withers.* He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not stopp'd his Mouth with a Whiff from a Roll of his own Papers, and choak'd him with the Smoak on't. The pestilent Fume would have dispatch'd me too, if I had not got presently out of the Reach o'nt. But I went my Way, saying this to myself? If the *Bookseller* be thus Criminal, what will become of the *Author.*

I was deliver'd from this Meditation, by the rueful Groans, of a great many Souls that were under the Lash, and the Devils tyrannizing over them with Whips and Scourges. I ask'd what they were? and it was told me, that there was a Plot among the Hackney-coachmen to exhibit an Information against the Devils, for taking the Whip out of their Hands, and setting up a Trade they had never serv'd

serv'd to, which is directly contrary to *Quinto Elizabethæ*. Well, said I: But what are these tormented here? with that an old sowl-look'd Coachman took the Answer out of the Devil's Mouth, and told me; that it was because they came to Hell a Horseback, which they pretended, was a Privilege that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak Truth, and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and make an honest Confession here. Say, Sirrah, *How many bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you stood pimping at Mary-bone? How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lies have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this scandalous Trade?* There was a Coachman by, that had serv'd a Judge, and thought 'twas no more for his old Master to fetch a Rascal out of Hell, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the Devil how he durst give that Language to so honourable a Profession; for, says he, *Who wears better Cloaths than your Coachmen? Are we not in our Velvets, Embroderies, and Lâces? and as glorious as so many Phaetons? Have not your Masters Reason to be good to us, when their Necks are at Stake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we govern those, many Times, that govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is in almost as much Danger of his Coachman, as of his Physician. And there are, that understand it too, and themselves, and us; and that will not stick to trust their Coachmen as far as they would do their Confessors.* There's no Absurdity in the Comparison; for if they know some of their Privacies, we know more; yes, and perhaps more than we'll speak of. What have we here to do, cry'd a Devil that was ready to

G

break

break his Heart with laughing? A Coachman in his Tropes and Figures? An Orator instead of a Waggoner? The Slave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now he'll never have done. No, why should he? Says another that had serv'd a great Lady more Ways than one, is this the best Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm sure we bring you good Commodity, well pack'd; well condition'd; well perfum'd; right, neat and clean: Not like your City-ware, that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every draggle-tail'd Wench, and Skip-kennel, shall be better us'd than we. Ah! the Ingratitude of this Place! If we had done as much for somebody else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our Wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that I am punish'd for carrying the Sick, the Gouty, the Lame, to Church, to Mass; or some straggling Virgins, back again to their Cloister: Which is a damn'd Lie; for I am able to prove, that all my trading lays at the Play-houses, Bawdy-houses, Taverns, Balls, Collations: Or else at the *Tour-a-la-mode*, where there was still appointed some After-meeting; to treat of certain Affairs, that highly import the Interest and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carried my Mistress sometimes to the Church-door, but it signify'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a Conventicle; for all her Business there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the Way of Devotion now in Mode. To conclude, it is most certain, that I never took any Creature, knowingly, into my Coach, that had so much as a good Thought.

And

And this was so well known, that it was all one, to ask, if a Lady were a Maid; or if she had ever been in my Coach. If it appear'd she had; He that marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to trust to. And, after all this, ye have made us a far Requital. With that the Devil fell a laughing, and with five or six twinging Jerks, half slay'd the poor Coach-man; so that I was e'en glad to retire; in Pity partly to the Coachman, and partly to myself; for the currying of a Coachman, is little better than the turning up of a Dunghil.

My next Adventure was into a deep Vault, where I began immediately to shudder, and my Teeth chatter'd in my Head. I ask'd the Meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with kib'd Heels, and his Toes all mortify'd; and told me that that Quarter was allotted to the Buffoons and Drolls, which are a People, says he, of so starv'd a Concept, and so cold a Discourse, that we are fain to chain, and lock them up, for Fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a Man might see them. The Devil told me yes, and shewed me one of the lewdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at one another, and nothing but the same Fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon Earth. Among the Buffoons, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for Men of Honesty and Honour: Which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery; and were a Sort of Buffoon, that goes betwixt the Bark and the Tree. But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The other Buffoons are condemn'd, quoth the Devil, for Want of Favour; and these, for having too much, and abusing it. You must know they come upon us, still at unawares; and yet they

find all Things in Readiness; the Cloath laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at Home. To say the Truth, we have some Sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble in tormenting one another.

Do you see him there? That was a wicked and a partial Judge: And all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the Time when he could have broke the Neck of two honest Causes, and he put them only out of Joint. That Good-fellow there, was a careless Husband, and him we lodge too with the Buffoons. He sold his Wife's Portion, Wife and all, to please his Companions; and turn'd both into an Annuity. That Lady there, tho' a great one, is fain to take up with too the Buffoons, for they are both of a Humour: What they do with their Talk, she does with her Body, and seasons it to all Appetites. In a Word, you shall find Buffoons in all Conditions; and in Effect, there are nigh as many, as there are Men and Women; for the whole World is given to jeering, slandering, backbiting, and there are more natural Buffoons than artificial.

At my going out of the Vault, I saw a Matter of a thousand Devils following a Drove of Pastry-men, and breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with Iron-peels. Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the Flesh should be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with Women. Impudent nasty Rascals, quoth the Devil, who has deserv'd Hell, if they have not? How many thousand Men have these Slovens poison'd, with the Grease of their Heads, and Tallow, instead of Mutton-sewet? With Snot Pies for Marrow? and Flies for Currants? How many
Stomachs

Stomachs have they turn'd into Laystals with Dogs-flesh, Horse-flesh, and other Carrion that they have put into them? And do these Rogues complain, in the Devil's Name of their Sufferings! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps says he, and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormentors. And for your Part, says he, to me, with a soure Look, because you are a Stranger, you may go about your Business; but we have a Crow to pluck with these Fellows, before we part.

I went next down a Pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw Men burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them roaring, cry'd out, I never over sold, I never sold, but at conscionable Rates; why am I punish'd thus? I durst have sworn it had been *Judas*; but going nearer to him, to see if he had a red Head, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long since. How now, old *Martin*, said I; art thou there? He was dogged, because I did not call him Sir, and made no Answer. I saw his Grief, and told him how much he was to blame to cherish that Vanity even in Hell, that had brought him thither. And what do you think on't now, said I, Had not you better have traded in *Blacks* than *Christians*? Had not you better have contented yourself with a little honestly got, than run the Hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a Foot, rather than to the Devil on Horse-back? My Friend was as mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame or Grief, I know not. And then a Devil in Office took up the Discourse. These Pick-pocket Rogues, says he, did they think to govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in *Secula seculorum*?

Methinks, the blinking, and false Lights of their Shops, should have minded them of their Quarter, in the other World, afore-hand. And 'tis all a Case, with Jewellers, Goldsmiths, and other Trades, that serve only to flatter and bolster up the World in Luxury and Folly. But if People would be wise, these Youths should have little enough to do. For what's their Cloth of Gold and Sliver, their Silks, their Diamonds, and Pearl, which they sell at their own Price, but Matter of meer Wantonness and Superfluity: These are they that inveigle ye into all Sorts of extravagant Expences, and so ruin ye insensibly, under Colour of Kindness, and Credit. For they set every Thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not Touch at your Day, your Persons are imprison'd; your Goods seiz'd; and your Estates extented. And they that help'd to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggars.

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given him the Hearing; but there was such a Laugh set up on one Side of me, as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the Matter was; for 'twas a strange Thing, methought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The Business was, there were two Men upon a Scaffold, in genteel Habits, gaping as loud as they could bawl. One of them had a great Parchment in his Hand display'd with divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been Execution-day, and took the Writing for a Pardon or Reprieve. At every Word they spoke, a Matter of seven or eight thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as if they would have crack'd their Sides. And this again made me think, it might be some Jack-pudding,

pudding, or Mountebank, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations? with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer Hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devil's Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their Pedigree, and get themselves pass'd for Gentlemen; the Parchment being a Testimonial from the Herald's Office, to that Purpose. My Father, says he, with the Writing in his Hand, bore Arms for his Majesty in many honourable Occasions of Watching and Warding; and has made many a tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all Hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first Man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had five brave Commanders of our Family, by my Father's Side, that have serv'd the State in the Quality of Marshal's Men, and Turnkeys, and given his Majesty a fair Account of all the Prisoners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's Side, it would not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended: For my Grandmother was never without a dozen Chamber-maids, and Nurses in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade, quoth the Devil, to procure Services and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, said the Cavalier, she was what she was; and I'm sure I'll tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place; for he was a Deputy-Marshal; and to prove myself a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend, quoth the Devil, your Grandfather wore a Sword, as he was Usher

to a Fencing School; and we know very well what his Son, and Grand-child can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a wicked and infamous Life, and spent your Time in whoring, drinking, and blaspheming, and in lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the Privileges of your Nobility? Your Testimonials, and the Seal of the Office? A Fart for your Privileges, Testimonials, Office and all. There is no Honour, but Virtue. And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do honourable and worthy Things, we should look upon them as Persons sacred, and not dare to meddle with them. But talking is Time lost; you were ever a Couple of pitiful Fellows, and your Tails scarce worth the Scalding. Have at ye, says he, and at that Word, with a huge Iron Bar he gave such a Salute over the Buttocks, that he took two or three Turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropp'd at last into the Common-sewer, where never any Man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had seen him cut that Caper; this Usage, says he, may be well enough for a Parchment Gentleman; but for a Cavalier of my Extraction, and Profession, I suppose you'll treat him with somewhat more of Civility and Respect. Cavalier, quoth the Devil, if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Comrade, for ought I know; for *we find very few antient Families, that had not some Oppressor or Usurper for their Founder*; and they are commonly continued by the same Means they were begun. How many are there of our titular Nobility, that write noble, purely upon the Account of their Violence and Injustice?

justice? Their Subjects and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard Services, and rack'd Rents; are they not worse than Slaves? If they happen to have any Thing extraordinary, as a pleasant Fruit, a handsome Colt, a good Cow, and that the Landlord, or his sweet Lady take a Liking to it, they must either submit to part with it gratis, or else take their Pay in foul Language, or Bastinadoes. And 'tis well if they escape so; for many Times when the Sign's in *Gemini*, their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any Regard of Laws either sacred and prophane. What damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of to get Credit with a Mistress or a Creditor, upon a faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride and Insolence, even towards many considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for they behave themselves as if all People below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or worse. As if human Blood were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the World the common Way, or moulded them of the same Materials with the meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have military Charges and Commands; how many great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their own, or their Prince's Honour, fall to Spoil and Pillage; cozening the State with false Musters, and the Soldiers of their Pay, and giving them instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their Due from the People? forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourers Mouths, to fill their own Bellies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most execrable Outrages imaginable: And when the poor Soldier

comes at last to be dismiss'd, or disbanded, lame, sick, beggarly, naked almost, and enrag'd, with nothing left him to trust to, but the Highway to keep him from starving; what Mischief is there in the World that these Men are not the Cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this Day in the Hospital, for trusting to their Oaths and Promises, and becoming bound for them for vast Sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple and Whores, and in all Sorts of Luxury and Riot? This rhetorical Devil would have said a thousand Times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had Business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, my Friend, said he, your Morals are very good; but yet with your Favour, all Men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring*, said the Devil, you are all of ye tainted with original Sin, and if you had been any better than your Fellows, you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so noble, as you say, you're worth the Burning, if 'twere but for your Ashes. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, we'll treat you like a Person of your Condition. And in that Instant, two Devils presented themselves; the one of them bridled and saddled, and the other doing the Office of the Squire, holding the Stirrup with his Left-hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what Country he carried him: And he told me not far; for 'twas only Matter of Decorum, to send the Nobility to Hell a Horseback. Look on that Side now, says he, and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavalier

valier in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventors of Nobility and Arms; as *Cain, Cham, Nimrod, Esau, Romulus, Tarquin, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Heliogabalus*; and a World of other brave Fellows, that had made themselves famous by Ufurpation and Blood. The Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard, and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. 'Till that Time, I took the Devil for a notorious Liar; but I find now that he can speak the Truth too, when he pleases, and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carried me still farther; and within twenty Yards, I came to a huge muddy stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in it so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me, that the Lake was stor'd with *Duegnas*, or *Governanets*, which are turn'd into a Kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually drivelling, sputtering and croaking. Methought the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; and only the lower Parts of them are Man's Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I could not but laugh to see how they gap'd, and stretch'd out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came near, they'd scud away and dive.

This was no Place to stay in, there was so noisom a Vapour, and I struck off upon the Left-hand; where I saw a Number of old Men, beating their Breasts, and tearing their Faces, with bitter Groans, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to see them, and I ask'd what they were?

were? Answer was made, that I was now in the Quarter of the Fathers that damn'd themselves, to raise their Posterity, which were call'd by some, the *Unadvised*. Wretch that I am! cry'd one of them, the greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have watch'd, I have fasted, I have scarce had any Cloaths to my Back, my whole Life has been a restless Course of Torment, both of Body and Mind; and all this to get Money for my Children, that I might see them *well married, buy them Places at Court*, or procure them some other Preferment in the World; starving myself in the Conclusion, rather than I would lessen the Provision I had made for my Posterity. And yet notwithstanding this my fatherly Care, I was scarce sooner dead than forgotten; and my next Heir buried me without Tears or Mourning, and indeed without so much as paying of Legacies, or praying for my Soul, as if they had already receiv'd certain Intelligence of my Damnation. And to aggravate my Sorrows, the Prodigals are now squandering and consuming that Estate in Gaming, Whoring, and Debauches, which I had scrap'd together by so much Industry, Vexation and Oppression, and for which I suffer at this Instant such insupportable Torments. This should have been thought on before, cry'd a Devil, for sure you have heard of the old Saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which Word, the old Misers brake into out fresh Rage and Lamentation, tearing their Flesh with Tooth and Nail, in so rueful a Manner, that I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A little farther, there was a dark hideous Prison, where I heard the clattering of Chains, the crack-
ling

ling of Flames, the flapping of Whips, and a confus'd Out-cry of Complaints. I ask'd what Quarter this was, and they told me it was the Quarter of the Oh that I Hads? What are those, said I? Answer was made, that they were a Company of brutish Sots, so absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in Hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages and Omissions, and perpetually crying out, *Oh that I had examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had humbled myself with Fasting and Prayer! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had visited the Sick, and reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips!*

I left these late Repentants, as it appear'd, in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a base Court, and the nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouth, *God is merciful, and will pardon me.* How can this be, said I, that these People should be damn'd? when Condemnation is an Act of Justice, not of Mercy. I perceive you are simple, quoth the Devil, for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the Mercy of God in their Mouths; And to explain myself, consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Ways, in spite of Reproof, and good Counsel? and still this is their Answer, *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of Mercy as they please; so long as they persist in a wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument, said I, there's no trusting to divine Mercy. You mistake me, quoth the Devil, *for every good Thought and Work flows from that Mercy.* But this

this I say; he that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes Use of the Name of Mercy, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that Mercy. For 'tis vain to expect Mercy from above, without doing any Thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous and the Penitent: And they that have the most of it upon the Tongue, have commonly the least Thought of it in their Hearts: And it is a great Aggravation of Guilt to sin the more, in Confidence of an abounding Mercy. It is true, that many are receiv'd to Mercy that are utterly unworthy of it; which is no Wonder, since no Man of himself can deserve it: But Men are so negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put that off to the last which should have been the first Part of their Business; and many Times their Life is at an End before they begin their Repentance. I did not think so damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next to a noisom dark Hole, and there I saw a Company of Dyers, all in Dirt and Smoak, intermix'd with the Devils, and so alike, that it would have pos'd the subtilest Inquisitor in *Spain*, to have said, which were the Devils, and which the Dyers.

There stood at my Elbow a strange Kind of mungrel Devil, begot betwixt a black and a white, with a Head so bestuck with little Horns, that it look'd at a Distance like a Hedge-hog. I took the Boldness to ask him, where they quarter'd the Sodomites, the old Women, and the Cuckolds? As for Cuckolds, said he, they are all over Hell, without any certain Quarter, or Station: And in truth, it is no easy Matter to know a Cuckold from

from a Devil; for, like kind Husbands, they wear their Wives Favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the Sodemites, we have no more to do with them than needs must; but upon all Occasions we either fly or face them; for if ever we come to give them a Broadside, 'tis ten to one but we get a Hit between Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tails, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap over the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the old Women we make them stand off; for we take as little Pleasure in them as you do: And yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and ye shall have a Bawd of fifty five do ye all the Gambols of a Girl of fifteen. And yet after all this, "There's not an old Woman in Hell; for let her be as old as Pauls, bald, blind, toothless, wrinkled, decrepid; this is not long of her Age, she'll tell you, but a terrible Fit of Sickness last Year, that fetch'd off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her Flesh again. She lost her Eyes by a hot Rheum; utterly spoil'd her Teeth by cracking of Peach-stones, and eating of Sweetmeats, when she was a Maid." And when the Weight of her Years has almost brought both Ends together, 'tis nothing, she'll tell ye, but a Crick she has got in her Back: *And though she might recover her Youth again, by confessing her Age, she'll never acknowledge it.*

My next Encounter was, a Number of People making their Moan, that they had been taken away by sudden Death. That's an impudent Lie, cry'd a Devil, saving this Gentleman's Presence, for no Man dies suddenly. *Death surprizes no Man, but gives*

gives all Men sufficient Warning and Notice. I was much taken with the Devil's Civility, and Discourse, which he pursu'd after this Manner. " Do
" you complain, says he, of sudden Death?
" that have carried Death about you ever since you
" were born; that have been entertain'd with
" daily Spectacles of Carcasses and Funerals;
" that have heard so many Sermons upon the
" Subject, and read so many Books upon the
" Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death.
" Do ye not know that every Moment ye live
" brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths
" wear ont, your Woods and your Houses decay,
" and yet ye look that your Bodies should be immortal. What are the common Accidents and
" Diseases of Life, but so many Warnings to provide yourself for a Remove? Ye have Death
" at the Table in your daily Food and Nourishment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death
" of other Creatures. And you have the lively
" Picture of it every Night for your Bedfellow.
" With what Face then can you charge your Misfortune upon sudden Death? that have spent
" your whole Life, both at Bed and at Board,
" among so many Remembrances of your Mortality: No, no, change your Stile, and hereafter
" confess yourselves to have been careless and incredulous. You die, thinking you are not to
" die yet, and forgetting that Death grows upon
" you, and goes along with ye from one End of
" your Life to the other, without distinguishing
" of Persons, or Ages, Sex, or Quality, and
" whether it finds you well or ill-doing: As the
" Tree falls, so it lies."

Turning

Turning toward my Left-hand, I saw a great many Souls that were put up in Gallipots, with *Assa fætida*, *Galbanum*, and a Company of nasty Oils that serv'd them for Sirrup. What a damn'd Stink is here? cry'd I, stopping my Nose. We are now come undoubtedly to the Devil's House of Office. No, no, said the Tormentor, which was a Kind of a yellowish complection'd Devil, 'tis a Confection of Apothecaries; a Sort of People that are commonly damn'd for compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be sav'd. To give them their Due, these are your only true and chymical Philosophers, and worth a thousand of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber*, *Ruspicella*, *Avicen*, and their Fellows. 'Tis true, they have written fine Things of the Transmutation of Metals; but did they ever make any Gold? or if they did, we have lost the Secret. Whereas your Apothecaries, out of a little Puddle-water, a Bundle of rotten Sticks, a Box of Flies; nay, out of Toads, Vipers, and a Sir-reverence itself, will fetch ye Gold ready minted, and fit for the Market, which is more than all your philosophical Projectors ever pretended to. There is no Herb so poysonous, let it be *Hemlock*, nor any Stone so dry, suppose the Pumice itself, but they'll draw Silver out of it. And then for Words, it is impossible to make up any Word out of the four and twenty Letters, but they'll shew ye a Drug, or a Plant of the Name, and turn the Alphabet into as good Money as any is in your Pocket. Ask them for an Eye-tooth of a flying Toad, they'll tell ye, yes, ye may have of it in Powder, or if you had rather have the Infusion of a Tench of the Mountains, in a little Eel's Milk, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any
Money

Money stirring, you shall have what you will, though there be no such Thing in Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants and Stones of the Creation, had their several Powers and Virtues given them, only for the Apothecaries Sakes, and as if Words themselves had been only made for their Advantage. Ye call them Apothecaries, but instead of that, I pray'e call them Armorers, and their Shops Arsenals. Are not their Medicines as certain Death, as Swords, Daggers, or Muskets; while their Patients are purg'd and blooded into the other World, without any Regard either to Distemper, Measure, or Season.

If you will now see the pleasantest Sight you have seen yet, walk but up these two Steps, and you shall see a Jury, or Conspiracy, of Barber-Surgeons, sitting upon Life and Death. You must think that any Divertisement there was welcome. So that I went up, and found it in truth a very pleasant Spectacle. These Barbers were most of them chain'd by the Middle, their Hands at Liberty, and every one of them a Cittern about his Neck, and upon his Knees a *Chess*-board; and still as he reach'd to have a Touch at the Cittern, the Instrument vanish'd, and so did the *Chess*-board, when he thought to have a Game at Draughts; which is directly tantalizing the poor Rogues; for a Cittern is as natural to a Barber, as Milk to a Calf. Some of them were washing Asses Brains, and putting them in again; and scouring of Negroes to make them white.

When I had laugh'd my Fill at these Fooleries, my next Discovery was, of a great many People, grumbling and muttering, that there was no Body look'd after them, no, not so much as to torment them.

them: *As if their Tails were not as well worth the Toasting as their Neighbours.* Answer was made, that being a Kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some Sort of Authority in the Place, and execute the Office of Tormentors: This made me ask them what they were? And a Devil told me, with Respect, that they were a Company of ungracious, left-handed Wretches, that could do nothing aright. And their Grievance was, that they were quarter'd by themselves: But not knowing whether they were Men or no, or indeed what else to make of them, we did not know how to match them, or in what Company to put them. In the World they are look'd upon as ill Omens; and let any Man meet one of them upon a Journey in a Morning fasting, 'tis the same Thing as if a Hare had cross'd the Way upon them; he presently turns Head in a Discontent, and goes to Bed again. Ye know that *Scævola*, when he found his Mistake, in killing another for *Porfenna*, the Secretary for the Prince, burnt his Right-hand in Revenge of the Miscarriage. Now the Severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the Maiming or the Crippling of himself, but the condemning of himself to be for ever left handed. And so it is with a Malefactor that suffers Justice; the Shame and Punishment does not lye so much in the Loss of his Right-hand, as that the other is left. And it was the Curse of an old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vex'd her, *That he might go to the Devil by the Stroke of a Left-handed Man.* If the Poets speak Truth, as 'twere a Wonder if they should not, the Left is the unlucky Side, and there never came any Good from it. And for my last Argument against these Creatures, the Goats and Reprobates stand upon the

Left-hand, and Left-handed Men are, in Effect, a Sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; nay whether I should call them Men or no, I know not.

Hereupon a Devil becken'd me to come softly to him, and so I did, without a Word-speaking, or the least Noise in the World. Now, says he, if you'll see the daily Exercife of ill-favour'd Women, look thro' that Lattice-window, and there I saw such a Kennel of ugly Bitches, you would have bless'd yourself. Some with their Faces so pounc'd and speckled, as if they had been scarrified, and newly pass'd the Cupping-glass, with a World of little Plaisters, long, round, square, and briefly cut out into such Variety, that it would have pos'd a good Mathematician to have found out another Figure, and you would have sworn that they had been either at Cats-play, or Cuffs. Others were scraping their Faces with Pieces of Glass, tearing up their Eye-brows by the Roots like mad; and some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their black Boxes, such as they could get or make. Others were powdering and curling the false Locks, or fastening their new Ivory Teeth, in the Place of their old Ebony ones. Some were chewing Lemon-peel, or Cinnamon, to countenance a foul Breath, and raising themselves upon their *Giopines*, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the deeper. Others were quarrelling with their Looking-glasses, for shewing them such Hags Faces, and cursing the State of *Venice* for entertaining no better Workmen. Some were stuffing out their Bodies like Pack-saddles, to cover secret Deformities: And some again had so many Hoods over their Faces to conceal their Ruins, that I could hardly discern

discern what they were ; and these past for Penitents. Others, with their Pots of Hog's Grease, and Pomatum, were sleeking and polishing their Faces ; and indeed their Foreheads were bright and shining, though there were neither Suns nor Stars in that Firmament. Some there were, in fine, that would have fetch'd a Man's Guts up at's Mouth, to see them with their Masks of After-Births ; and with their menstruous Slibber-slobbers, dawbing one another, to take away the Heats and Buboës. Nasty and abominable ! I cry'd. Well, quoth the Devil, you see now how far a Woman's Wit and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one Word for Astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle, till I had a little recollected myself : And then, said I, if I may deal freely without Offence, I dare defy all the Devils in Hell to out-do these Women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the Sight of them makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, said the Devil, and there was a Fellow sitting in a Chair, all alone ; never a Devil near him : No Fire, no Frost ; no Heat or Cold, or any Thing else that I could perceive, to torment him ; and yet crying and roaring out the most hideously of any Thing I had yet heard in Hell ; tearing his Flesh, and beating his Body, like a Bedlam ; and his Heart, all the while, bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord, thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no Body hurts him ! So I went up to him : Friend, said I, what's the Meaning of all this Fury and Transport ? For, so far as I can see, there's Nothing to trouble you. “ No, no, (says he, with a horrid Outcry, and “ with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage “ and

“ and Despair) you do not see my Tormentors ;
 “ but the all-searching Eye of the Almighty, sees
 “ my Pains, as well as my Transgressions, and
 “ with a severe, and implacable Justice, has con-
 “ demn’d me to suffer Punishments answerable to
 “ my Crimes. (Which Words he utter’d with re-
 “ doubled Clamours.) My Executioners are in
 “ my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my
 “ Conscience. My *Memory* serves me instead of
 “ a cruel Devil. The *Remembrance* of the Good
 “ I should have done, and omitted, and of the
 “ ill I should not have done, and did. The *Re-*
 “ *membrance* of the wholesome Counsels I have re-
 “ jected, and of the ill Example I have given.
 “ And for the Aggravation of my Misery ; where
 “ my *Memory* leaves afflicting me, my *Under-*
 “ *standing* begins : Shewing me the Glories and
 “ Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy ;
 “ who have gain’d Heaven with less Anxiety and
 “ Pain, than I have endur’d to compass my Dam-
 “ nation. Now am I perpetually meditating on
 “ the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Rap-
 “ tures of Paradise ; only to enflame and exaspe-
 “ rate my Despair in Hell : Begging in vain, but
 “ for one Moment’s Interval of Ease, without
 “ obtaining any ; for my *Will* is also as inexora-
 “ ble, as either my *Memory* or my *Understanding*.
 “ And these, my Friend of the other World, are
 “ the three Faculties of my Soul ; which divine
 “ Justice, for my Sins, has couverted into three
 “ Tormentors, that torture me without Noise ;
 “ into three Flames, that burn me without con-
 “ suming. And if I chance at any Time to have
 “ the least Remission or Respite ; the Worm of
 “ my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to
 “ an

“ an insatiable Hunger, an immortal Aliment and
 “ Entertainment. At that Word, turning to-
 “ wards me with a hellish Yell; Mortal, said he,
 “ learn and be assur’d from me, that all those that
 “ either bury or misemploy their Talents, carry a
 “ Hell within themselves, and are damn’d even
 “ above Ground:” And so he return’d to his
 usual Clamours. Upon this I left him, miserably
 sad and pensive. Well, thought I, what a Weight
 of Sin lies upon this Creature’s Conscience! Where-
 upon the Devil observing me in a Muse, told me
 in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an Atheist,
 and believ’d neither God, nor Devil. Deliver me
 then, said I, from that un sanctify’d Wisdom, that
 serves us only for our farther Condemnation.

I was gone but a Step or two aside, and I saw
 a World of People running after burning Cha-
 riots, with a great many Souls in them, and the
 Devils tearing them with Pinchers; and before
 them, march’d certain Officers, making Procla-
 mation of their Sentence; which with much ado I
 got near enough to hear, and it was to this Effect:
*Divine Justice hath appointed this Punishment to the
 scandalous, for giving ill Examples to their Neigh-
 bours.* And at the same Time several of the damn’d
 laid their Sins to their Charge, and cry’d out, *that*
’twas owing to them they were thus tormented. So that
the scandalous were punish’d for their own Sins, and
for the Offences of those they had misled to their Des-
truction. And these are they of whom ’tis said,
that they had better never have been born.

My very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so
 many doleful Spectacles? and yet I could not but
 smile, to see the Vintners every where up and
 down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their
 Taverns,

Taverns, and only Prisoners upon Parole. I ask'd how they came by that Privilege? And a Devil told me, there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up: For there was no Fear of their making an Escape, that took so much Pains in the World, and made it their whole Business to come thither. Only, says he, if we can keep them from throwing Water in the Fire, as they do in their Wine, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these Fellows, and follow me; and I'll shew you *Judas* and his Brethren, the Stewards and Purse-bearers. So I did as he bad me; and he brought me to *Judas* and his Companions, who had no Faces, divers of them, and most of them no Foreheads.

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever phansied him to be a Kind of an Olive-colour'd, Tawney-complexion'd Fellow, without a Beard, and an Eunuch into the Bargain: Which perhaps, nay, probably, he was; for nothing but a Capon'd, a Thing unman'd, could ever have been guilty of so sordid, and treacherous a Villany, as to sell, and betray his Master with a Kiss; and after that, so cowardly, as to hang himself in Despair, when he had done. I do believe, however, what the Church says of him, that he had a Carrot-beard, and a Read-head; but it may be his Beard was burnt, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an Eunuch; which to deal freely, is my Opinion of all the Devils; for they have no Hair; and they are for the most Part wrinckled, and Baker-leg'd.

Judas was beset with a great many Money-mongers and Purse-bearers, that were telling him
Stories

Stories of the Pranks they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a Vulture continually gnawing upon his Liver: For there were a Number of ravenous Birds perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their Flesh; which grew again as fast as they devoured it: A Devil in the mean Time crying out, and the damned filling the whole Place with Clamour and Horror; *Judas*, with his Purse, and his Pot by his Side, bearing a large Part in the Outcry and Torment. I had a huge Mind, methought, to have a Word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting, *Thou perfidious, impudent, impious Traitor*, said I, *to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an avaricious Rascal*. If Men, said he, were not ungrateful; they would rather pity, or commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is mine, that am to have no Part myself, in the Benefit I have procured to others. Some *Hereticks* there are, I must confess to my Comfort, that adore me for't. But do you take me for the only *Judas*? No, no; there have been many since the Death of my Master? and there are at this Day, more wicked and ungrateful Ten thousand Times than myself; that *buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *sell* Him; scourging and crucifying him daily with more Spite and Ignominy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingerling of Money, and bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the Pot of Ointment, which I would have fain sold, under Colour of a Relief to the Poor. And I went on to the

H

*selling

selling of my Master, wherein I did the World a greater Good than I intended, to my own irreparable Ruin. My Repentance now signifies nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's condemn'd for selling; all the rest are damn'd for buying*: And I must intreat you to have a better Opinion of me; for if you look but a little lower here, you'll find People a thousand Times worse than myself. Withdraw then, said I, for I have had Talk enough with Judas.

I went down then, some few Steps, as Judas directed me; and there I saw a World of Devils upon the March with Rods and Stirrup-leathers in their Hands, lashing a Company of handsome Lasses, stark naked, and driving them out of Hell, which methought was pity; and if I had had some of them in a Corner, I should have treated them better; with the Stirrup-leathers they disciplin'd a Litter of Bawds. I could not imagine why these of all others should be expell'd the Place, and ask'd the Question. Oh, says a Devil, these are our Factresses in the World, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women Hell would be but thinly peopled*; for what with the Art, the Beauty, and the Allurements of the young Wenches, and the sage Advice and Counsel of the Bawds, they do us very good Service. Nay, for fear any of our good Friends should tire upon the Road, they send them to us on Horseback, or bring them themselves even to the very Gate, lest they should miss their Way.

Pursuing my Journey, I saw a good Way before me, a large Building, that look'd, methought, like some enchanted Castle, or the Picture of Ill-luck;

luck: It was all ruinous; the Chimnies down, the Planchers all to Pieces, only the Bars of the Windows standing: The Doors all bedawb'd with Dirt, and patch'd up with Barrel-heads, where they had been broken. The Glass gone, and here and there a Quarrel supply'd with Paper. I made no doubt at first but the House was forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwise, by a horrible Confusion of Tongues and Noises within it. As I came just up to the Door, one open'd it, and I saw in the House many Devils, Thieves and Whores. One of the craftiest Jades in the Pack-plac'd herself presently on the Threshold, and made her Address to my Guide and me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it to pass, I pray'e, that People are damn'd both for giving and taking?* The Thief is condemn'd for taking away from another, and we are condemn'd for giving what is our own. I do not find, truly, any Injustice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own, why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice Point, and sent the Wench to Counsel learned in the Law, for a Resolution in the Case. Her mentioning of Thieves made me enquire after the Scriveners and Notaries. Is it possible, said I, that you should have none of them here? For I do not remember that I have seen so much as one of them upon the Way; and yet I had Occasion for a Scrivener, and made a Search for one. I do believe indeed, quoth the Devil, that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then, said I, what are they all sav'd? No, no, cry'd the Devil, but you must understand, that they do not foot it hither, as other Mortals, but come upon the Wing, in Troops like Wild-geese, so that 'tis no

Wonder you see none of them upon the Way. We have Millions of them, but they cut it away in a Trice; for they are damnably rank-wing'd, and will make a Flight, in the third Part of a Minute, betwixt Earth and Hell. But if there be so many, said I, how comes it we see none of them? For that, quoth the Devil, we change their Names when they come hither once, and call them no longer Notaries, or Scriveners, but Cats: And they are so good Mousers, that tho' this Place is large, old, and ruinous, yet you see not so much as a Rat or a Mouse in Hell. How full soever of all other Sorts of Vermin. Now ye talk of Vermin, said I, are there any Catchpoles here? No, not one, says he. How so, quoth I? when I dare undertake, *there are five hundred Rogues of the Trade, for one that's ought.* The Reason is, says the Devil, that every Catchpole upon Earth carries a Hell in his Bosom. You have still, said I, crossing myself, an aking Tooth at those poor Varlets. Why not, cry'd he, for they are but Devils incarnate, and so damn'dly vers'd in the Art of Tormenting, that we live in continual Dread of losing our Places, and that his infernal Majesty should take these Rascals into his Service.

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I saw a little Way off, a great Enclosure, and a World of Souls shut up in it; some of them weeping and lamenting without Measure, others in a profound Silence; and this I understood to be the Lovers Quarter. It sadden'd me to consider, that Death itself could not kill the Lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were discoursing their Passions, and teasing themselves with Fears and Jealousies; casting all their Miseries upon their Appetites and Fancies,

cies, that still made the Picture infinitely fairer than the Person. They were for the most Part troubled with a simple Disease, call'd, as the Devil told me, *I thought*. I ask'd him what that was, and he answer'd me, it was a Punishment suitable to their Offence: For your Lovers, when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the Pursuit or Enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, alas! I thought she would have lov'd me: I thought she would never have press'd me to marry her: I thought she would have been a Fortune to me: I thought she would have given me all she had: I thought she would have cost me nothing: I thought she would have ask'd me nothing: I thought she would have been true to my Bed: I thought she would have been dutiful and modest: I thought she would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from I thought this, or that, or so, or so.

In the Middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an old Kind of Embroidery; but whether it was the Workmanship of the Itch, Pox, or Measles, I could not perfectly discover, and close by him was this Inscription:

*Many a good Fortune goes to wrack,
And so does many an able Back:
With following Whores, and Cards, and Dice,
We're pox'd and beggar'd in a Trice.*

Aha! said I, by these Rhimes methinks the Poets should not be far off, and the Word was hardly out of my Mouth, when I discover'd Millions of them through a Park-pale, and so I stopp'd to

look upon them, it seems in Hell they are not call'd Poets now, but Fools. One of them shewed me the Womens Quarter there hard by, and ask'd me what I thought of it, and of the handsome Ladies in it. Is it not true, says he, that a buxom Lass is a Kind of Half-chamber-maid to a Man? When she has stripp'd him and brought him to Bed, she has done her Business, and never troubles herself any farther about the helping him up again, and dressing him. How now, said I, have ye your Quirks and Conceits in Hell; in troth ye are pleasant: I thought your Edge had been taken off; with that, out stepp'd the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company, laden with Irons: Ah! quoth he, I would to God the first Inventor of Rhimes and Poetry were here in my Place; and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the POETS in HELL.

O H, this damn'd Trade of Versifying,
 Has brought us all to Hell for lying!
 For writing what we do not think.
 Meerly to make the Verse cry Clink,
 For rather than abuse the Meter,
 Black shall be white, Paul shall be Peter.
 One Time I call'd a Lady Whore,
 Which in my Soul she was no more,
 Than I am; a brave Lass, no Beggar,
 And true, as ever Man laid Leg o'er.
 Not out of Malice, Jove's my Witness,
 But meerly for the Verse's Fitness.
 Now we're all made, said I, if Luck hold,
 And then I call'd a Fellow Cuckold;

Though

*Though the Wife was, or I'll be hang'd,
 As good a Wench as ever twang'd.
 I was once plaguely put to it,
 This would not hit, that would not do it;
 At last I circumcis'd, 'tis true,
 A Christian, and baptiz'd a Jew.
 Nay, I've made Herod innocent,
 For rhiming to Long Parliament :
 Now to conclude, we are all damn'd ho,
 For nothing but a Game at Crambo,
 And for a little jingling Pleasure,
 Condemn'd to Torments without Measure.
 Which is a little hard in my Sense,
 To fry thus for poetick License.
 'Tis not for Sin of Thought or Deed,
 But for bare Sounds, and Words we bleed :
 While the Cur Cerberus lies growling,
 In Consort with our caterwauling.*

So soon as he had done, there is not in the
 World, said I, a more ridiculous Frenzy than
 yours, to be poetizing in Hell. The Humour
 sticks close sure, the Fire would have fetch'd it out
 else. Nay, cry'd a Devil, these Versifiers are a
 strange Generation of Buffoons. The Time that
 others spend in Tears and Groans for their Sins and
 Follies, these Wretches employ in Songs and Ma-
 drigals; and if they chance to light upon the cri-
 tical Minute, and get a Snap at a Lady, all's worth
 nothing, unless the whole Kingdom ring of it, in
 some miserable Sing-song or other, under the Name
 forsooth of *Phillis, Cloris, Silvia*, or the like :
 And the goodly Idol must be deck'd and dress'd up
 with Diamond, Pearl, Rubies, Musk, and Am-
 ber; and both the *Indies* are too little to furnish

Eyes, Lips, and Teeth, for this imaginary God-defs. And yet after all this Magnificence and Bounty, it would put the poor Devil's Credit upon the Stretch, to take up an old Petticoat in *Long-Lane*, or a Pair of Cast-shoes at the next Cobler's. Beside, we can give no Account either of their Country or Religion. They have Christian Names, but most heretical Souls; they are *Arabians* in their Hearts, and in their Language *Gentiles*; but to say the Truth, they fall short of the right Pagans in their Manners. If I stay here a little longer, said I to myself, this spiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e'er I am aware; for I was half jealous that he took me already for a Piece of a Poet.

For Fear of being discover'd, I went my Way, and my next Visit was to the impertinent Devotees, whose very Prayers are made up of Impiety and Extravagance. Oh! what sighing was there, and sobbing, groaning and whining; their Tongues were ty'd up to a perpetual Silence; their Souls drooping, and their Ears condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous Cries and Reproaches of a wheafing Devil, greeting them after this Manner. O ye impudent and prophane Abusers of Prayer and holy Duties! That treat the Lord of Heaven and Earth in his own House, with less Respect than you would do a Merchant upon Change; sneaking into a Corner with your execrable Petitions, for Fear of being over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet without any Scruple at all, ye can expose and offer them up to that eternal Purity! Shameless Wretches that ye are! *Lord*, says one, *take the old Man my Father to thyself, I beseech thee, that I may have his Office and Estate.* Oh that this Uncle of mine
would

would but march off! *There's a fat Bishoprick and a good Deanery; I would the Devil had the Incumbent so I had the Dignity.* Now for a lusty Pot of Guineas, or a lucky Hand at Dice if it be thy Pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. *Lord make me his Majesty's Favourite, and thy Servant, that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me this, and I do hereby engage myself to entertain six Blue-coats, and bind them out to good Trades; to set up a Lecture for every Day of the Week; to give one third Part of my clear Gains to charitable Uses; and another toward the Repairing of Paul's, and to pay all honest Debts so far as may stand with my private Convenience.* Blind and ridiculous Madness! for Dust and Ashes thus to reason and condition with the Almighty! For Beggars to talk of giving, and obtrude their vain and unprofitable Offerings upon the inexhaustible Fountain of Riches and Bounty! To pray for those Things as Blessings which are commonly shower'd down upon us for our Confusion and Punishment. And then in Case your Wishes take Effect, what becomes of all the sacred Vows and Promises ye made, in Storms, perhaps, Sickness or Adversity? So soon as ye have gain'd your Port, recover'd your Health, or patch'd up a broken Fortune, you shew yourselves, all of ye, a Pack of Cheats; your Vows and Promises are not worth so many Rushes: They are forgotten with your Dreams, *and to keep a Promise upon Devotion, that you made out of Necessity, is no Article of your Religion.* Why do ye not ask for Peace of Conscience, Encrease of Grace, the Aid of the Blessed Spirit? But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend

those spiritual Advantages and Treasures, and to consider, that the most acceptable Sacrifices and Oblations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind, an humble Spirit, and a fervent Charity.* The Almighty takes Delight to be often call'd upon, that he may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of human Nature, that Men seldom think of him, unless under Affliction, and therefore it is that they are so often visited; for by Adversity they are brought to the Knowledge and Exercise of their Duty. I would now have you consider, how little Reason there is in your ordinary Demands. Put the Case you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant? since it fails you at last, because you do not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children, and for their Parts, you are scarce cold before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that Way while you were living, they'll live after your Example when you are dead: And beside, there's no Merit in the Case. At this Word some of the poor Creatures were about to reply, but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips, that hinder'd them.

From thence I went to the Witches and Wizards, such as pretend to cure Man and Beast by Charms, Words, Amulets, Characters, and these were all burning alive. These, says a Devil, are a Company of cozening Rogues, the most accursed Villains in Nature. If they help one Man, they kill another, and only remove the Disease from a worse to a better; and yet there's no Clamour against them
neither;

neither ; for if the Patient recover, he's well enough content, and the Doctor gets both Reputation and Reward for his Pains. If he dies, his Mouth is stopp'd, and forty to one the next Heir does him a good Turn for the Dispatch. So that hit or miss, all is well at last. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, they'll tell you, *they learnt the Mystery of a certain Jew,* and there's the Original of the Secret. Now to hear these Quacks give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World. You shall have a Fellow tell you of fifteen People that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a Matter of three Days to carry their Puddings in their Hands; and that in four and twenty Hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a Scar for a Remembrance of the Orifice. Ask him when and where? you'll find it some twelve hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that Time he was Physician in Ordinary to a great Prince that died above five and twenty Years ago.

Come, come, cried a Devil, make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now that *Judas* told you were ten Times worse than himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a Passage into a great Hall, where there was a damn'd Smell of Brimstone, and a Company of Match-makers, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be Alchymists, and the Devils examining them upon Interrogatories, were filthily put to it, to understand their Gibberish. Their Talk was much of the planetary Metals; Gold they call'd *Sol*, Silver *Luna*, Tin *Jupiter*, Copper *Venus*. They had about them their Furnaces,
Cru-

156 *The Sixth VISION,*

Crucibles, Coal, Bellows, Clay, Minerals, Dung, Man's Blood, Powders, and Alimbecks. Some were calcining, others washing, here purifying, there separating. Fixing what was volatile, in one Place, and rarifying what was fix'd in another. Some were upon the Work of Transmutation, and fixing of *Mercury* with monstrous Hammers, upon an Anvil. And after they had resolv'd the viscous Matter, and sent out the subtiler Parts, that they came to the Coppel, all went away in Fume. Some again were in a hot Dispute what Fuel was best; and whether *Raymund Lullius's* Fire, and no Fire, could be any Thing else than Lime; or otherwise to be understood of the Light, effective of Heat, and not of the effective Heat of Fire. Others were making their Entrance upon the great Work, after the *Hermetical* Method. Here they were watching the Progress of their Operations, and making their Observations upon Proportions and Colour, while all the rest of these blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*, till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes; and instead of turning base Metals and Materials into Gold, as they pretended, they made the contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with beggarly Fools and false Coiners. What a Stir was there, with crying out, ever and anon, *Look ye, look ye! the old Father is got up again; down with him, down with him*; what glossing and commenting upon the old chymical Text, that says, *Blessed be Heaven, that has order'd the most excellent Thing in Nature out of the vilest*. If so, quoth one, let's try if we can fetch the Philosopher's Stone out of a common Strumpet, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly

doubtedly the vilest. And the Word was no sooner out, but a matter of Three and twenty Whores went to pot; but the Flesh was so cursedly mawmish and rotten, that they soon gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the Mathematicians, by that Rule, were the only fit Matter to work upon; as being the most damnably dry, to say Nothing of their Divisions, among and against themselves, so that with one Voice, they called for a Parcel of Mathematicians, to the Furnace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; Gentlemen Philosophers, says he, if you would know the wretched'st and most contemptible Thing in the World; It is an Alchymist: And we are of Opinion that you'll make as good Philosophers Stones, as the Mathematicians. However, for Curiosity's Sake, we will try for once; and so he threw them all together into a great Chaldron; and to say the Truth the poor Sneaks suffer'd contentedly; out of a Desire, I suppose, to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other Side, were a Knot of Astrologers, and one among the rest that had study'd *Chyromancy* or *Palmistry*; who took all the damned by the Hands, one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount of Saturn*. You, says he to another, have been a swinging Whore-master in your Days; I see that by the Mount of *Venus* here, and by her Girdle; and in short, every Man's Destiny, he read in his Fist. After him advanc'd another, creeping

creeping upon all four, with a Pair of Compasses betwixt his Teeth; his Spheres and Globes about him; his *Jacob's Staff* before him; and his Eyes upon the Stars, as if he were taking a Height, or making an Observation. When he had gazed a while; up he starts of a sudden; and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord*, says he, *What an unlucky Dog was I! If I had come into the World, but one half Quarter of an Hour sooner, I had been sav'd; for just then Saturn shifted, and Mars was lodged in the House of Life.* One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be sure he was dead; for, says he, I am a little doubtful of it myself; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my Ascendant, and *Venus* in the House of Life, and no malevolent Aspect to cross me. So that by the Rules of Astrology, I was to live precisely an hundred Years and one; two Months; six Days; four Hours; and three Minutes. The next that came up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his Skill to certain little Points, and by them would tell you, as well Things past, as to come: These Points he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal Lines; some long, others shorter, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain Ribble Rabble of mysterious Words, he proceeds to his Calculation, upon even, or odd, and challenges the whole World to allow him the most learned, and infallible of the Trade.

There were divers great Masters of the Science that followed him, as *Haly*, *Gerrard*, *Bartle'mew* of *Parma*, and one *Toudin*; a familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous Conjuror; who though he had but one Soul, was yet burning in four Bodies. I mean the four
damnable

damnable Books he left behind him. There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy* and *Stenography*; that had Devils now his Belly full, though in his Life-time his Complaint was, that he could never have enough of their Company. Over-against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their Horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more impudent of the two. And there I saw *Mizaldus* tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself pump'd dry; and that he could not fool on; to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Knights of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus omnia Pericula Mundi*. *Taisnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy* and *Chirromancy*; and he was doubly punish'd; first for the Fool he was, and then for those he had made. Though to give the Man his Due, he knew himself to be a Cheat; and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but a very uncertain Aim. There were Magicians, Necromancers, Sorcerers, and Inchanters innumerable; besides divers private Boxes, that were kept for Lords and Ladies, and other Personages of great Quality, that put their Trust in these Disciples of the Devil; and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billetter-Lane*, for Resolution in Cases of Death, Love, or Marriage; and now and then to recover a gold Watch, or a pearl Necklace.

Not far from these, were a Company of handsome Women, that were tormented in the Quality of Witches, which griev'd my very Heart to see it. But to comfort me, What, says a Devil,
have

have you so soon forgot the Roguery of these Car-
rions? Have you not had Trial enough yet of them;
they are the very Poison of Life, and the only dan-
gerous Magicians that corrupt all your Senses, and
disturb the Faculties of your Soul; these are they
that cozen your Eyes with false Appearances, and
set up your Wills in Opposition to your Under-
standing and Reason. 'Tis right, said I, and now
you mind me of it, I do very well remember,
that I have found them so; but let's go on and see
the Rest.

I was scarce gone three Steps farther, but I was
got into so hideous a dark Place, that it was e'en
a Mercy we knew where we were. There was
first at the Entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was
most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood
Vice, with a Countenance of the highest Pride and
Insolence imaginable. There was *Ingratitude*, *Ma-
lice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*,
brutish and *head-strong Disobedience*, *rash* and *impe-
rious Blasphemy*, with *Garments* dipp'd in *Blood*,
Eyes sparkling, and a *hundred Pair of Chops*, *bark-
ing at Providence*, and *vomitting Rage and Poison*.
I went in, I confess, with Fear and trembling,
and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Here-
ticks*, that ever yet appeared upon the Stage of the
Universe; and at their Feet, in a glorious Array,
was lascivious *Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Empe-
ror *Sigismund*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: One that
agreed with *Messalina* in this, that *Virginity* was
both a *Burthen* and a *Folly*; and that in her whole
Life she was never either *wearied* or *satisfied*? But
herein she went beyond her, in that she held the
Mortality as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but she

she was now better instructed, and burnt like a Bundle of *Matches*.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a Fellow in a Corner all alone, with the Flames about his Ears, gnashing his Teeth, and blaspheming through Fury and Despair. I ask'd him [what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then, said I, thou art the damnedst Reprobate in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither than half the World beside; and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thyself; for certainly thou hast well deserv'd the first Place in his Dominions. But since every Man chuses to talk of what he loves, I prithee good Impostor tell me, what's the Reason that thou hast forbidden Wine to all thy Disciples? Oh! says he, I have made them so drunk with my Alcoran, they need no Tipples. But why hast thou forbidden them Swines-flesh too? said I. Because says he, I would not affront the *Jambon*; for Water upon Gammon, would be false Heraldry. And beside, I never lov'd my People well enough to afford them the Pleasure, either of the Grape or the Spare-rib. Nay, and for Fear they should chance to grope out the Way to Heaven, I have establish'd my Power and my Dominion by Force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to idle Disputes and Discourses of Reason. Indeed there is little Reason in my Precepts, and I would have as little in their Obedience. A World of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of Appetite than Religion, or for the Miracles I work. I allow them Liberty of Conscience; they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now,
and

and you'll find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found myself presently surrounded with a Ring of Hereticks, and their Adherents, many of which were ready to tear out the Throat of their Leaders. One among the rest was beset with a Brace of Devils, and either of them a Pair of Bellows puffing into each Ear Fire instead of Air, which made him a little hot-headed. There was another, that, as I was told, was a Kind of *Simoniack*, and had taken up his Seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark, that I could not discern whether it was a *Pope*, or a *Presbyter*.

By this Time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish myself out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I stumbled upon a long Gallery before I was aware; and there I saw *Lucifer* himself, with all his Nobility about him, Male and Female; for let married Men say their Pleasure, there are She-Devils too: I should have been at a damned Loss what to do, or how to behave myself among so many strange Faces, if one of the Ushers had not come to me, and told me, that being a Stranger, it was his Majesty's Pleasure I should enter, and have free Liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a Couple or two of Compliments; and then I began to look about me; but never did I see a Palace so furnish'd, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a choice Collection of dead and dumb Statues, or Paintings; without Life, Sense, or Motion: But there, all the Pieces were animated, and no Trash in the whole Inventory. There was hardly any Thing to be seen, but Emperors and Princes, with some few, perhaps,

perhaps, of their choicest Nobility and Privadoes. The first Bank was taken up by the *Ottoman* Family, and after them sat the *Roman* Emperors, in their Order; and the *Roman* Kings, down to *Tarquin* the Proud; beside Highnesses, and Graces, Lords Spiritual and Temporal innumerable. My Lungs now began to call for a little fresh Air, and I desir'd my Guide to shew me the Way out again. Yes, yes, with all my Heart, says he, follow me then. And so he carried me away by a Back-passage into *Lucifer's* House-of-Office; where there was I know not how many Tun of Sir-reverence, and Bales of flattering *Panegyrics*, not to be numbered; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this Provision of Tail-timber, and my Guide took Notice of it; who was a good Kind of a damn'd Devil. But I call'd still to be gone. And at length he led me to a little Hole like the Vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a Lift at the Crupper; when to my great Wonder, I found myself in the Park again, where I began my Story: Not without an odd Medley of Passions; partly reflecting upon what others endur'd; and in part, upon my own Condition of Ease and Happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the Contrary as well as they. This Thought put me upon a Resolution of leading such a Course of Life for the Future, that I might not come to feel these Torments in Reality, which I had now only seen in Vision.

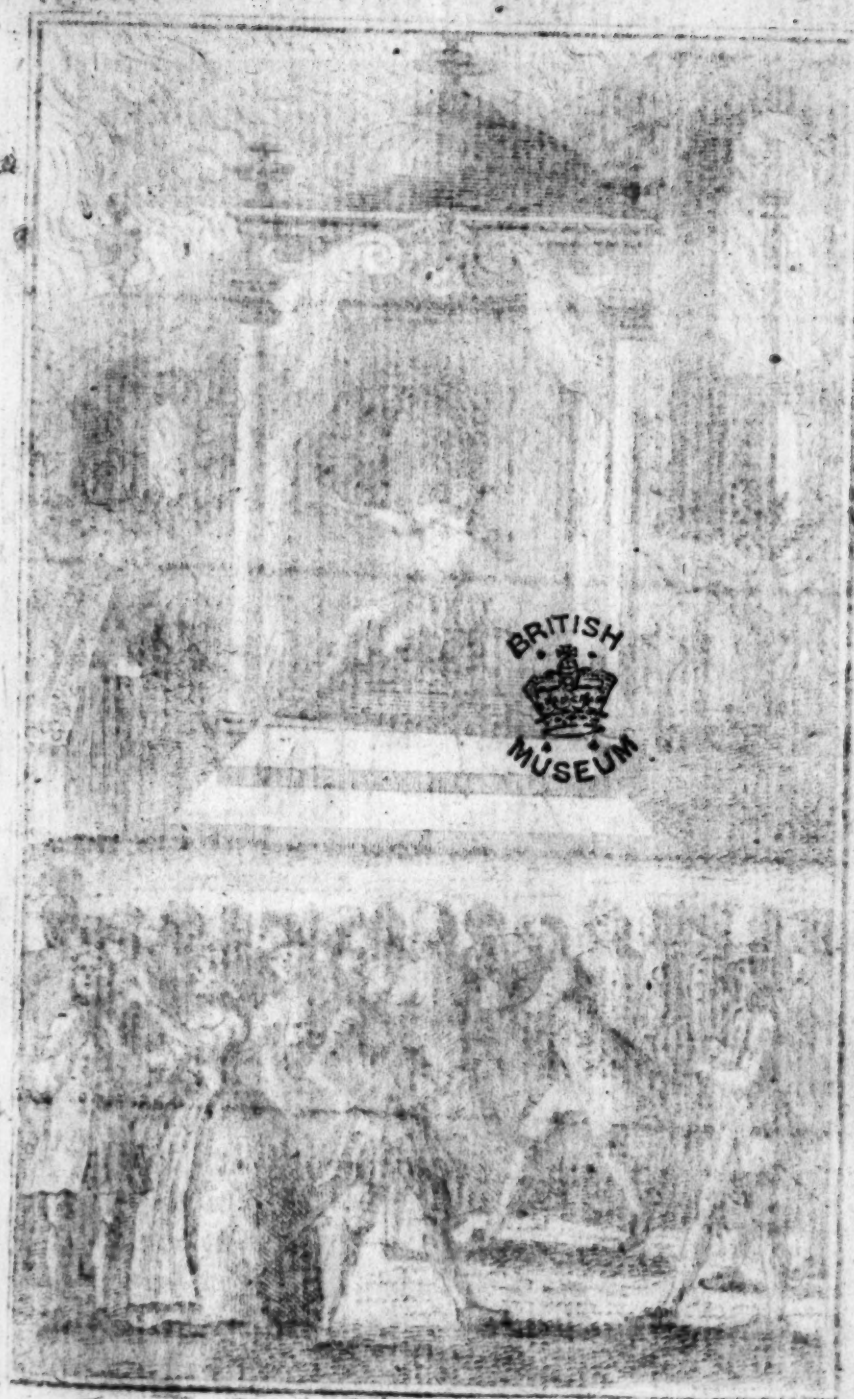
And

And I must here intreat the Reader to follow my Example, without making any farther Experiment; and likewise not to cast an ill Construction upon a fair Meaning. My Design is to discredit, and discountenance the Works of Darkness, without scandalizing of Persons; and since I speak only of the Damn'd, I'm sure no honest Man alive will reckon this Discourse a Satyr.

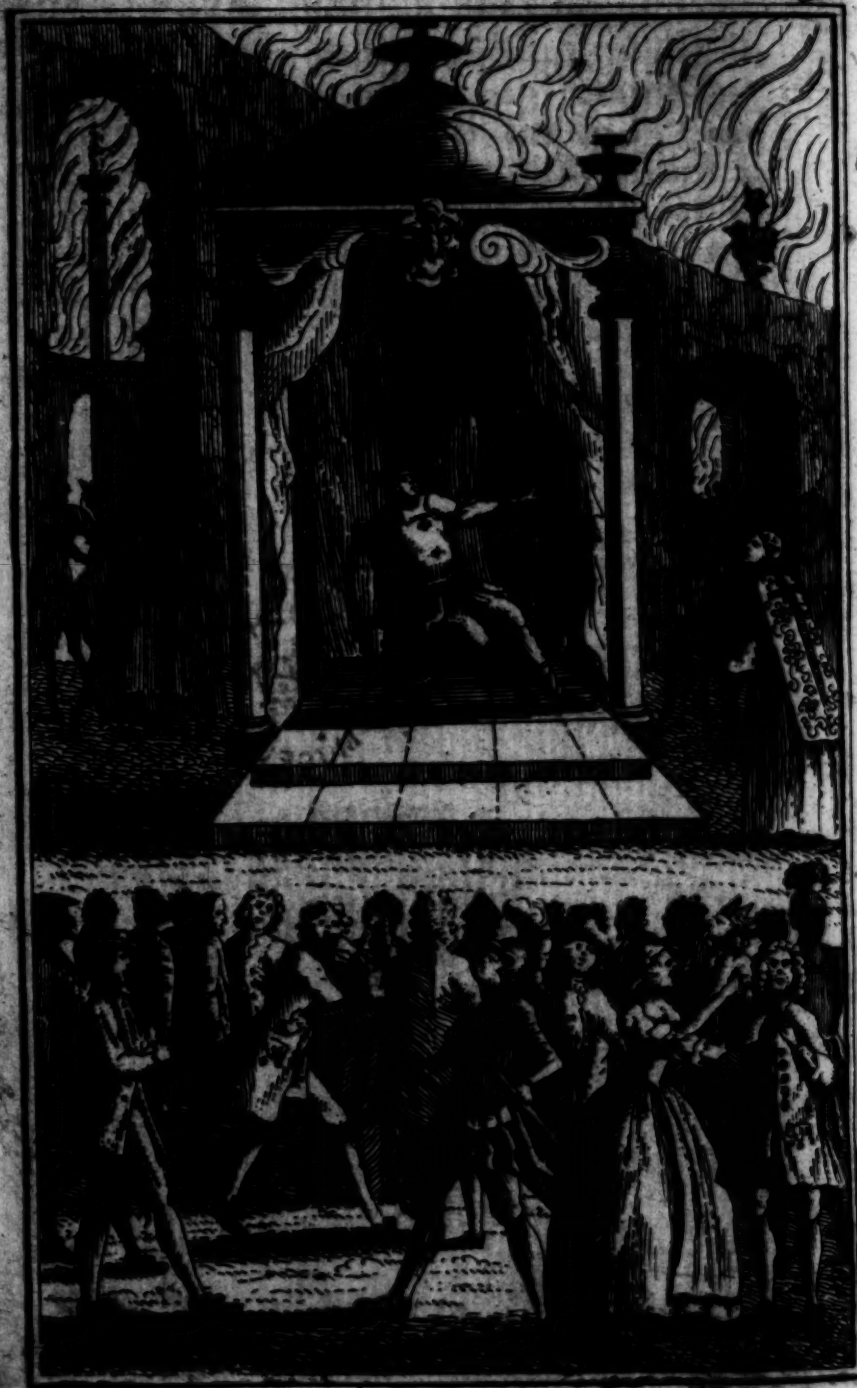
The End of the SIXTH VISION.



1819



View of the Library of the University of Oxford
Reformed



*Vision the 7th Don Quedo of Hell
Reform'd.*



THE
SEVENTH VISION,
OF
HELL REFORM'D.



HERE happen'd lately so terrible an Uproar and Disorder in Hell, that tho' it be a Place of perpetual Outrage and Confusion, the oldest Devil never knew the Fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing less than an absolute Topsy-turvy, and Dissolution of their Empire. The Devils fell upon the damn'd, and the damn'd fell upon the Devils, without knowing one from t'other; and all running helter-skelter, to and again, like mad; for in fine, it was no other than a general Revolt. This Hurly-burly lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the Meaning of it; but at length there came certain Intelligence of a monstrous Talker, a pragmatical meddling Undertaker, and an old Bawd of a Governante, that had knock'd off their Shackles, and made all this Havock, *which may give the Reader to understand*

stand what Kind of Cattel these are, that could make Hell itself more dangerous and unquiet.

Lucifer, in the mean-Time, went yelping up and down, and bawling for Chains, Hand-cuffs, Bolts, Manacles, Shackles, Fetters, to tie up his Prisoners again; when, in the Middle of his Career, he and the Babler, or Talker, I told ye of, met Full-but, and after a little staring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter the Babler open'd. Prince of mine, says he, you have a Pack of lazy, droning Devils in your Dominions, that look after nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs a-cross, and leave all your Affairs at six and seven. And you have divers abroad too, upon Commission, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Account of their Employment. The Governante, who had been blowing the Coal, and whispering Sedition from one to another, chanc'd to pass by in the Interim, and stopping short, address'd herself to *Lucifer*: Look to yourself, she cried, there is a desperate Plot upon your diabolical Crown and Dignity. There are two Tyrants in it, three Parasites, a World of Physicians, and whole Legions of Lawyers and Attornies. One Word more in your Ear: There is among them a Mungrel-priest, a Kind of a Lay-elder, that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a Care of him.

At the very Name of Priest, and Lay-elder, *Lucifer* look'd as pale as Death; stood Stone-still, as mute as a Fish, and in his very Looks discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little Pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance. A Priest, do ye say? a Lay-elder? Tyrants? Lawyers? Physicians? *A Composition to poison all the Devils in Hell,*

Hell, and purge their very Guts out! With that away he went to visit the Avenues, and set his Guards; and who should he meet next, but the Medler, in a monstrous Haste and Hurry? Nay then, says he, here is the Forerunner of Ill-luck. But what's the Matter? The Matter! cried the Medler! and then with a huge deal of tedious and impertinent Circumstance, he up and told him, that a great many of the damn'd had contriv'd an Escape, and that there was a Design to call in four or five Regiments of Hypocrites and Usurers, under Colour, forsooth, of establishing a better Intelligence betwixt Earth and Hell, with a hundred other Fopperies, and had gone on till this Time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears; but he had other Fish to fry, for Neck and all was now at Stake; and so he went about his Business of putting all in a Posture, and strengthening his Guards. And for the farther Security of his Royal Person, he entertain'd into his own immediate Regiment, several Reformadoes of the Society, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the Vaults and Dungeons, among his Goalers and Prisoners. The Makebate-babler march'd in the Van, breathing an Air that kindled and inflam'd wherever he pass'd, without giving any Light; setting People together by the Ears, they knew not why. In the second Place the Governante, as full of News and Tittle-tattle as she could hold, and telling her Tale all the Way she went. In the Breech of her followed the Medler, leering as he pass'd along, first on one Side, then on the other, without ever moving his Head; and making fair with every Soul he saw in his Way. He gave *one a Bow,*
t'other

Tober a Kiss; your most humble Servant to a third; can I serve you, Sir, to a fourth; but every Compliment was worse to the poor Creatures than the Fire itself. Ah Traytor! says one: For Pity's Sake away with this new Tormentor! cries another: This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the Middle of the Crowd, a most eminent Knight of the Post, a great Master of his Trade, that was reading a Lecture to that venerable Assembly of the noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying; and would have taught any Man in one Quarter of an Hour, to prove any Thing upon Oath, that he never saw, nor heard of in his Life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the Intermedler, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he, is that Devil here? I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dreamt he'd have been in Hell, beyond all Dispute, I'd have gone myself to Paradise.

As he was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of Arms, Blows, and Out-cries; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling; one upon another like Lightning, and in short, with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the Battle. One of them appear'd to be an Emperor; for he was crown'd with Laurel, and surrounded with a grave Sort of People, that look like Counsellors or Senators, and had all the Old Statuets and Records at their Fingers End: By which they endeavour'd to make it out, *That a King might be kill'd in his personal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worse for it: And upon this Point, they were at Daggers drawn with*
the

the Emperor. *Lucifer* came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; what are you, Sir, says he, that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the great *Julius Cæsar*, quoth he, that in this general Tumult thought to have reveng'd myself upon *Brutus* and *Cassius*, for murdering me the Senate; under Colour, forsooth, of asserting the Common Liberty; whereas these Traitors did it meerly out of Envy, Avarice, and Ambition. It was the Emperor, not the Empire they hated. They pretended to destroy me, for introducing a Monarchy; but did they overthrow the Monarchy itself? No, but on the contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief in taking away my Life, then I did in dissolving their Republick. However, *I dy'd an Emperor; and these Villains carry'd only the Infamy, and Brand of Regicides to their Graves; and the World has ever since ador'd my Memory, and abhorr'd theirs.* Tell me, quoth he, ye cursed Blood-bounds, turning towards them, whether was your Government better think ye, in the Hands of your Senators, a Company of talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it, or in the Hands of a Soldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits People for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more Right to rule think ye, he that only knows the Laws, or he that maintains them? The one only studies the Government, the other protects it: *Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom to obey a divided Multitude, and Slavery to serve a single*

I

Person;

Person; and when a Company of covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd Fathers of their Country; forsooth; and shall one generous Person take up with the Name of Tyrant: Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step-mother to her own Children. Barbarous and cruel that you are! So much as to mention the Name of a Commonwealth; considering that since the People tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c. before your Tribe of Senators.

This Discourse of Cæsar's struck Brutus with exceeding Shame and Confusion; but at length, with a feeble and trembling Voice, he deliver'd himself to this Effect. "Gentlemen of the Senate, says he, do you not hear Cæsar? Or will you add Sin to Sin, and suffer all the Blame to be cast upon the Instruments, when you yourselves were the Contrivers of the Villany? Why do ye not answer? For Cæsar speaks to you, as well as to us. Cassius and myself were but your Bravos, and govern'd by your Persuasions and Advice, little dreaming of that insatiable Ambition that lay lurking under the Gravity of your long Beards and Robes. But 'tis the Practice of you all, to arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, which you would exercise yourselves: In Effect, when you have gotten Power, and the Colour of Authority in your Hands, it is more dangerous for a Prince not to comply with you, than for a Vassal to rebel against his Prince. To what End serv'd

“ serv'd your perfidious and ungrateful Treason ?
 “ Make Answer to *Cæsar*. But for our Parts, in
 “ the Conscience of our Sin, we feel the Severity
 “ of our Punishment.”

At these Words a hollow-ey'd supercilious Senator that had been of the Conspiracy, and was then blazing like a Pitch-barrel, rais'd himself, and with a faint Voice, ask'd *Cæsar*, what Reason he had to complain ? “ For *Prince*, says he, if
 “ King *Ptolomy* murder'd *Pompey the Great*, upon
 “ whose Score he held his Kingdom : Why might
 “ not the *Senate* as well kill you, to recover what
 “ you had taken from them ? And in the Case
 “ betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, let the Devils themselves be Judges. As for *Achillas*, who was one
 “ of the Murderers, what he did, was by *Ptolomy's* Command, and then he was but a *Freebooter* neither, a Fellow that got his Living by
 “ Rapine and Spoil : But *Cæsar* was undoubtedly the
 “ more infamous of the Two. 'Tis true, you weep'd
 “ at the Sight of *Pompey's Head*, but such Tears
 “ as were more treacherous than the Steel that
 “ kill'd him. Ah cruel Compassion, and revengeful Pity ! that made thee a more barbarous
 “ Enemy to *Pompey*, dead than living. Oh, that
 “ ever two hypocrite Eyes should creep into the
 “ first Head of the World ! To conclude, the
 “ the Death of *Cæsar* had been the Recovery of
 “ our *Republick*, if the Multitude had not called
 “ in others of his Race to the Government,
 “ which render'd thy Fall the very *Hydra* of the
 “ Empire.”

We had had another Skirmish upon these Words, if *Lucifer* had not commanded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon Pain of Death ; and there to abide

such Correction as belong'd to him, for slighting the Warnings he had of his Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were turned over to the politick Fools: And the Senators were dispatch'd away to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and to sit as *Assistants in the Devil's Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring Noise as of People talking at a Distance, and by Degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still louder and louder, till at Length it was but a Word and a Blow; and the nearer I came, the greater was the Clamour. This made me mend my Pace; but before I could reach them, they were altogether by the Ears in a bloody Fray: They were Persons of great Quality all of them; as Emperors, Magistrates, Generais of Armies. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace* and *Silence*, and they all obey'd; but it vex'd them to the Hearts, to be so taken off in the full Career of their *Fury* and *Revenge*. The first that open'd his Mouth, was a Fellow so martyr'd with Wounds and Scars, that I took him at first for an indigent Officer; but it prov'd to be *Clitus*, as he said himself. And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his Time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for the high and mighty *Alexander*, the Son of *Jupiter*, and the Emperor and Terror of the World: He was going on with his Qualities and Titles; but an Officer gave the Word, *Silence*, and bad *Clitus* begin; which he took very kindly, and told his Story.

“ If it may please your Majesty, says he, I
 “ was the first Favourite of this Emperor; who
 “ was then Lord of the known World, bare the
 “ Title

“ Title of *the King of Kings*, and boasted himself
 “ for the Son of *Jupiter Hammon*; and yet after
 “ all this Glory and Conquest, he was himself a
 “ Slave to his Passions; he was rash and cruel,
 “ and consequently incapable either of Counsel
 “ or Friendship. While I liv’d, I was near him,
 “ and serv’d him faithfully; but it seems, he did
 “ not entertain me, so much for my Fidelity, as
 “ to augment the Number of his Flatterers: But
 “ I found myself too honest for a base Office;
 “ and still as he ran into any foul Excesses, I took
 “ a Freedom with all possible Modesty, to shew
 “ him his Mistakes. One Day, as he was talking
 “ slightly of his Father *Philip*, that brave Prince,
 “ from whom he receiv’d as well his Honour, as
 “ his Being, I told him frankly what I thought
 “ of that Ingratitude and Vanity; and desired
 “ him to treat his dead Father with more Reve-
 “ rence, as a Prince worthy of eternal Honour
 “ and Respect. This Commendation of *Philip*,
 “ so inflam’d him, that presently he took a Parti-
 “ san, and struck me dead in the Place with his own
 “ Hand. After this, pray’e where was his Di-
 “ vinity, when he gave *Abdolominus*, (a poor Gar-
 “ den-weeder) the Kingdom of *Sidonia*? Which
 “ was not, as the World would have it, out of
 “ any Consideration of his Virtue, but to mortify
 “ and take down the Pride and Insolence of the
 “ *Persians*. Meeting him here just now in Hell,
 “ I ask’d him what was become of his Father *Jupi-*
 “ *ter* that he lay so long by’t; and whether he
 “ were not yet convinc’d that all Flatterers were
 “ a Company of Rascals, who with their Incense,
 “ and Altars, would persuade him, that he was
 “ of divine Extraction, and Heir Apparent to the
 “ Throne.

" Throne and Thunder of *Jupiter*. This now
 " was the Ground of our Quarrel. But Invec-
 " tives apart ; who but a Tyrant would have put
 " a loyal Subject to Death, only for his Affec-
 " tion, and Regards to the Memory of his dead
 " Father ? How barbarously did he treat his Fa-
 " vourites, *Parmenio, Philotas, Calisthenes, Amin-*
 " *tas, &c.* So that Good or Bad is all a Case ;
 " for 'tis Crime enough to be the Favourite of
 " a Tyrant : As in the Course of humane Life,
 " every Man dies because he is mortal ; and the
 " Disease is rather the Pretext of his Death, than
 " the Cause of it." You'll find now, says *Satan*,
 that Tyrants will shew their People many a Dog-
 trick when the Humour takes them. The Good
 they hate, for not being wicked ; and the Bad,
 because they are no worse. How many Favourites
 have you ever seen come to a fair and timely End ?
 Remember the Emblem of the Sponge, and that's
 the Use that Princes make of their Favourites,
They let them suck and fill, and then squeeze them for
their own Profit.

At that Word there was heard a lamentable
 Cry ; and at the same Time a venerable old Man,
 as pale as if he had no Blood in his Veins, came
 up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his Emblem of
 the Sponge, came very pat to his Case ; " For,
 " says he, I was a great Favourite, and a great
 " Hoarder of Treasure : A *Spaniard* by Birth ;
 " the Tutor and Confident of *Nero* ; and my
 " Name is *Seneca*. Indeed his Bounties were to
 " Excess ; he gave me without asking, and in
 " taking I was never covetous, but obedient. It
 " is in the Nature of Princes, and it befits their
 " Quality, to be liberal where they take a liking,
 " both

“ both of Honour and Fortunes : And ’tis hard
 “ for a Subject to refuse, without some Reflection
 “ upon the Generosity or Discretion of his Master.
 “ For ’tis not the Merit, or Modesty of the Vassal,
 “ but the Glory of the Prince that is in Question :
 “ And he is the best Subject, that contributes the
 “ most to the Splendor, and Reputation of his So-
 “ vereign.” *Nero* indeed gave me as much as such
 a Prince could bestow ; and I manag’d his Libera-
 lities with all the Moderation imaginable : Yet
 all too little, to preserve me from the Strokes of
 envious and malicious Tongues ; which would have
 it, that my Philosophizing upon the Contempt of
 the World, was nothing else but a meer Imposture,
 that with less Danger and Notice, I might feed
 and entertain my Avarice, and with the fewer
 Competitors. Finding my Credit with my Master
 declining, it stood me upon to provide some Way
 or other for my Quiet, and to withdraw myself
 from being the Mark of a publick Envy. So I went
 directly to *Nero*, and with all possible Respect and
 Humility, made him a Present back again of his
 own Bounties. The Truth is, I had so great a
 Passion for his Service, that neither the Severity
 of his Nature, nor the Debauchery of his Man-
 ners, could ever deter me from exhorting him to
 nobler Courses, and paying him all the Duties of
 a loyal Subject. Especially in Cases of Cruelty
 and Blood : I laid it perpetually Home to his Con-
 science, but all to little Purpose ; for he put his
 Mother to Death ; laid the City of *Rome* in Ashes ;
 and indeed, depopulated the Empire of honest Men.
 And this drew on *Piso*’s Conspiracy, which was
 better laid than executed : For upon the Discovery,
 the prime Instruments lost their Lives ; and by di-

vine Providence this Prince was preserv'd, in Order, as one would have thought, to his Repentance and Change of Life. But upon the Issue, the Conspiracy was prevented, and *Nero* never the better. At the same Time he put *Lucan* to Death, only for being a better Poet than himself. And if he gave me my Choice what Death to die, it was rather Cruelty than Pity: For in the very *Deliberation, which Death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the Terror and Apprehension that made me refuse the rest.* The Election I made was to bleed to Death in a Bath, and I finish'd my own Dispatches hither; where to my farther Affliction, I have again encountred this infamous Prince, studying new Cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of Tormenting.

At that Word, *Nero* advanc'd, with his Ill-favour'd Face, and shrill Voice. "It is very well," says he, for a Prince's Favourite or Tutor, to be wiser than his Master; but let him manage that Advantage then with Respect, and not like a rash and insolent Fool, make Proclamation presently to the World, that he's the wiser of the Two. While *Seneca* kept himself within those Bounds, I lodg'd him in my Bosom, and the Love I had for that Man was the Glory of my Government; but when he came to publish once, what he should have dissembled or conceal'd, that it was not *Nero*, but *Seneca*, that rul'd the Empire, nothing less than his Blood could make Satisfaction for so intolerable a Scandal; and from that Hour I resolv'd his Ruin. And I had rather suffer what I do a hundred Times over, than entertain a Favourite that should raise his Credit upon my Dishonour.

"Whether,

" Whether I have Reason on my Side or no; I
 " appeal to all this princely Assembly: Draw near,
 " I beseech ye, as many as are here, and speak
 " freely, my royal Brethren; Did you ever suffer
 " any Favourite to escape unpunish'd, that had
 " the Impudence to write, *I and my King*;
 " to make a Stale of Majesty; and to pub-
 " lish himself a better Statesman than his Ma-
 " ster?" No, no, they cried out all with one
 Voice, it never was, and never shall be endur'd,
 while the World lasts: For we have left our Suc-
 cessors under an Oath, to have a Care on't. 'Tis
 true, *a wise Counsellor at a Prince's Elbow is a*
Treasure, and ought to be so esteem'd, while he
 makes it his Business to cry up the Abilities and Ju-
 stice of his Sovereign: But in the Instant that his
 Vanity transports him to the contrary; *away with*
him to the Dogs, and down with him, for there's no
 enduring of it.

" All this, cried *Sejanus*, does not yet concern
 " me; for tho' I had indeed more Brains than *Ti-*
 " *berius*; yet I so order'd it, that he had the Cre-
 " dit in publick, of all my private Advices, and
 " so sensible he was of my Services, that he made
 " me his Partner, and Companion in the Empire:
 " he caus'd my Statues to be erected, and invest-
 " ed them with sacred Privileges: *Let Sejanus*
 " *live*, was the daily Cry of the People; and in
 " Truth my Well-being was the Joy of the Em-
 " pire; and far and near there were publick
 " Prayers and Vows offer'd up for my Health.
 " But what was the End of all? When I thought
 " myself surest in my Master's Arms and Favour,
 " he let me fall; nay, he threw me down, caus'd
 " me to be cut in Pieces; delivering me up to the

“Fury of a barbarous and enrag’d Multitude,
“that dragg’d me along the Streets, and happy
“was he that could get a Piece of my Flesh to
“carry upon a Javelin’s Point in Triumph. And
“it had been well this inhuman Cruelty had
“stopp’d here; but it extended to my poor Chil-
“dren; who, though unconcern’d in my Crimes,
“were yet to partake in my Fate. A Daughter
“I had, whom the very Law exempted from the
“Stroke of Justice, because of her Virginity;
“but to clear that Scruple, she was condemn’d
“first to be ravish’d by the Hangman, and then
“to be beheaded, and treated as her Father. My
“first Failing was upon Temerity and Pride: I
“would out-run my Destiny, defy Fortune; and
“for Divine Providence, I look’d upon it as a ri-
“diculous Thing. When I was once out of the
“Way, I thought doing worse was somewhat in
“order to being better; and then I began to forti-
“fy myself by Violence, against Craft and Malice,
“some were put to Death, others banish’d; till
“in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and Earth
“declar’d themselves against me. I had Recourse
“to all Sorts of ill People and Means. I had my
“Physician for poisoning, my Assassins for Re-
“venge, I had my false Witnesses and corrupt
“Judges, and in Truth, what Instrument of
“Wickedness had I not? And all this not upon
“Choice or Inclination; but purely out of the
“Necessity of my Condition. Whenever I
“should come to fall, I was sure to be forsaken
“both of Good and Bad; and therefore I shun’d
“the better Sort, as those that would only serve
“to accuse me; but the lewd and vicious I fre-
“quented, to increase the Number of my Ac-
“complices,

“ complices, and make my Party the stronger.
 “ But after all, if *Tiberius* was a Tyrant, I’ll
 “ swear he was never so by my Advice: But on
 “ the contrary; I have suffer’d more from him
 “ for plain dealing and dissuading him, than the
 “ very Subjects of his Severity have commonly
 “ suffer’d by him. I know, ’tis charg’d upon
 “ me, that I stirr’d him up to Cruelty, to render
 “ him odious, and to ingratiate myself to the Peo-
 “ ple. But who was his Adviser, I pray’e in this
 “ butcherly Proceeding against me? Oh *Lucifer*,
 “ *Lucifer*! you know very well that ’tis the
 “ Practice of Tyrants, when they do amiss them-
 “ selves, and set their People a grumbling, to lay
 “ all the Blame, and Punishment too upon the
 “ Instrument; and hang up the Minister for the
 “ Master’s Fault. This is the End of all Fa-
 “ vourites, cries one; not a Halfpenny Matter
 “ if they were all serv’d so, says another. And
 “ every Historian has his Saying upon this Ca-
 “ tastrophe, and sets up a Buoy to warn After-
 “ ages of the Rock of Court Favours. The
 “ Greatness of a Favourite, I must confess, pro-
 “ claims the Greatness of his Maker; and the
 “ Prince that maintains what he has once rais’d,
 “ does but justify the Prudence of his own Choice:
 “ And when ever he comes to undo what he has
 “ done, publishes himself to be light and uncon-
 “ stant, and does as good as declare himself, even
 “ against himself, of the Enemy’s Party.”

Up stepp’d *Plantian* then, *Severus*’s Favourite, he
 that was thrown out at a Garret-window, to make
 the People Sport. *My Condition in the World*, says
 he, *was perfectly like that of a Rocket, or Fire-work:*
I was carried up to a prodigious Height in a Moment,
 and

180 *The Seventh VISION,*

and all Peoples Eyes were upon me, as a Star of the first Magnitude; but my Glory was very short-liv'd, and down I fell into Obscurity and Ashes. After him, appear'd a Number of other Favourites, and all of them hearkening to *Belisarius* the Favourite of *Justinian*; who, blind as he was, had already knock'd twice with his Staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd Audience, which was at length granted him, Silence commanded, and he said, as follows.

“ Princes, said he, before they destroy the
 “ Creatures they have rais'd and chosen, should
 “ do well to consider, that Cruelty and Incon-
 “ stancy is much a greater Infamy to a Prince,
 “ than the worst Effects of it can be to a Fa-
 “ vourite. For my own Part, I serv'd an Empe-
 “ ror, that was both a Christian, and a great Lo-
 “ ver and Promoter of *Justice*. And yet after
 “ all the Services I had done him, in several Bat-
 “ tles and Adventures, insomuch that he was actu-
 “ ally become my Debtor, for the very Glory of
 “ his Empire, my Reward in the End, was to
 “ have my Eyes put out, and, with a Dog and
 “ Bell, to be turn'd a begging from Door to
 “ Door. Thus was that *Belisarius* treated, whose
 “ very Name formerly was worth an Army; and
 “ he was the Soul of his Friends, as well as the
 “ Terror of his Enemies. But a Prince's Favour
 “ is like Quick-silver, restless and slippery, never to
 “ be fix'd, never secur'd. Force it, and it spends
 “ itself in Fumes; sublime it, and 'tis a mortal
 “ Poison. Handle it only, and it works itself into
 “ the very Bones; and all that have to do with it,
 “ live and die pale, and trembling.”

At these Words the whole Band of Favourites set up a hideous and a heavy Groan, trembling like Aspen-leaves; and at the same Time, reciting several Passages out of the Prophet *Habakkuk*, against careless and wicked Governors. By which Threatnings is given to understand, *That the Almighty, when he has a Mind to destroy a wicked Ruler, does not always punish one Potentate by another, and bring his Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battle; but many Times makes use of Things the most abject and vile, to confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillars, and Lice to serve him as the Ministers of his terrible Justice: Nay, the Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the House, shall rise in Judgment against them.*

This Discourse might have gone farther, but that the Company presently parted, to know the Meaning of a sudden Noise and Clatter they heard, that half deafned the Auditory. And what was it at last, but a Scuffle between the Gown-men, and Brothers of the Blade? and there were Persons of great Honour and Learning, young and old, engag'd in the Fray. The Men of War were at it clashing with their Swords, and the Gentlemen of the long Robe fencing some with *Tostatus*; others with huge Pandects, that with their old Wainscot-covers, were as good a Bucklers; and would now and then give the Foe a heavy Rebuke, over and above. The Combat had certainly been very bloody, if one of *Lucifer's* Constables had not commanded them in the King's Name to keep the Peace; which made a drawn Battle: And with that, one of the Combatants, with the best Face he had, said aloud; if you knew, Gentlemen,
either

either us or our Quarrel, you'd say we had Reason, and perhaps side with us. At that Instant there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and old *Oliver*, with a World of great Personages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that majestical Appearance, as much to their Satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave antient Man, with a great Train at his Heels that were all bloody, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these Tyrants.

“ You have here before ye, quoth the old Man,
 “ *Solon*; and these are the seven Sages, Natives of
 “ *Greece*, but renown'd throughout the Universe.
 “ He there in the Mortar, is that *Anaxarchus* that
 “ was pounded to Death by the Command of
 “ *Nicroceon*; he with the flat Nose, is *Socrates*;
 “ the little crump-shoulder'd Wretch, was the
 “ famous *Aristotle*; and t'other there, the divine
 “ *Plato*. Those in the Corner, are all of the
 “ same Profession too; grave and learned Philo-
 “ sophers, that have displeas'd Tyrants with their
 “ Writings; and in fine, the World is stor'd
 “ with their Works, and Hell with the Authors.
 “ To come to the Point, most mighty *Lucifer*,
 “ we are all of us Dealers in Politicks, great Wri-
 “ ters, and Deep-read-men in the Maxims of
 “ State and Government. We have digested Po-
 “ licy into a Method, and laid down certain
 “ Rules, by which Princes may make themselves
 “ great and belov'd. We have advis'd them, im-
 “ partially to administer Justice; to reward Vir-
 “ tue, as well military as civil; to employ able
 “ Men, banish Flatterers; to put Men of Wif-
 “ dom

" dom and Integrity in Places of Trust. To re-
 " ward or punish without Passion, and according
 " to the Merits of the Cause, as God's Vicegerents.
 " And this now is our Offence. We name no
 " Body, we design no Body; but 'tis Crime e-
 " nough to wish well to the Way, and to the Lo-
 " vers of Virtue. With that turning towards the
 " Tyrants: Oh most unjust Princes, said he,
 " those glorious Kings and Emperors, from whom
 " we took the Model of our Laws and Instructi-
 " ons, are now in a State of Rest and Comfort,
 " while you are tormented. *Numa* is now a Star
 " in the Firmament, and *Tarquin* a Firebrand in
 " Hell. And the Memory of *Augustus* and *Tra-*
 " *jan* is still fresh and fragrant; when the Names
 " of *Nero* and *Sardanapalus* are more putrid and
 " odious than their Bodies.

When *Dionysius* the Tyrant heard this, with
 his Companions about him, Flesh and Blood could
 hold no longer; and he cried out in a Rage,
 " That Roguy Philosopher has told a thousand Lies.
 " Legislators with a Pox! Yes, yes, they are sweet
 " Legislators, and Princes have many a fair Oblig-
 " ation to them. No, no, Sirrah, said he to
 " *Solon*, you are all of you a Company of
 " Quacks; ye prate and speculate of Things you
 " do not understand; and with your damn'd Mo-
 " ralities, set the People agog upon Liberty; cry
 " up the Doctrine of Free-born Subjects, and then
 " our Portion is Persecution in one World, and
 " Infamy in t'other.

" We shall have a fine Time on't, my most
 " gracious Prince, cried *Julian* the Apostate,
 " staring *Lucifer* in the Face, when these Dung-
 " hill-pedants, a Company of Cock-brain'd, ri-
 " diculous,

" diculous, mortified, ill-bred, beggarly Tatter-
 " demalions, shall come to erect a Committee for
 " Politicks, and pass Sentence upon Governors,
 " and Governments, stiling themselves, forsooth,
 " the Supporters of both: Without any more
 " Skill than my Horse in what belongs to either.
 " Tell me, says he, if a brave Prince had not
 " better be damn'd, than subject himself to hear
 " one of these Turdy-facy-paty-nasty-lousy-farti-
 " cal Rascals, with a scabb'd Head, and a Plantati-
 " on of Lice in his Beard, and his Eyes crept into
 " the Nape of his Neck, pronouncing for an A-
 " phorism; that *a Prince that looks only to one, is a*
 " *Tyrant*; and that *a true King is the Shepherd and*
 " *Servant of his People*. Ah rash and besotted
 " Coxcombs! If *a King looks only to others, who shall*
 " *look to him?* As if Princes had not Enemies e-
 " nough abroad, without being so to themselves
 " too. But you may write your Hearts out, and
 " never the nearer. Where's our Sovereignty,
 " if we have not our Subjects Lives and Estates
 " at our Mercy? And where's our absolute Power,
 " if we submit to the Counsels of our Vassals? If
 " we have not to satisfy our Appetites, Avarice
 " and Revenge, we want Power to discharge the
 " noblest Ends of Government. These contem-
 " plative Idiots would have us make Choice of
 " good Officers, to keep the bad in Order; which
 " were a Madness, in our Condition. Let them
 " be complaisant, and no Matter for any other Me-
 " rit, or Virtue. *A Parcel of good Offices, hand-*
 " *someely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats and A-*
 " *theists, will make us a Party another Day*; where-
 " as all is lost that's bestow'd upon honest Men;
 " for they're our Enemies: Speak Truth then,
 " all

“ all of ye, and Shame the Devil ; for *the Butcher*
 “ *sats his Sheep only for the Shambles.*”

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your Mouths ; but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of Politicks, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the Hearing. *Photinus*, advance, said *Julian*, and speak your Mind. Where-upon there appear'd a Brazen-face Fellow, with a Hanging-look, and twenty other Marks of a desperate Villain ; who with a hellish Yell, and three or four wry Mouths for a Prologue, brake into this Discourse.

The wicked Advice of one of PTOLEMY'S Courtiers, about the killing of POMPEY ; taken out of LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Lib. 8.

“ **M** Ethinks under Favour, most renown'd
 “ *Ptolemy*, we are now slipt into a Debate
 “ a little beside the Business. The Question is,
 “ *Whether Pompey shall be deliver'd up to Cæsar or*
 “ *no ?* That is to say, whether in Reason of State
 “ it ought to be done ; and we are formalizing
 “ the Matter, whether in Point of Equity and
 “ Justice it may be done. *Bodies politick have no*
 “ *Souls ; and never did any great Prince turn a*
 “ *Council of State into a Court of Conscience, but*
 “ *he repented it.* Kingdoms are to be govern'd
 “ by Politicians, not by Casuists ; and there is no-
 “ thing more contrary to the true Interest of
 “ Crowns and Empires, than in publick Cases,
 “ to make a Scruple of private Duties. The Ar-
 “ gument is this ; *Pompey* is in Distress, and *Pto-*
 “ *lemy*

" lemy under an Obligation; so that it were a
 " Violation of Faith and Hospitality, not to re-
 " lieve him. Now give me Leave to reason in
 " the other Way. *Pompey* is forsaken, and per-
 " secuted by the Gods; *Cæsar* upon the Heels of
 " him, with Victory and Success. Shall *Ptolemy*
 " now ruin himself, to protect a Fugitive, against
 " both Heaven and *Cæsar*! I must confess, where
 " Honesty and Profit are both of a Side, 'tis well;
 " but where they disagree, the Prince that does not
 " quit his Religion for his Convenience, falls into a
 " direct Conspiracy against himself. He shall lose the
 " Hearts of his Soldiery, and the Reputation of
 " his Power. Whereas on the contrary, the most
 " hateful Tyrant in the World shall be able to
 " keep his Head above Water, let him but give a
 " general Licence to commit all Sorts of Wicked-
 " ness: You'll say 'tis impious: But I say, what
 " if it be? Who shall call you to Account?
 " These Deliberations are only for Subjects, that
 " are under a Command, and not for Sovereign
 " Princes, whose Will is a Law.

—*Exeat aula,*

Qui volet esse pius.—

He was never cut out

For a Court that's devout.

" In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Ptolemy* must
 " suffer, I am absolutely for the saving of *Ptolemy*,
 " and the presenting of *Pompey's* Head without
 " any more ado, to *Cæsar*. *A dead Dog will ne-*
 " *ver bite.*"

Photinus

Photinus had no sooner made an End, but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous Rage, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* after him, like a Bear to the Stake.

“ There is not in Nature, says he, so damn'd a
 “ Generation of scribbling Rogues, as these Hi-
 “ storians. We can neither be quiet for them,
 “ living or dead; for they haunt us in our very
 “ Graves, and when they have vented the Hu-
 “ mour and Caprice of their own Brains, that sor-
 “ sooth must be call'd, *The Life of such an Empe-*
 “ *ror*. And for an Instance, I'll shew ye what
 “ this impertinent Chronicler says of myself. He
 “ had squander'd away his Treasure, says he, in
 “ expensive Building, Comedies, and Donatives
 “ to the Soldiers.

Now would I fain know which Way it could have been better employ'd.

In another Place he says, “ That *Domitian* had
 “ some Thoughts of easing himself in his military
 “ Charges, by reducing the Number; but that
 “ he durst not do, for fear some of his Neighbours
 “ should put an Affront upon him. So that to
 “ lick himself whole, he fell to raking and scraping
 “ whatever he could get, either from dead or liv-
 “ ing; and any Rascal's Testimony was Proof e-
 “ nough for a Confiscation; for there needed no
 “ more to undo an honest Man, than to tell a
 “ Tale at Court, that such a one had spoken ill of
 “ the Prince.

“ Is this the Way of treating Majesty? what
 “ could this impudent Pedant have said worse, if
 “ if he had been speaking of a Pickpocket, or
 “ a Pirate? But Princes and Thieves are all one
 “ to them.

He

He says farther, " That *Domitian* made Seizure of several Estates, without any Sort of Right whatsoever, and there went no more to his Title, than for a false Witness to depose, that he heard the Defunct declare, before he dy'd, that he made *Cæsar* his Heir. He set up such a Tax upon the *Jews*, that many of them denied their Religion to avoid it. And I remember that when I was a young Fellow, I saw an old Man of Fourscore and ten, taken upon Suspicion by one of *Domitian's* Spies, and turn'd up in a publick Assembly, to see if he was circumcis'd.

" Be ye now Judges, Gentlemen of the Black-guard, if this be not a most intolerable Indignity. Am I to answer for the Actions of my inferior Officers? It amazes me, that my Successors should ever endure these scandalous Reports to be publish'd, especially against a Prince that had laid out so much Money in repairing the the Libraries that were burnt."

It is very true, said *Suetonius* in a doleful Tone, and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this execrable and impious Blasphemy? *It is the Command of your Lord and God.* And in fine, if I speak nothing but Truth, where's the Cause of your Complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Cæsar*, and the divine *Augustus*; and the World will not say but I have done them right. But for yourself, and such as you, that are effectually but so many incarnate and crown'd Plagues; what Fault have I committed in setting before your

your Eyes those Tyrannies, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with Dread and Horror.

This Discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babler*, or *Bouteſou*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, “ Look ye, Sir, ſays he, “ pointing with his Finger, that limping Devil “ there, that looks as if he was ſurbated with beat- “ ing the Hoof, has been abroad in the World “ theſe twenty Years, and is but juſt now come back “ again.” Come hither Sirrah, cries *Lucifer*; and ſo the poor Cur went wrigling and glotting up towards his Prince. “ You are a fine Rogue to “ be ſent of an Errand, are ye not? ſays *Lucifer*, “ to ſtay twenty Year out, and come back again “ e’en as wiſe as ye went? What Souls have ye “ brought now? Or what News from t’other “ World.” Ha! Your Highneſs quoth the Devil, has too much Honour and Juſtice, to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleaſed to remember, that at my going out, you gave me Charge of a certain Merchant: It coſt me the firſt ten Years of my Time to make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honeſt again, and reſtoring what he had ſtol’n. A fine Fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry’d *Lucifer*. But Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it firſt, than Chalk is Cheeſe: And the Devils now-a-days are ſo damnedly inſipid and dry, they’re hardly worth the roaſting. A ſenſeleſs Puppy! to come back to me with a Story of *Waltbam’s* Calf, that came nine Mile to ſuck a Bull. But he’s not Maſter of his Trade yet. And with that, *Lucifer* bad one of his Officers take him away, and put him to School again; for

for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he; and he has e'en been roguing at a *Play-house*, when he should have been at Church.

In that Instant, from behind a little Hill, a great many Men came running as hard as they could drive, after a Company of Women: The Men crying out, Stop, stop; and the Women crying for Help. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seized, and ask'd what was the Matter. Alas, alas, cry'd one of the Men, quite out of Breath, these Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children. Govern your Tongue, Sirrah, cry'd a Devil of Honour, out of Respect to the Ladies, and speak Truth: For 'tis utterly impossible ye should be Fathers without Children. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were married Men, and honest Men, and good House-keepers, and have born Offices in the Parish, and have Children that call us Fathers. But 'tis a strange Thing, we have been Abroad some of us by the seven Years together; others, as long Bed-rid, and so impotent, that the *Civilians* would have put us, *inter Frigidos & Maleficiatos*: And yet our Wives have brought every Year a Child, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give ourselves to the Devil at last to get them Estates, out of a charitable Persuasion, forsooth, they might yet be our own; though for a Twelve-month together, perhaps, we never so much as examin'd, whether our Wives were Fish or Flesh. But now since the Mothers are dead, and the Children grown up, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the Coachman's Nose; another the Gentleman Usher's Legs; a third, a Cossin-German's Eyes. And some we are to presume, conceiv'd
purely

purely by Strength of Imagination; or else by the Ears, like Weazils.

Thereupon appear'd a little Remnant of a Man, a dapper *Spaniard*, with a Kind of a Besom-beard, and a Voice not unlike the Yapping of a foisting Cur. As he came near the Company, he set up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade! says he, I shall now take you to Task, ye Whore you, for making me Father my Negro's Bastard; and for the Estate I settled upon him. I did ever miscall that foul Play, but should never have dream'd of that ugly Toad, when there was such Choice of handsome young Fellows about us; but it may be she had them too. I curs'd the Monks many and many a Time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: For the Strumpet would be perpetually gadding Abroad, under Colour of going to Confession; and in sooth, I was never any great Friend to Penance and Mortification. And then would I be easing my Mind ever and anon to this cursed *Moore*. I cannot imagine said I, where this Mistress of thine should commit all the Sins that she goes every Hour of the Day to confess at yonder Monastery. And then would this Dog-Moor answer me: Alas, good Lady! I would e'en venture my Soul with hers, with all my Heart; she spends all her Time, you see, in holy Duties. I was at that Time so innocent, that I suspected nothing more, than a pure Respect and Civility to my Wife; but I have learn'd better since; and that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ventur'd in the same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their Magpy-issue; for the Bastards take after both Father and Mother.

So

So that at this Rate, cry'd the adopted Fathers, the Husband of a Whore has a pleasant Time on't. First he's subjected to all the Pukings, Longings, and peevish Importunities, that a breeding Woman gives those about her, till she's laid; and then comes the Squalling of the Child, and the Twittle-tattle Gossipings of the Nurse and Midwife; that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet Baby*, says one to the Jade the Mother on't, *'tis e'en as like the Father, as if he had spit it out on's Mouth*: It has the very Lips, the very Eyes of him; when 'tis no more like him, than *an Apple is like an Oyster*. And in Conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty Times more in t'other World, with a Christian Patience, we are hurry'd away to Hell, and here we lie a *Company of damn'd Cuckolds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *Sæcula Seculorum*; which is very hard, and in Truth, out of all Reason.

I cut this Visit short, to see what News in a deep Vault near at Hand, where we heard a great Bustle and Contest betwixt divers Souls and the Devils. There were the Presumptuous, the Revengeful, and the Envious; gaping and crying out, as they would break their Hearts. *Oh that I could but be born again!* says one, *Oh, that I might go back into the World again!* says another, *Oh, that I were but to die once more!* cries a third. Inso-much that they put the Devils out of all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang yourselves, cry'd they, for a *Pack of couzening, bawling Rascals?* You live again! and be born again! and what if you might do't a thousand Times over? You would only die
at

at last a thousand Times greater Villains, than now you are ; and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know yourselves ; we have Commission to let you *live again, and return*. Up then, ye *Varlets*, go, be born again ; get ye into the *World again*. Away, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty Lash at every Word ; and thrust hard to have got them out. But the poor Rogues hung an Arse ; and were struck with such a Terror to hear of *living again, and returning* ; that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate*, *Whether they should go out, or no ?* ' If I should now, says he, at my second Birth, come into the World a Bastard ; the Shame would be mine, tho' my Parents committed the Fault ; and I should carry the Scandal and the Infamy of it to my Grave. Now put the Case, my Mother should be honest, for that's not impossible, and that I came into the World, legitimate ; how many Follies, Vices, and Diseases, are there that run in a Blood ! Who knows but I should be mad, or simple, swear, lie, cheat, whore ? nay, if I came off with a little Mortification of my Carcass ; as the Stone, the Scurvy, or the noble Pox, I were a happy Man. But oh ! the Lodging, the Diet, and the Cookery that I am to expect for a Matter of nine Months in my Mother's Belly ; and then the Butter and Beer, that must be spent to sweeten me, when I change my Quarter. I must come crying into the World, and live in Ignorance even of what

K

Life

' Life, is, till I die ; and then as ignorant of
 ' Death too, 'till 'tis past. I fancy my Swadling-
 ' clouts and Blankets to be worse than my Wind-
 ' ing-sheet ; my Cradle represents my Tomb.
 ' And then who knows whether my Nurse shall
 ' be found, or no ? She'll over-lay me perhaps ;
 ' leave me some four and twenty Hours, it may
 ' be, without clean Clouts, and a Pin or two
 ' all the While perchance, up to the Hilt in my
 ' Backside. And then follows breeding of Teeth
 ' and Worms ; with all the Gripes and Disorders
 ' that are caus'd by unwholsome Milk. These
 ' Miseries are certain ; and why should I run them
 ' over again ?

' If it happen that I pass the State of Infancy
 ' without the Pox or Meazles, I must be then
 ' pack'd away to School, to get the Itch, a Scal'd-
 ' head, or a Pair of Kib'd-heels. In Winter 'tis
 ' ten to one you find me with a Snotty-nose ; and
 ' perpetually under the Lash, if I either miss my
 ' Lesson, or go late to School. So that, *hang him*
 ' *for my Part, that would be born again ;* for any
 ' Thing I see yet.

' When I come up toward Man, the Women
 ' will have me *as sure as a Gun* : For they have
 ' a thousand Ginns and Devices to catch Wood-
 ' cocks ; and if ever I come to set Eye upon a
 ' Lass that understands Dress and Railery, I'm
 ' gone, if there were no more Lads in *Christen-*
 ' *dom*. But for my Part, I am as sick as a Dog,
 ' of powdering, curling, and playing the Lady-
 ' bird. I would not for all the World be in the
 ' Shoemaker's-stocks, and choak myself over-again
 ' in a streight Doublet ; only to have the Ladies
 ' say, *Look what a delicate Shape and Foot that*
 ' Gentleman

Gentleman has. And I would take as little Pleasure to spend six Hours of the four and twenty, in picking grey Hairs out of my Head or Beard, or turning White into Black. To stand half-ravish'd in the Contemplation of my own Shadow: To dress fine, and go to Church only to see handsome Ladies: To correct the Midnight-air with ardent Sighs and Ejaculations; and to keep Company with Owls and Batts, like a Bird of Ill-omen: To walk the Round of a Mistress's Lodging, and play at Bo-peep, at the Corner of every Street; to adore her Imperfections, or as the Song says, — *for her Uglinefs, and for her Want of Coin*; to make Bracelets of her Locks, and truck a Pearl-necklace for a Shoe-string. At this Rate, I say, cursed again and again be He, for my Part, that would live over-again so wretched a Life.

Being now come to write full Man, if I have an Estate, how many Cares, Suits and Wrangles go along with it! If I have none, what Murmuring and Regret, at my Misfortunes? By this Time, the Sins of my Youth are gotten into my Bones; I grow sour and melancholy; Nothing pleases me; I curse Old-age to ten thousand Devils; and the Youth which I can never recover in my Veins, I endeavour to fetch out of the Barbers-shops; from Perukes, Razors, and Patches, to conceal, or at least disguise, all the Marks and Evidences of Nature in her Decay. Nay, when I shall never have an Eye to see with, nor a Tooth left in my Head; gouty Legs, Windmills in my Crown, my Nose running like a Tap, and Gravel in my Reins by the Bushel; then must I make Oath that all this is Nothing

‘ but meer Accident, gotten by lying in the Field,
 ‘ or the like ; and out-face the Truth, in the
 ‘ very Teeth of so many undeniable Witnesses.
 ‘ There is no Plague comparable to this Hypocrisy
 ‘ of the Members. To have an old Fop shake
 ‘ his Heel, when he’s ready to fall to Pieces ; and
 ‘ cry, these Legs would make a Shift yet to play
 ‘ with the best Legs in the Company ; and then
 ‘ with a lusty Thump on’s Breast, fetch up a Hem,
 ‘ and cry, Sound at Heart, Boy ; and a thousand
 ‘ other Fooleries of the like Nature. But all this
 ‘ is nothing to the Misery of an old Fellow in
 ‘ Love ; especially if he be put to gallant it against
 ‘ a Company of young Gamesters. Oh ! the in-
 ‘ ward Shame and Vexation, to see himself scarce
 ‘ so much as neglected. It happens sometimes
 ‘ that a jolly Lady, for Want of better Enter-
 ‘ tainment, may content herself with one of these
 ‘ Reverend Fornicators instead of a Whetstone :
 ‘ but alack, alack ! the poor Man is weak, tho’
 ‘ willing ; and after a whole Night spent in cold
 ‘ and frivolous Pretences and Excuses, away he
 ‘ goes with Torments of Rage and Confusion about
 ‘ him not to be express’d ; and many a heavy Curse
 ‘ is sent after him, for keeping a poor Lady from
 ‘ her natural Rest to so little Purpose. How often
 ‘ must I be put to the Blush too, when every old
 ‘ Toast shall be calling me old Acquaintance ; and
 ‘ telling me, *Oh Sir, ’tis many a fair Day, since you*
 ‘ *and I knew one another first : I think ’twas in the*
 ‘ *Four and Thirtieth of the Queen, that we were*
 ‘ *School-fellows. How the World’s alter’d since ! &c.*
 ‘ And then must my Head be turn’d to a *Memento*
 ‘ *Mori* ; my Flesh dissolv’d into Rheums ; my
 ‘ Skin whither’d and wrinkled ; with a Staff in
 ‘ my

‘ my Hand ; knocking the Earth at every trem-
 ‘ bling Step, as if I call’d upon my Grave to re-
 ‘ ceive me. Walking like a moving Phantom ;
 ‘ my Life little more than a Dream ; my Reins
 ‘ and Bladder turn’d into a perfect Quarry ; and
 ‘ the Urinal or Piss-pot my whole Study. My next
 ‘ Heir watching every Minute, for the long-look’d-
 ‘ for, and happy Hour of my Departure : And in
 ‘ the mean Time, I’m become the Physician’s Re-
 ‘ venue, and the Surgeon’s Practice, with an
 ‘ Apothecary’s Shop in my Guts ; and every old
 ‘ Jade calling me Granfire. No, no ; I’ll no
 ‘ more living again, I thank ye : One Hell, ra-
 ‘ ther than two Mothers.

‘ Let us now consider the Comforts of Life ;
 ‘ the Humours, and the Manners. He that would
 ‘ be rich, must play the Thief, or the Cheat ;
 ‘ he that would rise in the World, must turn Pa-
 ‘ rasite, Informer, or Projector. He that marries,
 ‘ ventures fair for the Horn, either before or after.
 ‘ There is no Valour without swearing, quarrel-
 ‘ ling, or hectoring ; if ye are Poor, no Body
 ‘ owns ye ; if Rich, you’ll know no Body ; if
 ‘ you die young, what Pity it was, they’ll say,
 ‘ that he should be cut off thus in the Prime ; if
 ‘ old, he was e’en past his Best, there’s no great
 ‘ Miss of him ; if you are religious, and frequent
 ‘ the Church and the Sacrament, you’re an Hy-
 ‘ pocrite ; and without this, you’re an Atheist, or
 ‘ an Heretick. If you are gay and pleasant, you
 ‘ pass presently for a Buffoon ; and, if pensive
 ‘ and reserv’d, you are taken to be sour and cen-
 ‘ forious. Curtesy is called colloquing and cur-
 ‘ rying of Favour : Down-right Honesty, and
 ‘ Plain-dealing, is interpreted to be Pride and Ill-
 ‘ manners.

‘ manners. This is the World ; and for all that’s
 ‘ in’t, I would not have it to go over again. If
 ‘ any of ye, my Masters, said he to his Com-
 ‘ rades, be of another Opinion, hold up your
 ‘ Hands. No, no ; they cry’d all unanimously,
 ‘ No more Generation-work, I beseech ye : Bet-
 ‘ ter the Devils, than the Midwives.’

After this, came a Testator, cursing and raving
 like a Bedlam, that he had made his last Will and
 Testament. ‘ Ah Villain ! said he, for a Man to
 ‘ murder himself, as I have done ! If I had not
 ‘ seal’d, I had not dy’d. Of all Things, next a
 ‘ Physician, deliver me from a Testament ! it
 ‘ has kill’d more than the Pestilence. Oh mi-
 ‘ serable Mortals ; let the living take Warning
 ‘ by the dead, and make no Testaments. It was
 ‘ my hard Luck, first to put my Life into the
 ‘ Physician’s Power ; and then by making my
 ‘ Will, to sign the Sentence of Death upon my-
 ‘ self ; and my own Execution. Put your Soul,
 ‘ and your Estate in Order, says the Doctor, for
 ‘ there’s no Hope of Life : And the Word was
 ‘ no sooner out, but I was so wise and devout,
 ‘ forsooth, as to fall immediately upon the Pro-
 ‘ logue of my Will, with an *In Nomine, Domine,*
 ‘ *Amen,* &c. And when I came to dispose of my
 ‘ Goods and Chattels, I pronounc’d these bloody
 ‘ Words ; (I would I had been Tongue-ty’d when
 ‘ I did it) I make and constitute my Son, my sole
 ‘ Executor. *Item,* To my Dear Wife, I give
 ‘ and bequeath all my Plays and Romances ; and
 ‘ all the Furniture in the Rooms upon the se-
 ‘ cond Story. To my very good Friend, *T. B.*
 ‘ my large Tankard, for a Remembrance. To
 ‘ my Foot-boy, *Robin,* five Pounds to bind him
 ‘ Appren-

Apprentice. To *Betty*, that tended me in my
Sickness, my little Caudle Cup. To Mr.
Doctor, my fair Table-diamond, for his Care
of me in my Illness. After signing and sealing,
the Ink was scarce dry upon the Paper, but methought
the Earth open'd, as if it had been hungry to de-
vour me. My Son and my Legatees were pre-
sently casting it up, how many Hours I might
yet hold out. If I call'd for the Cordial Julep,
or a little of Dr. *Gilbert's* Water, my Son was
taking Possession of my Estate: My Wife so bu-
sy about the Beds and Hangings, that she could
not attend it: The Boy and the Wench could
understand nothing, but about their Legacies.
My very good Friend's Mind was wholly upon
his Tankard: My kind Doctor, I must confess,
took Occasion now and then to handle my Pulse,
and see *whether the Diamond were of the right*
Black-water, or no; if I ask'd him what I might
eat, his Answer was, *any Thing, any Thing, e'en*
what you please yourself. At every Groan I
fetch'd, they were calling for their Legacies,
which they could not have till I was dead.

But if I were to begin the World again, I think I
should make another Kind of Testament: I would
say, "A Curse upon him that shall have my Estate
when I am dead, and may the first Bit of Bread
he eats out on't, choak him. The Devil in Hell
take what I cannot carry away; and him too that
struggles for't, if he can catch him. If I die, let
my Boy *Robin* have the Strappado three Hours a
Day, to be duly paid him during Life. Let my
Wife die of the Pip or the Mother; not a Hal'-pen-
ny Matter which, but let her first live long enough
to plague the damn'd Doctor, and indict him

“ for poisoning her poor Husband.” To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that Dog-leech. Was it not enough to make me sick, when I was well, without making me dead, when I was sick? And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my Grave too. But to say the Truth, this is only Neighbours Fare; for all those Fools that trust in them, are serv’d with the same Sauce. A Vomit, or a Purge is as good a Pass-port into the other World, as a Man would wish. And then when our Heads are laid, ’tis never to be endur’d, the Scandals they cast upon our Bodies and Memories! *Heaven rest his Soul*, cries one, *he kill’d himself with a Debauch*. *How is it possible*, says another, *to cure a Man that keeps no Diet?* He was a *Mad-man*, cries a third, *a meer Sot*, and would not be govern’d by his Physician. *His Body was as rotten as a Pear*: *He had as many Diseases as a Horse*, and it was not in the Power of Man to save him. *And truly it was well that his Hour was come*, for he had better a great deal die well than live on as he did. Thieves and Murderers that ye are! *You yourselves are that Hour you talk of*. The Physician is only Death in a Disguise, and brings his Patient’s Hour along with him. Cruel People! Is it not enough to take away a Man’s Life, and like common Hangmen to be paid for it when you have done; but you must blast the Honour too of those you have dispatch’d, to excuse your Ignorance? *Let but the Living follow my Counsel*, and write their Testaments after this Copy, they shall live long and happily, and not go out of the World at last, like a Rat with a Straw in his Arse, as a learned Author has it, or be cut off in the Flower of their Days.

Days, by these counterfeit Doctors of the Faculty of the Close-stool.

The dead Man plied his Discourse with so much Gravity and Earnestness, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the Devils, where hardly any are admitted: And for fear of Mischief, if the Doctors should come to hear what hath been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be gagg'd, and put in Security for his good Behaviour.

His Mouth was no sooner stopp'd, but another was open'd, and one of the Damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, backward and forward, like a Cur that had lost his Master, bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am chous'd: What's the Meaning of all this? Here are damning Devils, tempting Devils, and tormenting Devils; but the Devil a Devil can I find of the Devils that brought me hither: They have gotten away my Devils: Where are they? Give me my Devils again.'

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for Devils in Hell, where they swarm in Legions. But as he was in his Hurry, a Governante caught him by the Arm, and gave him a half Turn, and stopp'd him. Old Lucky Bird, says she, if thou wantest Devils here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw he. 'And art thou here, old *Beelzebub* in a Petticoat?' said he, the very Picture of *Satan*; the Coupler of Male and Female; the Buckler and Thong of Lechery; the Multiplier of Sin, and

• the Guide of Sinners; the Seasoner of rotten
 • Mutton; the Interpreters betwixt Whores and
 • Knaves; the Preface to the Remedy of Love, and
 • the Prologue to the critical Minute. *Speak, and*
 • *without more ado, tell me*; where are the Devils and
 • their Dams that brought me hither? These are none
 • of them. No, no, I am not such an Awfe as
 • to be trepann'd and spirited away by Devils with
 • Tails, Horns, Bristles, Wings, that smell as if
 • they had been smoak'd in a Chimney Corner.
 • The Devils that I look for are worse than these.
 • Where are the Mothers that play the Bawds to
 • their own Daughters? And the Aunts that do
 • as much for their Nieces, and make them caper
 • and sparkle like Wildfire? The Black-ey'd Girls
 • that carry Fire in their Eyes, and strike as sure
 • as a Lance from the Rest of a Cavalier? Where
 • are the Flatterers, that speak nothing but pleasing
 • Things? The Makebates and Incendiaries, that
 • are the very Canker of human Society? Where
 • are the Story-mongers, the Masters of the Fa-
 • culty of Lying; that report more than they
 • hear, affirm more than they know, and swear
 • more than they believe? Those slanderous Back-
 • biters, that like Vultures prey only upon Carri-
 • on? Where are the Hypocrites, that turn Devo-
 • tion into Interest, and make a Revenue of a Com-
 • mandment? that pretend Extasy when they are
 • drunk, and utter the Fumes and Dreams of their
 • Luxury and Tipple for Revelations? That make
 • Chapels of their Parlours, Preachments of their
 • ordinary Entertainment; and every Thing they
 • do is a Miracle: They can divine all that's told
 • them; and raise People to Life again, that coun-
 • terfeit sick, when they should work; and give

‘ an honest Man to the Devil with a *Deo Gra-*
 ‘ *tias*. These are the Devils I would be at;
 ‘ these are they that have damn’d me; look them
 ‘ out, and find them for me, ye impudent Hag,
 ‘ or I shall be so bold as to search your *French Hood*
 ‘ for them.” And with that Word, he fell upon
 the poor Governante, tore off her Head-geer, and
 laid about him so furiously, that there would have
 been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made
 Use of his absolute Authority to quiet him.

Immediately upon the composing this Fray, we
 heard the shooting of Bars and Bolts, the opening
 of Doors and Hinges that creak’d for Want of
 Grease; and a strange Humming of a great Num-
 ber of People. The first that appear’d were a
 Company of bold, talkative, and painted old Wo-
 men; but as bonny and gamesome, tickling and
 toying with one another, as if they had never seen
 thirteen; and carrying it out with an Air of much
 Satisfaction and Content. The Babler was some-
 what scandaliz’d at their Behaviour, and told them
 how ill they did to be merry in Hell: And several
 others admir’d it as much, and ask’d them the Rea-
 son of it, considering their Condition. With that,
 one of the Gang that was wretchedly thin and pale,
 and rais’d upon a Pair of Heels that made her Legs
 longer than her Body, told *Lucifer* with great Res-
 pect; that at their first coming they were as sad as
 it was possible for a Company of damn’d old Fades to
 be: But, says she, we were a little comforted,
 when we heard of no other Punishment here than
 weeping and gnashing of Teeth; and in some
 Hope to come off upon reasonable Terms: For we
 have not among us so much as a Drop of Moisture
 in our Bodies, nor a Tooth in our Heads. Search
 them

them presently, cried the Intermeddler, squeeze the Balls of their Eyes, and let their Gums be examin'd; you'll find Snags, Stumps, or Roots; or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the Jest. Upon the Scrutiny they were found so dry, that they were good for nothing in the World, but to serve for Tinder or Matches; and so they were dispos'd of into the Devil's Tinder Boxes.

While they were casing up the old Women, there came on a Number of People of several Sorts and Qualities, that call'd out to the first they saw; *pray'e Gentlemen*, said they, *before we go any farther, will ye direct us to the Court of Rewards?* How's that, cried one of the Company, I was afraid we had been in Hell; but since you talk of Rewards, I hope it is but Purgatory: Good, good, said the whole Multitude, you'll quickly find where you are. Purgatory! cried the Intermeddler, you have left that up the Hill there, upon the Right Hand. This is Hell, and a Place of Punishment; here's no Registry of Rewards. Then we are mistaken, said he that spake first. How so? cried the Intermeddler. You shall hear, said the other. We were in the other World intituled to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrowed now and then a small Sum upon the King's Highway; we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the Use of the frail Dye. Some of our conscientious and charitable Friends, would fain have drawn us off from the Course we were in; and to give them their Due, bestow'd a great deal of good Counsel upon us, to very little Purpose; for we were in a pretty Way of Thriving, and had gotten a Habit, and could not leave it. We ask'd them, *What would you have us do?* Money.

ney we have none, and without it there's no living : Should we stay till it were brought, or came alone ? How would ye have a poor *Individuum Vagum* to live ? That has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him ; and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern, a Bawdy-house, or a Gaming-ordinary. Now that's the Man that Providence has appointed to live by his Wits. Our Advisers saw there was no Good to be done, and went their Way ; telling us, that *in the other World we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometimes, how base a Thing it was to defame the House, and abuse the Bed of a Friend. Our Answer was ready : ' Well ! and had we not better do it there where the House is open to us, the Master and Lady kind, the Occasion fair and easy ; than to run a catering into a Family, where every Servant in the House is a Spy ; and, perhaps, a Fellow behind every Door in the House, with a Dagger or a Pistol in his Hand to entertain us ? ' Upon this, our grave Counsellors finding us so resolute, e'en gave us over ; and told us as before, that, *in the other World we should meet with our Reward.* Now taking this to be the other World these honest Men told us of, we are enquiring after the Rewards they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels ! said an Officer of Justice, there at hand ; how many of your reprobated Companions have squander'd away their Fortunes upon Whores and Dice, exposing not only their Wives and Children, but many a noble Family, to a shameful and irreparable Ruin. And let any Man put in a Word of wholesome Advice, their Answer is, ' Tush, tush, our Wives and Children

‘dren are in the Hands of Providence, and let
 ‘him provide for the Rooks, that feeds the Ra-
 ‘vens.’ Then it was told ye, *You shall find your
 Reward in the other World;* and the Time is now
 come, wherein ye shall receive it. *Up, up then,
 ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which
 Word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the mis-
 erable Caitiffs, with Whips and Firebrands, and
 gave them their long expected Reward; and at e-
 very Lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other
 World you shall receive your Reward.* These
 Wretches in the mean while, *damning and sinking
 themselves to the Pit of Hell,* still, as if they had
 been upon Earth; and vomiting their customary
 and execrable Blasphemies.

Just as this Storm blew over, there drew near a
 Multitude of Bailiffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles, and
 other Officers of Prey; with the Thieves Devil,
 bound Hand and Foot, and a foul Accusation a-
 gainst him. Whereupon *Lucifer*, with a fell
 Countenance, took his Seat in a flaming Chair,
 and call’d his Officers about him. So soon as the
 Prince had taken his Place, a certain Officer began
 his Report. ‘Here is before thee, quoth he, a
 ‘Devil, most mighty *Lucifer*, that stands charg’d
 ‘with Ignorance in his Trade, and the Shame of
 ‘his Quality and Profession; instead of damning
 ‘Men, he has made it his Business to save them.
 ‘The Word save, put the Court in such a Rage,
 ‘that they bit their Lips till the Blood started;
 ‘and the Fire sparkled at their Eyes: And *Lucifer*
 ‘turning about to his Attorney, *Who would ever have
 ‘imagin’d,* said he, *that so treacherous a Rascal
 ‘could have been harbour’d in my Dominions?* It is
 ‘most certain, my gracious Lord, replied the
 ‘At-

‘ Attorney, that this Devil has been very diligent
‘ in drawing People into Thefts and Pilferies; and
‘ then when they come to be discover’d, they are
‘ clap’d up and hang’d, or some Mischief or other.
‘ But still before Execution, the Ordinary calls
‘ them to shrift; and many Times the Toy takes
‘ them in the Head, to confess and repent; and so
‘ they are sav’d. Now this silly Devil thinks, that
‘ when he has brought them to steal, murder,
‘ coin, and the like, he has done his Part, and so
‘ he leaves them: Whereas he should stick close
‘ to them in the Prison, and be tempting of them
‘ to Despair, and make away themselves. But
‘ when they are once left to the Priest, he com-
‘ monly brings them to a Sight of their Sins, and
‘ they escape. Now this simple Devil was not a-
‘ ware, it seems, that many a Soul goes to Hea-
‘ ven from the Gallows, the Wheel, and the Fag-
‘ got: And this Failing has lost your Highness
‘ many a fair Purchase. Here’s enough, cried the
‘ President, and there needs no more Charge a-
‘ gainst him.’ The poor Devil thought it was
‘ high Time to speak now, when they were just
‘ upon the Point of passing his Sentence; and so he
‘ cried out: ‘ My Lord, said he, I beseech you
‘ hear me; for though they say the Devil is deaf,
‘ it is not meant of your Greatness.’ So there
‘ was a general Silence, and thus he proceeded.

‘ I cannot deny, my Lord, but Tyburn is the
‘ Way to Paradise, and many a Man goes to Heaven
‘ from the Gallows. But if you will set those that
‘ are damn’d for condemning others, against those that
‘ are sav’d from the Gallows, Hell will be found
‘ no Loser by me at the Foot of the Accompt.
‘ How many Marshal’s-men, Turnkeys, and
‘ Keepers,

• Keepers have I sent ye, for letting a Coiner give
 • them the Slip now and then with his false Mo-
 • ney; always provided, they leave better Money
 • instead on't. How many false Witneses, and
 • Knights of the Post, that would set their Con-
 • sciences like Clocks, to go faster or slower, ac-
 • cording as they had more or less Weight; and
 • swear *ex-tempore*, at all Rates and Prices! How
 • many Solicitors, Attorneys, and Clerks, that
 • would draw ye up a Declaration or an Indictment
 • so flily, that I myself could hardly discover any
 • Error in't: And yet when it came to the Test,
 • it was as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face;
 • that is to say again, provided they were well
 • paid for the Fashion. How many Jailers that
 • would wink at an Escape for a lusty Bribe! And
 • how many Attornies, that would give you Dis-
 • patch or Delay, thereafter as they were greas'd.
 • Now after all this, what does it signify if *one*
 • *Thief of a Thousand comes to the Gallows?* He
 • only suffers because he was Poor; and that there
 • may be the better trading for the Rich; and
 • without any Design in the World to suppress
 • stealing. Nay, *it often falls out, that they that*
 • *bring the Malefactor to the Gibbet, are the worse*
 • *Criminals of the two.* But they are never look'd
 • after; or, if they should be, they have Tricks
 • and Fetches enough to bring themselves off: So
 • that it fares in this Case, as it did with him that
 • had his House troubled with Rats, and would
 • needs take in a Company of Cats to destroy them;
 • the Rats would be nibling at his Cheese, his
 • Bacon, a Crust of Bread, and now and then a
 • Candle's-end; but when the Cats came, down
 • went a Milk-bowl, and away goes a Brace
 • of

of Partridges, or a Couple of Pidgeons ; and the poor Man must content himself to go supperless to Bed. In Conclusion, the Rats were troublesome, but the Cats were intolerable. *And then there's this in't ; Suppose one poor Fellow hangs, and goes to Heaven, I do but give him in Truck for Two hundred at least, that deserve to be hang'd, but escape, and go to Hell at last.* Besides, a Thief upon a Gibbet, is as good as a roasted Dog in a Pigeon-house ; for ye shall immediately have two or three thousand Witches about him, for Snips of his Halter, an Eye, Tooth, or a Collop of his Fat ; which is of sovereign Use in many of their Charms. But in fine, let me do what I will, my Services are not understood. My Successor, it may be, will discharge his Duty better : And indeed, I am very well content to lay down my Commission ; for, to say the Truth, I am in Years, and would gladly have a little Rest now in my old Age ; which I rather propose to myself in the Service of some Pretender, than where I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the End gave him all the Satisfaction imaginable ; strictly charging the evil Spirits that had abused him, to do so no more, upon Hazard of Pain Corporal and Spiritual ; and they desir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment ; for he was strong enough yet to do very good Service in it. But to think of easing himself by going to a Pretender, he'd find himself mistaken ; for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well ! says he, e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd very comfortably in that Condition. For he has no more to do,
that

that I can see, than to keep his Ears open, and learn his Trade. For put the Case it should be some Pretender to a good Office of a fat Bishoprick, though the Fathers and Councils are against Pretenders in this Case, I fancy to myself all the Pleasure and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School; for these People teach the Devils their A B C; and all that we have to do, is, to sit still and learn.

The Vision that follow'd this, was the Dæmon of Tobacco; which I must confess, did not a little surprize me. I have indeed often said to myself, certainly these Smoakers are possess'd; but I could never swear it till now. I have, said the Devil, by bringing this Weed into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards*, for all the Massacres and Butcheries they committed there; and done them more Mischief, than ever *Colom*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*. By how much it is more honourable to die upon a Sword's-point, by Gun-shot, or at the Mouth of a Cannon; than for a Man to snivel and sneeze himself into another World; or to go away in a Meagrim, or a Spotted-fever, perchance; which is the ordinary Effect of this poisonous Tobacco. It is with Tobaccoists, as 'tis with Demoniacs under Exorcism, they fume and vapour, but the Devil sticks to them still. Many there are that make a very Idol of it; they admire, they adore it; tempting and persecuting the People to take it; and the bare Mention of it, puts them into an Extacy. In the Smoak, it is a Probation for Hell, where another Day they must endure smoaking; taken in Powder, at the Nose, it draws upon Youth the Incommodity of old Age, in the perpetual Annoyance of Rheum and Drivel.

The

The Devil of Subornation came next, which was a good complection'd, and a well-timber'd Devil; to my great Amazement, I must acknowledge; for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extream ugly: The Air of his Face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a Thousand several Places; sometime under a Veil, sometime open; now under one Shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs-Play*; another while, *Kind Entertainment*; here *Payment*; there *Restitution*; and in a third Place, *Alms*. But in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some Places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*; *Profit*; *Good-cheap*; *Patrimony*; *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*; there *Batchelor*; with the Lawyers, Solicitors, and Attorneys, he pass'd under the Name of *Right*; and the Confessors called him *Charity*.

He was well-accompanied, and stiled himself Satan's Lieutenant: But there was a Devil of Consequence, that opposed him Might and Main; and made this Proclamation of himself: *Be it known, says he, that I am the great Embroiler, and politick Entangler of Affairs: The Deluder of Princes, the Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make black, white; and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a Mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it: For I have it in my Power, to banish Order and Reason out of it. To turn Sauciness and Importunity into Merit; Example into Necessity: To give Law to Success; Authority to Infamy; and Credit to Insolence. I have the Tongues of all Counsellors at my Girdle; and they shall speak neither more nor less, than just as I please*

please. In short: *That's easy to me, which others account impossible; and while I live, ye need neither fear either Virtue, Justice, or good Government in the World.* This Devil of Subornation, that talks of his Lieutenancy, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with Vizors and Disguises. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the *Lieutenancy of Hell*; for *I have Lucifer's Broad-seal, to shew for my Title to't.*

For my Part, cry'd another mutinous Spirit, I am one of those humble-minded Devils, that can content myself to hold the Door, upon a good Occasion; or knock under the Table, and play at Small-Game, rather than stand out. But few Words among Friends are best; and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lifts. I am then, says he, the *Devil-Interpreter*, and my Business is, to *Gloss upon the Text*; in which Case the *Cuckolds* are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the *Horn*. *How should a poor Fellow that has a handsome Wench to his Wife and never a Penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality?* I have a pretty Faculty in doing good Offices for distressed Ladies, at a Time of Need; and I make the whole Sex sensible, how great a Folly and Madness it is, to neglect those sweet Opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a Way to establish an Office for Thievery; where the Officers shall be Thieves, and justify it when they have done. Here they stop'd.

There

There was a short Silence, and then there appeared another Devil, of about a Foot and a half long. I am says he, a Devil but of small Size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me, as well as to another; for I never come Empty-handed. Why, what have you brought then? says the Intermeddler, and came up to him? What have I brought, quoth he, I have brought an eternal Talker, and a finical Flatterer: They are two Pieces that were in high Esteem in the Cabinet of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a Present to *Lucifer*. With that *Lucifer* cast his Eye upon them, and with a damn'd Verjuice-Face, as if he had bitten a Crab: You do well, says he, to say you had them at Court; and I think you should do well, to carry them thither again; for, I had as live have their Room, as their Company.

After him follow'd another Dwarf-devil; complaining that he had been a matter of six Years about so infamous a Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him; for the bad, as well as the better Sort, were scandaliz'd at his Conversation. A mighty Piece of Business! cry'd the Gouvernante, and could you not have gotten him a handsome Office or Employment? That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his Business.

In the mean Time, the Babler went whispering up and down, and finding Faults; till at length, he came to a huge Bundle of sleeping Devils, in a Corner, that were sagotted up, and all mouldy and full of Cobwebs; which he immediately gave Notice of and they cut the Band to give them Air. With much ado they wak'd them, and ask'd,

What

What Devils they were? What they did there? and Why they were not upon Duty? They fell a yawning; and said, that they were the Devils of Luxury. But since the Women have taken a Fancy to prefer *Guineas* and *Jacobusses* before their Modesty and Honour, there has been no need of a Devil in the Case to tempt them: For 'tis but shewing them the merry Spankers, they'll dare like Larks, and fall down before ye; and then you may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a Purse-Net. *Gold supplies all Imperfections; it makes an Angel of a Crocodile, turns a Fool into a Philosopher: and, a Dressing-box well lin'd, is worth twenty thousand Devils.* So that there is no Temptation like a Present: And, *take them from Top to Bottom, the whole Race of Women is frail; and one Thread of Pearl will do more with them, than a Million of fine Stories.*

Just as this Devil made an End, we heard another snorting; and 'twas well we did so, for we had trod upon his Belly else. He was laid hold of, upon Suspicion that he slept Dog-sleep; or rather the Sleep of a contented Cuckold, that would spoil no Sport where he made none. I am, says he, the Nun's Devil; and for Want of other Employment, I have been three Days asleep here, as you found me. My Mistresses are now chusing an Abbess; and always when they are at that Work, I make Holiday: For they are all Devils themselves then; there is such canvassing, flattering, importuning, cajoling, making of Parties; and in a Word, so general a Confusion, that a Devil among them would do more Hurt than Good. Nay, the ambitious make it a Point of Honour upon such an Occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devil.

fil. And if ever Hell should be in Danger of a Peace, it is my Advice, that you presently call in a Convention of Nuns, to the Election of an Abbess; which would most certainly reduce it to its antient State of Sedition, Mutiny, and Confusion; and bring us all in effect to such a Pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the Advice, and order'd it to be enter'd upon the Register, as a sure Expedient to suppress any Disorders that might happen for the future, to the Disturbance of his Government. After which, he commanded the issuing out of a Summons to all his Company and Liverymen, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer*, with a hideous Yell, deliver'd himself most graciously as follows.

The DECREE of LUCIFER.

TO our trusty and despairing Legions, and well beloved Subjects, lying under the Condemnation of perpetual Darkness, that liv'd Pensioners to Sin, and had Death for their Paymaster, Greeting.

This is to let you understand, that there are two Devils, who pretend a Claim to the Honour of our Lieutenancy; but we have absolutely refus'd to gratify either the one or the other in that Point: Out of a singular Affection and Respect to our right trusty and well beloved Cousin; a certain she Devil, that deserves it before all others.

At this, the whole Assembly fell to whispering and muttering, and staring one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be; but fetch

Good

Good Fortune to him, known otherwise by the Name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the Tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air march'd up, and planted herself before the degraded Seraphim; who look'd her wistly in the Face, and then went on in the Tone he first began.

It is our Will, Pleasure, and Command, that next and immediately under our proper Person, you pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*, and obey her as the most Mighty and Supreme Governess of these our Dominions. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her Merit; for she hath damn'd more Souls than all you together. She it is that makes Men cast off all Fear of God, and Love of their Neighbour. She it is that makes Men place their sovereign Good in Riches: That engages and entangles Mens Minds in Vanity; strikes them blind in their Pleasures; loads them with Treasure, and buries them in Sin. Where's the Tragedy, that she has not play'd her Part in't? Where's the Stability and Wisdom, that she has not stagger'd? Where's the Folly, that she has not improv'd and augmented? She takes no Council, and fears no Punishment. She it is that furnishes Matter for Scandal, Experience for Story; that entertains the Cruelty of Tyrants, and bathes the Executioners in innocent Blood. How many Souls, that liv'd innocent while they were poor, have fallen into Impiety and Reprobation, so soon as ever they came to drink of the enchanted Cup of Prosperity! Go to then, be obedient to her, we charge you all, as to ourself; and know, that, *They that stand against Prosperity, are none of your Quarry.* Let them e'en alone;

long; for it is but Time lost to attempt them. Take Example from that Impertinent Devil, that got Leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, beggar'd him, covered him all over with Scabs and Ulcers. Sot that he was! If he had understood his Business, he would have gone another Way to Work, and begg'd Leave to have multiply'd Riches upon him, and to have possess'd him of Health and Pleasures. That's the Trial! And how many are there, that when they thrive in the World, turn their Backs upon Heaven, and never so much as name their Creator but in Oaths, and then too without thinking on him? Their Discourse is all of Jollities, Banquets, Comedies, Purchases, and the like; whereas the poor Man has God perpetually both in his Mouth and Heart; *Lord, says he, be mindful of me, and have Mercy on me, for all my Trust is in thee.* Wherefore (says Lucifer, redoubling his accursed Clamour) let it be published forthwith throughout all our Territories, that Calamities, Troubles, and Persecutions, are our mortal Enemies; for so we have found them upon Experience; They are the Dispositions of Providence, the Blessings of the Almighty, to fit Sinners for himself, and they that suffer them are enrolled in the Militia of Heaven.

Item: For the better Administration of our Government, it is our Will and Pleasure, and we do strictly charge and command, that our Devils give constant Attendance in Courts of Judicature; and they are hereby totally discharged from any farther Care of little Petty-Foggers, Flatterers, and envious Persons; for they are so well acquainted with Hell-road, that they'll guide one another, without the Help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item : We do ordain and command, that no Devil presume for the future, to entertain any Confident but Profit ; for that is the Harbinger that provides Vice the most commodious Quarter, even in the straitest Consciences.

Item : We do ordain, as a Matter of great Importance to the Conservation of our Empire, That in what Part soever of our Dominions the Devil of Money shall vouchsafe to appear, all other Devils there present shall rise, and with a low Reverence, present him the Chair, in Token of their Submission to his Power and Authority.

Item : We do expressly charge and command all our Officers, as well Civil as Military, to employ their utmost Diligence and Industry, for the establishing a General Peace throughout the World ; for that's the Time for Wickedness to thrive in, and all Sorts of Vices to flourish ; as Luxury, Gluttony, Idleness, Lying, Slandering, Gaming, and Whoring ; and in a Word, Sin is upon the Encrease ; and Godliness in the Wane ; whereas in a State of War, Men are upon the Exercise of Valour and Virtue, calling often upon Heaven in the Morning, for Fear of being knock'd on the Head after Dinner ; and honest Men and Actions are rewarded.

Item : We do from this Time forward discharge all our Officers and Agents whatsoever, from giving themselves any farther Trouble of tempting Men and Women to Sins of Incontinence ; forasmuch as we find upon Experience, that Adultery and Fornication will never be left, till the old Woman scratches the Stool for her Back-side. And though there be several Intervals of Repentance, and some faint Purposes of giving it over, yet the Hu-

Humour returns again with the next Tide of Blood, and Concupiscence is as loyal a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item: In Consideration of the Exemption aforesaid, by which Means several poor Devils are left without present Employment: And forasmuch as there are many Merchants and Tradesmen in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, and elsewhere, up and down the World, that are very charitably disposed to help People in Want, especially young Heirs newly at Age, and Spend-thrifts, that come to borrow Money of them; but the Times being dead, and little Money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the House affords; and if an Hundred Pounds or two in Commodity will do them any Good, it is at their Service, they say. This the Gallant takes up at an excessive Rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get; and the Merchant has his Friend to take it off under-hand, at a third Part of the Value, which is the Way of helping Men in Distress. Now out of a singular Respect to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, and for their better Encouragement, as also to the End that the Devils aforesaid may not run into lewd Courses for Want of Business: We will and require, that a Legion of the said Devils shall from Time to Time be continually aiding and assisting to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, in the Quality of Factors, to be relieved Monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftner, if Occasion shall require.

Item: We do will and command, that all our Devils of what Degree or Quality soever, do henceforth entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with our Trusty and Well-beloved the Usurers,

'he Revengesful, the Envious, and all Pretenders to Great Places and Dignities : And above all others, with the Hypocrites, who are the most powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, that they steal away People's Hearts and Souls, at the Eyes and Ears, insensibly ; and draw to themselves Adoration and Reward.

Item : We do further order and command, that all Care possible be taken for the maintaining of Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries, and Parasites, in all our Courts and Palaces ; for thence comes our Harvest.

Item : That the Babblers, Tale-bearers, Make-bates, and Instruments of Divorces and Quarrels, be no longer called Fans, but Bellows ; in Regard that they draw and inflame, without giving any Allay or Refreshment.

Item : That the Intermeddlers be hereafter call'd and reputed, *The Devil's Body-Lice*, because they fetch Blood of those that feed and nourish them.

Lucifer then casting a sours Look over his Shoulder, and 'spying the *Gouvernante*s ; I'm of his Mind, quoth he, that said, " Let God dispose of the "*Douegna's*, or *Gouvernante's*, as he pleases," for I'm in no little Trouble how to dispose of these confounded Carrions. Whereupon the Damn'd cried out with one Voice : " Oh Lucifer ! let it " never be said, that it rained *Douegna's* in thy " Dominions. Are we not miserable enough, " without this new Plague of being baited by " Hags ? Ah, cursed Lucifer ! (cry'd every one " to himself) stow them any where, so they are " not near me." And with that, they all clapp'd their Tails between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for Fear of this new Torment. Lucifer finding

How the Dread of the old Women wrought upon the Devils, contented himself at the present, to let it pass only in *Terrorem*; but withal, he swore by the Honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be saved, " That what Devil, Devil's Dam, or Reprobate soever, should in Time to come be found wanting in his Duty, and in the least Degree disobedient to his Laws and Ordinances: All and every the said Devil or Devils, their Dams, or Reprobates, so offending, should be delivered up to the Torture of the *Douegna*, and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle, so to remain, *In Sæcula Sæculorum*, without Relief or Appeal; any Law, Statute, or Usage to the contrary notwithstanding." But in the mean Time, cast them into that Dry Ditch, says he, that they may be ready for Use upon any Occasion.

Immediately upon the pronouncing of this solemn Decree, Lucifer retired to his Cell, the Weather cleared up, and the Company dispersed in a Fright, at so horrid a Menace, and so went about their Business: When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying; *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the reading of it.*

T H E E N D.

